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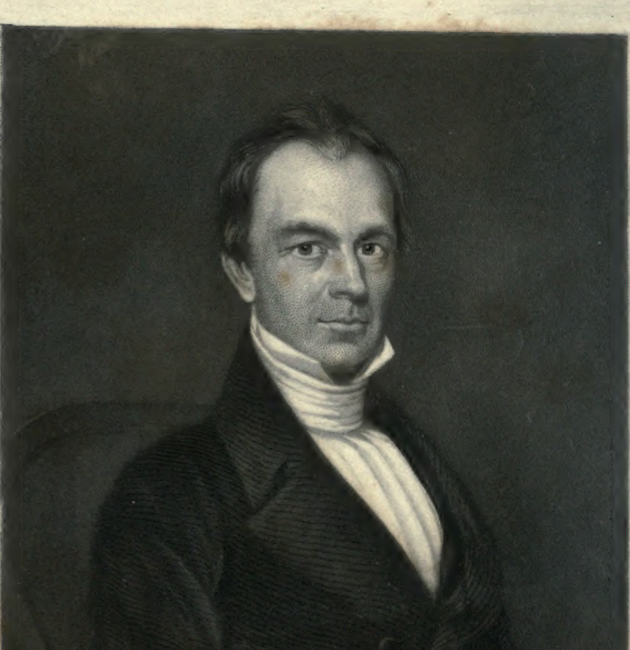

Oliver A. Taylor.

MEMOIR

OF THE

REV. OLIVER ALDEN TAYLOR,

OF

MANCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY

REV. TIMOTHY ALDEN TAYLOR,
AUTHOR OF "THE SOLACE," "ZION," AND "ZION'S PATHWAY."

"Οὔτε πενθος, οὔτε κραυγὴ, οὔτε πόνος οὐκ ἔσται ἔτι."

SECOND EDITION.

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BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY.
CLEVELAND, OHIO:
JEWETT, PROCTOR, AND WORTHINGTON.
1854.

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CAMBRIDGE:
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PREFACE.

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A LARGE amount of new material has been incorporated into this edition. There is less of minute detail than in the former, and whatever is retained has been carefully revised. The aim of the compiler has been to present a correct history of one who seems to have been raised up as a striking example of what may be accomplished in the pursuit of knowledge, amid numerous and almost insurmountable difficulties. Yet the religious character of him whose life is here delineated, forms the most striking feature of the work. Few, if any, suffer more from a sense of inherent sinfulness and utter unworthiness; and few, it is believed, enjoy more wonderful manifestations of Christ's glorious presence, than did he.

For the very kind and complimentary testimonials in regard to the execution and usefulness of the first edition, the writer presents his grateful acknowledgments. Especially does he feel indebted to Rev. S. D. Clark, of Sunderland, Massachusetts, for an extended and very able *Review* of the Memoir in the New Englander, November, 1853.

Shakspeare's remark, "For by his face straight shall ye know his heart," was preëminently true of Mr. Taylor. The engraving was copied from an excellent painting executed a few months before his last sickness, at the request and expense of a friend. It is considered a *very* good likeness. The engraver who undertook the work, died in the midst of his labor; consequently the *plate* was not finished in that superior style of execution which the friends intended.

May Zion's King use this work for the promotion of his own glory.

SLATERSVILLE, R. I., March 18, 1854.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD.

THE subject of this memoir was born in Yarmouth, Massachusetts, August 18, 1801. His parents were Captain Jeremiah and Mrs. Martha Shaw Taylor, both of whom were natives of that town. He was the eldest of eleven children, seven of whom, together with their mother, survive him; his father's death having occurred more than thirty years prior to his own. His father was son of Captain Isaac and Mrs. Mary Joyce Taylor, both of them noted for their piety. It was their custom on Thanksgiving days to invite to their house all the pious Indians in their vicinity to partake of a gratuitous entertainment. His paternal grandmother died at Yarmouth, 1779. Soon after this event his grandfather removed to Ashfield and there died, December 31, 1786, aged 71. The venerable man was returning on foot from public worship, when he complained to a friend of faintness, and dropped down dead. The ground was then covered with snow. He fell in the road near the house in which Rev. Thomas Shepherd formerly resided. A slate-colored stone marks the place of his burial in the old graveyard on the "*Plain*."

Oliver manifested in his mature years great interest in the history of his ancestors, but his attention was directed mainly to those on the paternal side. Speaking of them, he says: "I have found no men of royal blood; no barons, lords, dukes, or conquerors; but instead thereof, pilgrims and adventurers, characterized by all the imperfections of human nature, though often blessed with some of the virtues of Christianity. Let my boast, like Cowper's, be,

> '——— not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise:
> The son of parents passed into the skies.'"

On the maternal side were many of the clerical profession. His mother was daughter of Rev. Timothy Alden, a descendant in a direct line of John Alden, one of the Mayflower immigrants. This maternal grandfather was the *eighth son* of Eleazar and Martha Shaw Alden, of Bridgewater, and was born November 24, 1736 (O. S.). He graduated at Harvard College, 1762, was ordained Pastor of the Congregational Church in Yarmouth, December 13, 1769, and died there, November 13, 1828. It will be seen that he sustained the pastoral relation nearly fifty-nine years, and had almost reached the age of ninety-two. On the tombstone erected by his people, the following testimonial is inscribed: "He was a faithful and beloved pastor; a man of prayer; of a mild, cheerful, amiable disposition, sanctified by grace; of great humility, and exemplary in the various walks of a long life. All his hopes rested on the merits of Jesus Christ, and his end was peace." During a few of his latter years Mr. Alden enjoyed the assistance of a colleague. Many pleasing anecdotes are still related of him by the aged people in Yarmouth. The venerable white *wig* which he wore in his last years, is in possession of the writer, and is in good wearing order. Mr. Alden married Sarah, daughter of Rev. Habijah Weld, of Attleborough, Massachusetts. She was one of *fifteen* children. Her death occurred very suddenly at Yarmouth, October 28, 1796, in the fifty-ninth year of her age. Her husband and three of her six children were absent and so far from home, that they could not return to be present at her funeral. She was a lady of great moral worth and exemplary piety. Mr. Alden's six children all lived till within a few years; but now the mother of the subject of this memoir is the only survivor.

Rev. Habijah Weld, son of Rev. Thomas Weld, was born in Dunstable, Massachusetts, September 2, 1702. His father having died previous to his birth, his mother, in commemoration of this circumstance, called her son *Habijah.* He was committed to the guardianship of Mrs. Dorothy Williams, of Roxbury, a sister of his father. By her the orphan son was educated at Harvard, where he graduated, 1723. For two years he taught a school in Martha's Vineyard, and then was ordained in Attleborough, October 1, 1727, over the church to which his entire ministry was devoted. He was a most zealous preacher, fearing the face of no man. His voice was powerful, and his style pungent. Whitefield several times preached in his pulpit. So numerous were the communicants in his church at the time of a general revival in New England, that on communion-days they could not all be seated in the lower part of the sanctuary. Mr. Weld's death was sudden. He preached on the Sabbath, May 13, 1782; Monday rode into Providence, Rhode Island, attended by his youngest daughter, Mrs. Eunice Day, returned at night; but just as he came near to his house, he was seized by an attack of *asthma*. Having entered his house, he seated himself by a window. The physician living near was immediately summoned, and was preparing to bleed him, (had corded his arm,) when Mr. Weld's head fell forward. Some one observed, " Mr. Weld *is going*." The venerable divine raised his hand, closed his own eyes, placed that hand upon his mouth, and passed away without a struggle or a groan. A heavenly smile lingered on his countenance. He was in the eightieth year of his age, and fifty-fifth of his pastorate.

Mr. Weld married Mary, daughter of Rev. John Fox, of Woburn, son and successor of Rev. Jabez Fox, of the same town. The latter is supposed to have been a native of Cambridge, and, according to tradition, was a lineal descendant of John Fox the martyrologist. He graduated at Harvard, 1665; settled September 5, 1679, colleague with Rev. Thomas Carter, the first minister of Woburn, and died of smallpox, February 28, 1702. His son John graduated at Harvard, 1698, taught a grammar-school several years in his native town; was chosen pastor as successor to his father, and entered upon that office October 4, 1703. His relationship of pastor continued till his death, December 12, 1756, though during the last fifteen years of his life he was blind, and had a colleague. Two sermons, which he preached on the occasion of a great earthquake that occurred October 29, 1727, are still extant. The maiden name of the lady whom he married was Tyng.

At the time of Oliver's birth, his parents were involved in almost overwhelming trials. Their history for a few years, commencing at a period a little prior to that event, is one scarcely surpassed for thrilling incident by any on record. His father had been suddenly reduced from a state of comparative affluence to absolute penury. While on a voyage to the West Indies as captain of a vessel, he was seized of a fever, and compelled to commit the management of his business to men who treacherously deprived him of his possessions and involved him in debt. The details of the case reveal wickedness at which humanity shrinks with amazement and horror. Captain Taylor was naturally high-spirited and proud. He yielded to no man in courage, yet was noble hearted and generous, but his soul was unbowed to the sceptre of Jesus. Reason lost her helm, and he was converted into a raving maniac. Like the fabled Saturn, he once seemed ready to destroy his infant child. When their little son was less than three months old, his parents removed with him into Ashfield, where they resided two years. They then took up their residence in the west part of Hawley, amid some of New England's wildest scenery. At an early age, Oliver exhibited a thirst for knowledge. His father taught him to be industrious, by taking him into the field, and instructing him in the various branches of agriculture; but as soon as the child returned from the toils of the farm, he would seize a book before seating himself. This was his invariable custom, though he might be drenched with rain or shivering with cold. His parents were possessed of many books. He, however, was not long content with the home supply, but borrowed of neighbors. An aged gentleman once remarked, that whenever Oliver came to his house, a book was the first requisition of the young visitor. When a mere child, he was known to weep because he could see no prospect of obtaining an education. About his thirteenth year, his zeal for learning became so intense that he would sit up very late at night reading by the blaze on the hearth; and when the moon was large, he often arose from his bed, opened his chamber window, and studied by the assistance of its pale but benignant beams. The penury of the paternal abode could not furnish him with even the light of poverty's dim lamp.

Dr. Johnson, in allusion to the penury of his parents, once observed: "There is little pleasure in relating the anecdotes of beggary." Oliver's parents were exceedingly poor, often finding it difficult to feed comfortably and clothe decently their rising family. One year in particular (there is some doubt in regard to the exact date) Captain Taylor denominated the *poor year*, and compared the condition of his family to that of a vessel on short allowance at sea.

Oliver was obliged to hear many a reproachful remark from wicked youth, because of his coarse and mended garments. Still he ever acted a heroic part, going wherever duty called, and bearing every taunt with dignified composure.

He has left us a brief history of his childhood efforts to obtain knowledge.

"I possessed considerable of a library, which, together with the books belonging to my father and mother, made the number nearly two hundred. Many of these had been sent by my uncle, T. Alden, from New York, to my parents, and were given by them to me. My study was sometimes a bedroom, but more usually a garret. My desk was one of my own manufacture. My father had a number of joiners' tools, and I made with them a desk, but continued to improve it till I was pretty well satisfied. In it were deposited my papers, books, etc., and to it I resorted whenever I came from the field. My attention was chiefly directed to music and mathematics, in which I had but little instruction. I also studied Turner's Arts and Sciences, and History, and wrote poetry. I began to study about the year 1813."

His mother says, that when he was a *little* boy he would collect curious roots and herbs, carry them to her, and propose many questions concerning their nature and uses; that he was for prying into the nature of stones and rocks.

The years passed by this youth with his parents, were diligently employed in acquiring all the knowledge that his circumstances permitted. A friend once said to him, "You can have no bitter reflections for the loss of time." He replied: "I have *endeavored* to improve every moment." It became necessary for him to go out of his own school district one winter to find a teacher capable of aiding him in arithmetic, so much in advance was he of his associates in study, as also of the instructor. In the summer season, while employed on his father's farm, he was accustomed to write out lessons on pieces of paper, place them in his hat, look at them occasionally, and thus commit them to memory. In this way he mastered the rudiments of sacred music, and in the autumn of 1818 he commenced attending a singing school in the central part of the town. Having toiled all day in the field, he would walk at night five miles to that school. In this connection, testimony should be borne to the son's fidelity on the farm. His mother assures us that he did not need the presence of an overseer to stimulate him to execute the duties assigned him by his father.

At a very early age, he was in the habit of turning into verse the most pathetic parts of the Bible. His first attempt of this nature seems to have been David's elegy on Saul and Jonathan. In the course of a few years the entire book of Lamentations had thus passed under his pen. The products of this nature left by him surely possess not much poetical merit; but they show the bent of his mind, and the industry which characterized him in efforts for mental improvement.

As further illustrating his juvenile mental turn the following items are condensed from reminiscences written by himself: "When I first began to read my Bible, I recollect not the exact period, I had been informed that a lion is the strongest and fiercest of animals; also, that an eagle is the swiftest and noblest of birds. Like other children I had observed some birds flying very high and quick; also, I had seen some animals trying their strength, and evincing much power. I had come to the conclusion that man is by no means swifter than the former, nor stronger than the latter. Yet, reading an account of Saul and Jonathan, I found that they were said to be swifter than eagles and stronger than lions. At first I believed the statement to be literally true. Soon, however, I asked, can it be so? The more I reflected the more I doubted, and finally referred the case to my mother. She said the language meant that *those* men were *very* swift and *very* strong. I believed her, but still was perplexed." — "I recollect of hearing, when a child, an echo to my voice as I was speaking directly in front of a building. I thought somebody was within mocking me. Immediately I asked my mother to explain it, which she did satisfactorily." — "Having in my young years read a tale, I was much affected by it, till my mother told me there was no truth in it, when I cared nothing about it."

"What is poetry? This question troubled me exceedingly when I was between twelve and fourteen years of age. I read it and was pleased, but could not tell what it was. I searched through some old grammars in my possession, but I could make out nothing from them. After examining these works again and again, I asked my father to propose the question to Mr. Grout, who returned a dissertation on the different kinds of poetic measure. This, however, left me in as much darkness as before. I once more betook myself to the reading of what works I had and to the examination of poetry, until I observed that every line of it contained a certain number of syllables, and this fact proved a *key*. I gained just such an idea as the boy expressed, who, being asked what *verse* is, replied: 'It is the bottle to hold poetry in.'"

Speaking of his boyhood, he says, he first felt the emotion of sublimity, when standing upon one of the lofty mountains near his father's house, and that his antiquarian tendencies developed themselves for the first time on being told, that soldiers and Indians had probably passed along where there were indications of an old road. "I was for collecting all the information respecting it, and writing myself or procuring some one to write, a history of that part of Hawley." Again he observes: "I was overwhelmed with sublime emotions when I first gazed upon the Deerfield river."

In his nature was the wellspring of glowing affection for kindred and neighboring playmates. Of the latter he had very few. His oldest sister died when about four years of age. He was almost ecstatic with joy when, in his ninth year, for the first time his father could tell him he had a little brother. All his sorrows, joys, and childish purposes he revealed to his mother. In the dawn of his existence commenced a freedom of communication with her, which lasted to the end of his life. To his sisters he was ever remarkably affectionate, and as brothers became of sufficient age, he entered into exciting sports with them. Very playful he could be. Sometimes he terrified them by plunging them into what they thought deep water, or by causing them to look down a precipice. His personations with a wooden sword of the great Napoleon, are remembered by a surviving brother. It must be added here, that in the neighborhood where Oliver's early years were passed, resided a class of young men whose supreme happiness seemed to consist in hectoring him. In his later years he has often alluded to his dread of this class. He would no more designedly come in contact with them than with greedy wolves. Any time a walk of miles would have been a joyful alternative to the hearing of their reproachful remarks.

The following incident may not be out of place. When he was a lad, being sent by his parents one winter's day on an errand some miles from home, he was invited by two men in a sleigh to ride. He accepted their proposal, and was soon asked to drink from a bottle they were carrying with them. This he promptly declined. At length, finding them going in a wrong direction for him, he jumped from the sleigh. One of the men caught his hat, but finally perceiving him bent on doing without it, threw it after him. This event occurred in *war* time, and admitted of a serious interpretation. His deliverance seemed at the time, to himself and parents, as quite providential. In that early period of his life he was theoretically and practically in favor of temperance.

As previously intimated, at the time of Oliver's birth, his father was not hopefully pious. His mother was, and dedicated her son to God in baptism. According to the records of the Yarmouth church this event occurred September 23, 1801. Within the next two years the father consecrated himself to Christ, and both parents ever afterward walked before their house "as seeing *him* who is invisible."

Oliver's mother taught him, as soon as he was able to learn them, prayers, hymns, and Scripture truths. She used also to sing him verses respecting a little pious child who died quite young. In subsequent years he has told her that his whole soul was intensely moved by that singing. When more than twenty years of age, he besought her to furnish him the exact lines which had so powerfully affected his own infantile spirit. The operations of his mind he recorded from the time at which he was capable of committing his thoughts to paper. The following extracts are condensed from an account written of himself: —

"When I was six or seven years of age, my thoughts were much on God and my soul. On retiring to rest at night, I would not allow myself to sleep till I had asked my mother so many questions as almost to tire out her patience; nor before I had offered secret prayer. Indeed, ever since I can remember I have been accustomed to pray in secret, and at times with comfort. I recollect to have first communicated my feelings to my mother one morning before the break of day. I had lain awhile weeping bitterly, then I arose and informed her that I was sorry for my sins. I continued quite serious for some time. Occasionally I neglected secret prayer, but grief was soon the consequence. At times I fell into bad company, and went so far as to join with the profane. Always, however, I managed to keep my guilt from the knowledge of my parents. Once I became so hardened that I seemed not to care whether I should be happy or miserable. In the year 1815, the Lord I hope appeared for my renewal. I then supposed that my convictions were unknown to every human being except myself. But my father has since told me that he had seen me at prayer in retired places. Often did I long for pious companions, that I might join with them in social devotions. Moreover, I desired to unite with the church, yet dared not for awhile name the desire to any one. On a certain evening I contrived to ask my mother divers questions in regard to the method of doing it. She remarked, 'I would be glad to see you join the church, if fit for it.' This reply cut short all my queries. I knew not what to do. Not long afterwards, my father, returning home from meeting on the Sabbath, announced *the coming out* of one convert. I then thought if I were truly born again, some person must be able to *report* the fact. I resolved to hope no more, and gave up all as lost."

After making a public profession of religion he was wont to date back his hopeful renewal as early as when he first desired to unite with the church. Yet he was never able to decide on any *exact* date for the supposed change. His account of himself proceeds: "I now have a desire to be a minister of the gospel, and to do what shall be in my power for the good of mankind. Oh that I had not spent so much of my time in sin! May I henceforth look to God, hope in him, and trust myself in his hands, not because of supposed worthiness in me, but on account of the goodness of Jesus."

The following are specimens of his meditations while he was in his fourteenth year. His language is here altered, but his thoughts are not: "O son of man, why dost thou not think of thy last end? Return unto the Lord. — Who shall deliver me from everlasting burnings? I cannot escape except through Christ, and yet I lie on a bed of sloth, crying for a little more sleep and slumber. Assist, Lord, and I will come to thee, bowing at thy feet. Save me — save me for Christ's sake, before it be too late."

Again he writes: "Let us seriously meditate on eternity. I behold my fellow-mortals falling into the grave, and know not how soon I shall be called to pass the iron gate of death. Lord, teach me the way to Zion. — One day when I was felling a tree, a limb descended suddenly and liked to have killed me. Thanks to God, I am spared. O my soul, why wilt thou not hear the calls to prepare for death. Open thy door to a crucified Saviour. Think a few moments on the solemn hour when thou wilt be called to stand before the judgment bar.

From February, 1816, for several months he kept an almost daily journal in addition to noting down fragmentary meditations. Beginning with that date some extracts will be presented. They furnish a connected view of the included period.

"Now let my pen record my sins, at least a few of them, for there is nothing good in me. My heart this day is in a dreadful state. 7. — Lord, let not thy spirit depart from me, but cause a double portion of it to rest upon me. O Jehovah, suffer not one who cries after thy love, to die without it. 22. — Last evening heard my father and sick mother talking about their immortal souls, and what warning should their anxiety be to me a sinner. To-day I have heard the Rev. Jonathan Grout converse with my mother respecting her soul. 23. — Still I have a sick mother. Oh, in what distress she was last evening; how did she cry for mercy.

"March 1. — I have not been to the house of God for some time, on account of my broken arm, which is getting better.* We hear of the goings forth of God in this and other towns. O joyful news! May the revival come even to me. My life is running to waste. Lord, pass me not by. 3. — To-day I have been reading, and now sit down to write; but it would be impossible to express all that I feel. Sometimes I am inclined to murmur against God; at others I feel as though I would seek him, and prepare for death; but in a few moments the good thought is gone, and I say or do something which fills me with horror. O Jesus, thunder into my ears the words of life. Fill me with a godly sorrow for all my sin; send me ever so much pain, if thou wilt only preserve me from death eternal.

"April 10. — Give thanks to God, and bless his holy name for the goodness he has shown to my soul. After much affliction in my mind, I have received comfort, I trust, from him. Light gently flowed into my mind, and I felt delivered from the borders of destruction. Wonderfully is the Holy Spirit poured out in this region. How greatly doth the Lord show mercy. 28. — Attended meeting to-day. Last week I was examined before the church with others, and to-day have been propounded for admission into it. There are fifty-three candidates.

"May 4. — The spirit of God doth rest on old and young in this town. No one gainsays religion publicly. For awhile we did nothing but attend meetings every day in the week. To-morrow, fifty-three expect to profess Christ. May it be that I shall be found having on a wedding garment. 6.—Monday morning. Yesterday I attended meeting, and with more than fifty of my fellow-mortals entered into a solemn covenant with God." He stood the last of the candidates, and remarked afterwards, that he felt himself the least of them all. "Many were present from other towns. We sat at the table of our departed Lord. I hope that I did not eat and drink unworthily; yet fear that I have but little sense of his most precious body and blood. When for a moment I see myself in the arms of Christ, my heart is full, and I could devote my whole life to his service; then of a sudden, like Peter, I lose sight of him and begin to sink. Still he is always at hand to hear my cry for help. Forty-eight out of the fifty-three who were received into the church had been baptized on the faith of their parents, which shows that God remembers his covenant. 24.—This day, as I was travelling, I turned aside into a burying-ground, and took a view of the graves. When the trumpet shall sound, the dead will arise. I was affected by what I saw, and trembled for the wicked. It is, indeed, a solemn sight to see the flesh of man returning to dust; but sooner or later we must all come to it."

---

* He fell one day on the ice and broke his arm.

Under date of June 8, he says: "Frequently while I have been in company, it has been as much as I could do to refrain from bursting into tears and crying aloud, as I have thought of what Christ has suffered for me, and how little I am doing for him. It would be a privilege to die for him among the heathen. It is my desire, should I be fit for it, to be a missionary. 9.—There is a total eclipse of the moon this night. My soul has been in one for some time, but I trust the Sun of Righteousness will arise upon me and chase away my darkness. 19.—I enjoy a calmness of mind. But when I reflect on the death of Christ, and how little what he has done for the world is known, my heart is ready to break for grief. 21.—Am full of doubts and fears. Indeed, I have all the wretched feelings that a mortal can experience. Nearly fifteen years of my life are gone, and how large a portion of them has been spent in sin!—Unto the Saviour of sinners will I look, and hope in him.

"July 8.—Yesterday we again commemorated the love of Jesus, at his own table. Some were received into the church. I did not feel as I could wish.

"August 23.—The eighteenth of the present month is past, and I am fifteen years old. Why was I made to hear thy voice, O Jesus, and live—how thankful ought I to be! Woful is the case of sinners, without God in the world.

"Sept. 1.—Another sacramental Sabbath. Eighteen have been admitted to the church. We hear the welcome news that the gospel is carried to the distant parts of the world. Jesus, awake my heart to love. Let me die in the remotest place, if thy cause require it. 15.—Alas, how little do I write to my kindred and young companions to warn them.

"Nov. 4.—At the time of the sacrament, I had sudden flights of joy. Five united with the church. 10.—Here I am, *stupid*. Christ does not appear lovely. What shall I do? But did one ever die without Christ, while longing for him?"

Writing bitter things against himself was an early habit with Oliver, and one which he never entirely relinquished. Yet, to human inspection, his outward conduct from the time of his indulging a hope, seemed remarkably consistent, and indicative of a deep work of grace in the heart. The writer remembers having been tenderly addressed by him on the subject of personal piety. When, one evening, he saw me retiring to rest rather early, he expressed his regret, as he had purposed to speak with me about Jesus. Soon after this he took an opportunity when we were in the field. I was only a child, but he told me that Jesus died for sinners, and that I needed to be forgiven; said I ought never to take my food without asking the blessing of God upon it; that all our petitions to the Lord should be in the name of Christ; that it was only for the Redeemer's sake blessings could be given us. Once he heard R. and myself uttering language that he deemed improper, and, with an authority commanding our respect, he administered a rebuke which had a permanent effect.

In those days there was but one place of public worship in Hawley. The sanctuary stood five miles from his father's house, and the way to it was exceedingly rugged. At what age Captain Taylor thought his children capable of performing a pilgrimage to God's temple, the writer does not know. It is certain, however, that *they* were eager to make it as soon as he judged proper for them to attempt it. Engraved on the writer's memory is his own first ascent unto the house of God. He alludes to the event as illustrative of the character of his departed brother. Within those hallowed walls I had been baptized, and once subsequently had I glanced at their *exterior*, but was a stranger to the interior. The great era had arrived in my life when parental wisdom decided that I might go to meeting on the Sabbath. Scarcely an event, I am inclined to think, in subsequent years, has awakened livelier emotions or sincerer joy in my own breast than did their announcement to me during the week, that on the coming Lord's day I should join in worship with the great congregation. It was a pleasant sacred morn. I, the second son, was fitted out for meeting, and was placed under the guardianship of the eldest. For about one mile we passed on rather silently, Oliver having a very meditative mood, and appearing to be more or less absorbed in grave reflections. His step was too quick for me, yet I was ambitious not to tax in any way his patience. It was his good fortune to fall in with a kindred spirit after we had advanced a fifth of the distance. During all the remainder of the walk *they* conversed on the works of God. Often, however, did he inquire of me whether I were tired. The form of the earth was one of their topics. It was thought by some, they said, to resemble an egg flattened at the ends. I was struck at the time with the conversation, to which I listened attentively, and have often thought of it since. Their theme was suited to the day; it was discussed with profound reverence. Evidently the Most High was in all their thoughts. Nor less distinctly do I remember the religious conversation between my brother and a man unknown to me, which was held during the intermission. They spoke of the dying Christian; compared his exit to the going out of a candle, which brightens up after its fire has seemed extinct.

Oliver was never fond of going into those pleasure parties which are common among young people. In order to test him, one day his mother told him that the youth in the vicinity were to meet the coming evening, and she inquired if he did not wish to be one of the company. His reply was: "Mother, I have no desire for such places." This was when he was about fifteen years of age; yet evening after evening he would walk three and four, and sometimes five miles, to attend religious meetings. This was done after severe labor through the day. If he knew of a pious associate, who could be induced to go, he would present an invitation. It required no little courage to venture out amid the darkness of night in that wild region. He could not go in any direction without passing through dreary places. Occasionally he would tarry away from home till morning; but it is believed that ordinarily he returned to his father's house. An old gentleman is now living who remembers to have heard a rapping at his door one night after himself and family had retired to rest. On inquiring who might be there, and what was desired, he was answered: "Oliver wishes to lodge here." The dear youth was returning from a prayer-meeting, and either his strength or courage had failed him. The writer recently saw a lady at whose husband's house some of the young people were accustomed, at the period to which I refer, to meet for weekly conference and prayer. She retains a distinct image of my brother's appearance on those occasions. He was dressed in a manner indicative of his parent's poverty, and was characterized by extreme modesty. A remote and dark corner of the room was his habitual resort for a seat. Though not unwilling to speak or lead the devotions of the assembly, he preferred listening to others rather than occupying the time himself. It may be added, that when enjoying the instructions of a pious teacher in the day school, he would seek private interviews, that they might bow together before God; also that his father frequently called upon him to conduct family worship.

Deacon Jonathan Oakes, now of Dover, Ohio, was one of Oliver's youthful associates. In a letter to the compiler, dated December, 1853, he says: "Until your brother's conversion my acquaintance with him was rather limited, but after that event I was uniformly anxious to enjoy his society, and we were much together, considering the distance between our homes. He would often call on me as he was on his way to the house of God, or to the weekly prayer-meeting. Sometimes he would return with me on these latter occasions and pass the night at my father's. Those were precious seasons to me, and I think they were so to him. In secret we resolved together to be the Lord's forever; together we professed our faith in Jesus, and commemorated for the first time a Saviour's love in the sacred Supper. The absorbing desire of his mind seemed to be to know and do the will of God. But I was permitted to enjoy his society for only a short time, having removed with my parents to Ohio, in July, 1816. I saw him no more till September, 1836, when I providentially met him and passed a night with him in Hawley. It was a scene of thrilling interest. That was our last interview till we meet above."

Of the revival noticed on a previous page, Rev. Mr. Grout published a brief account in the *Panoplist* of May, 1816. From his letter I extract the following: "This spring we have been blessed with a most remarkable shower of divine grace. About forty, perhaps upwards, in the space of one week were hopefully brought to bow to the King of Zion. The number who have hopefully embraced religion, is not less than one hundred and eighty in this small town. Fifty-three were yesterday received to our communion." In 1846, Oliver incidentally noticed Mr. Grout's letter in the *Panoplist*. A few days afterwards, being on a visit to Hawley, he wrote to a friend the ensuing: —

"What a flood of thought and emotion the discovery of the above notice caused to rush through my mind! The meeting-house directly east of me, is the one in which was then witnessed such a display of divine glory! From the chamber of the little white cottage in which I am preparing to send you a letter, I look out upon its pulpit window; and were my old minister there engaged in preaching, I could distinctly hear his voice. I enter the sacred place, and find it the very same, the inroads of time alone excepted. I was one of those *fifty-three* that filled up the broad aisle. That revival was the first one I ever witnessed, and it produced a great change in the religious state of this town. For years previous, as we climbed the mountains, on our way to the house of God, some in wagons, some on horseback, and more on foot, little or nothing was heard, even among professors, but conversation about worldly affairs; and we descended these mountains on our way from the house of God, engaged in no better employment. At noon, the principal inhabitants were seen clustered together, in summer time, around some well or under some tree, discoursing on politics, and engaged in telling revolutionary stories; or if it were winter, they found some neighboring room with a fire, about which they crowded, and engaged in the same entertainments. I regarded it as a feast to get among them, as a listener. I was quite sure to hear something of what was going on in the world, or to be entertained with war anecdotes. Much secular information did I gather in this way, and many a political discussion did I hear on these occasions; one of which, as I still remember, respected Napoleon's invading this country. There was, indeed, a little *coterie* of professors who met at the minister's, and a few in some other places, who talked occasionally of religion; but even these were engaged in discussing some knotty point of Calvinism, rather than in discoursing on what was to edification in piety. Those who retired to pray, there may have been, and probably were, but I saw them not; and they were unquestionably few in number. At length, the revival began to make its appearance. No extra means had been employed to bring it on. Protracted meetings and other new measures had not then an existence. It came in the course of God's providence, under the influence of the ordinary means of grace; and had, doubtless, were the truth known, been preceded by much individual intercession for it, at the mercy-seat; God having previously poured out a spirit of supplication upon a class of faithful ones.

"Some time in the course of the summer or autumn of 1815, my father, on his return from meeting one Sabbath, informed us that there were persons under conviction of sin, and that an individual had obtained a hope. This is the first I remember to have heard of the work. About the same time, also, there was a gradual increase in the number and fervency of the prayer-meetings in the more central parts of the town. Never shall I forget a few meetings that I attended about this time, of course as an impenitent spectator; and how much of the allotted time was wasted in excuses and apologies, that should have been spent in solemn prostrations of soul. In course of the following winter, I was laid up with a broken arm. Severe sickness, too, invaded our family, and detained us for some time much from God's house. We continued, however, to hear joyful reports respecting the progress of the work. There has been nothing like it, it was said, since the days of the apostles. It seemed to some, that a new season of Pentecost was coming over the land. The Lord, too, was merciful to our family in its remote corner of the town. My own parents, both of them, appeared almost converted over again. My mother, in particular, on a sick-bed, went through a long and distressing scene of darkness, before she began to tune her harp anew in praise to God; which she did in a meeting held by the minister at our house when she was recovering, in the words of the 18th Psalm, sung at her request: 'Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength.' I began, during my own confinement to the house, to feel an uncommon desire to enjoy the privilege of again going to the sanctuary. I felt that I had hitherto been there all my life in vain; and should hear with new ears, if I could only get within sound of the preacher's voice. Our neighbors, too, were moved in spiritual things. Family after family, that had lived all their days as if they had never possessed souls, now began to feel, think, and talk about finding their way to the prayer-meetings; climbing the long and tedious road to the house of God, on the Sabbath. Freely they made known their feelings to professors of religion, asking what they should do to be saved; nor was it long before an altar of devotion was erected by many a father, that had resolved, like Joshua: 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' At length I found myself restored so far as to be able to revisit the house of the Lord, and to mingle with his people. How changed was the scene! All our way thither it seemed like a journey to Zion. Worldly conversation had vanished, and religious taken its place. Impenitent persons were deeply anxious; young converts, in the language of Canaan, were speaking of what the Saviour had done, as they hoped, for them; while experienced Christians were rejoicing anew at the bright prospects that allured them on. And again, what a different place did we now find our sanctuary! Every thing about it had assumed a serious and holy aspect. The very ground around it seemed hallowed. We breathed a heavenly atmosphere. Our minister's words, looks, and tones of voice, had never seemed so powerful. Every ear was open, and every heart ready to receive the truth, and over many a cheek rolled the tear of penitence. A young lady, who had for some time been serious, yet without obtaining a hope, on arising with the choir to sing the 13th Psalm,

L. M., 'How long, O Lord, shall I complain,' burst into tears, and took her seat, unable to proceed. Smiles of joy all around sat on the countenances of those who had just commenced the work of prayer and praise.

"At the intermission, nothing more was seen or heard of newspapers, revolutionary anecdotes, or politics. Clustered together here and there, in the sanctuary, might be seen those who were conversing on the all-engrossing topic, religion, or engaged in reading a good spiritual letter or book; (Sabbath schools then were not). 'O, my dear cousin, remember time is short and eternity at hand,' were words that caught my ear as they were read, and they deeply engraved themselves on my heart. Some left the house of God, and resorted to a private room in the neighborhood to unite there in devotional exercises. The chambers of a public house just at hand, whose keeper was not a professor of religion, were consecrated to such services, and became rooms of prayer. And, when the afternoon public exercises were closed, with what reluctance did we leave the courts of the Lord, and return to our homes. All the way home we were conversing of the now absorbing theme, or listening to others who were dwelling on the same delightful subject. In the evening, throughout the several districts of the town, were held religious meetings, at which aged Christians exhorted and prayed, young converts sang praises, inquirers sought instruction, and hardened sinners gazed in amazement.

"Nor was our religion at that time confined to the Sabbath day. It was carried into the week. We often turned aside from our daily labors to converse on the things of the kingdom. Like Christians in the days of the apostles, we continued, as far as we could, daily with one accord in the temple of God; and breaking bread from house to house, we ate our "meat with gladness and singleness of heart." Young converts, in the glow of their first love, were a beautiful sight to behold. Like young Melanchthon, they felt strong for the work of the Lord, and were ready to attack Leviathan in any point. 'O that I could see Joseph,' said one, just as he had returned from a meeting. 'It does seem that I could convince him of the importance of salvation.' He expressed the feelings of many others. What could be more delightful than to see them sitting or walking together, engaged in speaking of their hopes and fears, and to perceive them frequently retiring, either alone or with a companion, to engage in prayer to God, that he might guide them on their way to Zion. Hallowed friendships thus commenced, were continued until sundered by the different walks of life into which we were afterwards led — friendships, as we trust, to be renewed in a coming world! How precious, even now, is the remembrance of the evenings that I was permitted to spend at the fireside of one still living and walking with God! All those hours, I, with his children, listened to his voice, or inquired of him the solution of doubts, we feeling ourselves most delightfully engaged. And how sweet did *thy voice* then become to me, dear J.![*] We walked, conversed, and prayed together, and in secret unitedly resolved to be the Lord's forever. Circumstances have cast our lot in places distant from each other; but thy journey, my brother, still lies, I trust, along the river of life, towards the city of God, where may we, at last, happily join in endless praises to our Redeemer. As the season advanced, these scenes became increasingly interesting, especially as we climbed to the house of God, in company. Our thoughts were more and more upon the glories of Christ's kingdom. We longed to mingle again with the people of God within his courts, in prayer and praise. The words of the Psalmist seemed ready to break forth from every individual: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth,'—while angelic voices seemed to respond: 'He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;' and we felt again ready to reply: 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.'

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[*] Jonathan Oakes.

"Thus, from Sabbath to Sabbath, we eagerly ascended the rugged mountain, now pausing to refresh ourselves for a moment at some spring that gushed forth at the road-side, and then pressing on again, ever and anon directing our eyes to the lofty summit above us, as far as tall forests would permit. The ascent served most beautifully to remind us of the going up to Jerusalem in olden time. The opening spring appeared an apt emblem of the dawning upon us of spiritual delights. The ruggedness of the way reminded us, indeed, of the difficulties which we knew, according to the word of God, and the testimony of more experienced Christians, we should, sooner or later, have to encounter; but then the fountains of living waters that refreshed us, brought sweet intimations of the water of life prepared for the weary pilgrim; and full of present happiness, we felt that all would be well. Thus, going on from strength to strength, we continued to make our appearance before God in his earthly Zion, as we hoped finally to do in that above. One after another, we were invited to state what the Lord had done for our souls preparatory to making a public profession of his holy name. At length came the 5th of May! Day of sacred espousals to Christ! Here again how hallowed the scene, in which we were engaging! Most inviting appeared the path of duty, most glorious the prospect before us, while we gave our assent to the articles of faith, and entered into covenant with the people of God, and with God himself. The choir, as we returned to our seats, sung:

‘ ’T is done, the great transaction ’s done,—
I am the Lord’s, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.’

Time would fail me to speak of the many delightful walks, meetings, and conversations, we had together, during the following summer, and of the sweet savor the revival long left on our spirits.”

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER II.

LEAVES HOME. — DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

Having completed his seventeenth year, Oliver felt that some direct and efficient steps must be immediately taken towards obtaining an education. So minutely are the events of this period described by himself, that I shall need do but little except copy from a journal, which he wrote out in the spring of 1820. I shall, however, reserve to myself the right of freely abbreviating and emending his language. The compiler was familiar with most of the events described in this chapter.

"In the fall of 1818, my ever beloved but afflicted parents were called to severe trials. True, these sorrows were only a continuation of others by which they had been almost incessantly encompassed since their entrance into the marriage state. But of *these* I was a large partaker. The mind of my father, naturally strong, had been enfeebled by crushing reverses in his secular affairs. Now, as at some former periods, a dense cloud enshrouded his intellect, and reason was dethroned for several weeks. To all the older members of his family, this was a season of awful anguish. I perceived this cloud arising some time prior to its assuming so fearful a position over our heads, and I thought I foresaw the entire destruction of all my cherished plans in regard to the obtaining of an education. I knew not that any mercy was in store for me. The Lord, however, soon opened a door of hope by restoring in some measure the health of my father. The scenes of those few weeks were often afterwards the subject of conversation between my mother and myself, and the occasion of adoring praise.

"No sooner had my father become in a good degree restored, than I began to importune him for permission to be absent during the winter, provided I could pay my own expenses as I should pass along. He, ever anxious for my welfare, and hindered from giving me an education only by the want of property, readily complied with my request. I improved the opportunities afforded me, attending both an evening singing school and a common day school, also working for my board. Many persons were very kind to me, whose generous acts I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance. Some scoffed at every exertion that I made, and ridiculed the idea that I could ever be any thing. Had I not been previously informed that my mother's brothers, who obtained an education, passed through essentially the same trials, and that a multitude of others had fared no better, I should have given up in despair. The winter passed amid various conflicts. Much was my mind distracted by the unreasonable remarks which were made respecting my efforts, until, by the kindness of the Rev. Jonathan Grout, I was received into his family. Under his tuition, I enjoyed about seven weeks of uninterrupted study, but never was I free from anxiety lest my father might be again attacked as he had been during the preceding autumn.

"When spring opened, I returned to aid my father by manual labor. He, however, judged it best that I should seek employment away from home for the ensuing six months. I accordingly engaged myself for that period to a gentleman* in Ashfield, and commenced my services on the 20th of April, 1819. The thought that I must toil in the field rather than discipline my mind, lay with oppressive weight upon my heart. Often while on the farm, did I look upon the Academy, which was within my sight, and sigh that I should thus be doomed to spend the flower of life, when I ought to be enriching my intellect. Determined to make every possible exertion for the attainment of an education, on the 16th of May, I wrote to the Rev. Timothy Alden, my uncle, President of Alleghany College, in Meadville, Pa., stating my case to him, and requesting him to inform me whether I could go and work for him a part of the time, and he assist me in my studies. I requested him, also, if he deemed it best for me to commence the journey, to inform me what route I should take to reach him. After anxiously waiting some time for an answer, I almost gave up the hope of receiving one.

"While in this perplexity, I was informed that the Rev. Thomas Shepard, a young clergyman recently settled in Ashfield, desired to see me. At this information a gleam of light dawned upon me, and I determined to call at once upon him and state my circumstances. I did so. He encouraged me, and said the only difficulty in my way was the necessity my father felt of my services, or what would be an equivalent in money — one hundred and fifty-four dollars, in addition to the wages of the present season. I ought here to state, that my father would allow me three years in which to make out the whole sum, though a part of it must be paid annually. Mr. Shepard expressed the earnest hope that there might be some overturning in my favor.

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* Mr. Chester Sanderson.

"In June I received a reply from my uncle T., who informed me that he had written in my behalf to the American Education Society, and that on getting their returns, he would furnish me with the result. In the meantime, I continued my labors on the farm. I used to write out portions of a Latin grammar and place them in my hat, that I might commit them when at work. Without attracting special attention, I could get occasional glances at the paper. In this way I would proceed several days till I had a suitable lesson, then I recited it to a young student, Mr. Elijah Paine.* On the last day of August I made a visit to my parents, and obtained from my father the conditions on which he could release me. At the expiration of four months, by mutual agreement, my employer and myself parted, and I undertook to make out the remainder of the season by working in different places. In the meantime, I was waiting anxiously for a second letter from my uncle T. Before it came, I again wrote to him, making a more full statement of my case, and asking whether or not

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* Afterwards Rev. E. Paine, who died a few years since at West Boylston, Massachusetts.

I had better go on to him. My letter was written October 11. Three weeks subsequently I received one from him, dated the 13th of the same month.

"The Education Society informed my uncle that I must study the Classics three months, and be recommended to them by an authorized committee, before I could enjoy their patronage. Thus matters were standing at the close of the time specified by my father as the term of my laboring on a farm that year. I should have observed, however, that I worked a short time for a Mr. Waite, of Deerfield, who perceiving me absent minded and neglectful of duty, inquired into the cause. I told him my desires for an education, and he advised me to obtain it, and thus, much encouraged me. Not far from this time, I made application to a man in Conway, who had previously promised me money, provided I could find him security; but he now said that he had parted with it all in another way. Several unsuccessful letters I wrote to wealthy gentlemen in Ashfield. I also sent a line to my grandfather Alden, directing it to my aunt, who lived with him. In this effort I succeeded no better than in others."

From the last named letter I have condensed the following. He wrote on a large sheet, with a poor pen, and, as he says, without being able to re-write. I have preserved his *thoughts*, and, so far as possible, his phraseology.

"Ashfield, Oct. 24, 1819.

"Dear Aunt: — You have probably heard that it is my desire to obtain an education, for the purpose of devoting my life to God. I hope this desire of my heart is pure in his sight. You probably know what hinders me from carrying out my purpose. I have written to my uncle Timothy, asking his assistance, and he has promised to grant it so far as is in his power. My father feels unable to part with me without my securing to him one hundred and fifty-four dollars. I have made many proposals to different persons, yet all has been of no avail. But what shall I do? Is there no friend in all the Christian world that can afford me any assistance? Before giving up to despair, I will make one more application. If I wait till I am of age, I shall be too old to commence study. Shall I sink in despair of help in this land of gospel light? What I would abruptly propose is this: supposing my grandfather would lend me the money for a number of years, I will agree to pay it to him, with interest, or to any person he may direct, so soon as I shall be able.

"Dear Aunt, I am obliged to suppress many tender feelings when I make such proposals. I promise by every bond of Christian affection to pay the money if I live, and am ever worth it. These are the only conditions on which I can request it, or make a promise concerning its being refunded. You will much oblige me by reading this letter to my grandfather, making the request on my behalf, and returning me an immediate reply. If he should not feel able to lend me the full amount, though I know not that any smaller sum will answer, perhaps he can, one hundred or sixty-five dollars. Could he let me have the whole sum, I should be able to enter at once upon my studies. I must send this letter without re-writing it, and if you cannot excuse my faults, my extreme haste will; or if not, I must bear the blame. I should be glad to write you on religious subjects, but at present I have no time. For the rest of my letter, please read Ps. ii. 11; Ps. vi., likewise xiii.; and xxvii. 4."

At a date somewhat earlier than the last named, he wrote to his parents, and I here present the reader with the ensuing thoughts from his letter to them.

"Dear Parents:—I improve this opportunity to inform you what are my calculations. You probably have heard that I have left Mr. S. I desire that you should get every thing ready for me that I may start on my journey to Meadville by the first of November. O my dear parents, all things are in the hands of God, and why is it not our duty to commit every interest to his care, and attempt to do that which is of the greatest importance. The question then arises, which is of the most importance, that you should keep your son to help you maintain your family in a civilized land where religion flourishes, and where the road to happiness is plainly seen, where the word of God is known, and where we can escape from hell and fly to heaven, or to let your dear son go and declare the Word of Life to the heathen? Place six eighths of this world in the balance of eternity against nine persons, the number in your family, myself excepted. Our Saviour has commanded us to preach the gospel to all people. I shall go to my uncle's at the time mentioned, or before. If you could say to your son, 'you are at liberty, we shall ask no more of you,' I should go with greater joy."

It was not the design of Divine Providence that he should start for his uncle's at the specified time. New trials were in reserve for him, before he might undertake that pilgrimage.

Completely foiled everywhere else, he again resorted to Mr. Shepard. "I asked him if he would make the *first* payment to my father. He replied it was a great risk, yet he was willing to become responsible on condition my father should allow me to attend the Academy in Ashfield the ensuing three months. Here for the first time the door seemed to be opened, and only those who have experienced a similar relief can judge of my feelings."

With a joyous heart and bounding steps he went on the same day to see his father, and report the position of affairs to him. Of the welcome given him by that father, he thus speaks: "With joyful arms he received me. Never shall I forget this meeting with him and my mother. Little did I then think that it would prove my last interview with him." Arrangements were made as the son desired, when he and his parents walked together, calling on neighbors as they went, stopping at every house, he bidding farewell to them all, expecting to live among them no more. "Thus we passed along for three miles conversing on religious topics. Though I spent only about two hours with my father, they seemed the most agreeable of my life. When I told him my conviction that a Christian ought never to fight, he charged me *always to maintain that opinion.* This was his last injunction to me. I saw his face no more till it was cold in death." The son took leave of his parents and returned to Ashfield.

Since the decease of his brother, the compiler has been favored with interesting reminiscences from Rev. Thomas Shepard, now of Bristol, Rhode Island. "It was some time during the summer of 1819 that Oliver was introduced to me. I remember well his first appearance. There was something remarkably sedate and subdued in his countenance. His eye and voice were much the same then that they continued to be while he lived. At his first interview, he lost no time in describing to me the strong desire of his heart, the subject which pressed upon him by day and by night—*an education for the work of the gospel ministry.* One argument he urged as a strong indication of Providence, was the fact which had been told him by his mother, that she both before and at the time of his birth had consecrated him to the Lord for the sacred office. But obstacles were in his way; obstacles which to others less determined and persevering, would have proved insurmountable. Again and again did he visit my study after the labors of the field were over, with the same engrossing topic. Finally he came with his father's terms of freedom, which appeared to light up a little glimmer of hope. I told him I would consider the subject, but it looked dark. In the meantime I conversed with the Rev. Mr. Grout, and obtained his opinion that the sum demanded by your brother's father was the least which could possibly answer. I then said to Oliver, I will be responsible to your father for the requisite sum. This at once lifted a great burden from him."

The kindness of Mr. Shepard was ever held in the most grateful recollection by the subject of this memoir. Indeed, it should be observed, that the preaching of Mr. S. exerted a happy and stimulating influence on the youth's mind. Most of the clergymen in that region were men of great excellence, but some were sadly neglectful of their studies, and nearly all of them a little too formal in the style of their discourses. Mr. S. was then just from Andover, and full of ardor; his preaching was solemn and effective.

Nothing now seemed immediately necessary for Oliver but to devote himself to study, and this he was permitted to do. He became, in December, 1819, a member of Sanderson's Academy, friends volunteering to give him by turns his board in their own houses. "Nothing of any note," he observes, "occurred for one month, except the various opinions expressed respecting myself." Some, it would seem, doubted whether there was in him a sufficient foundation to encourage an attempt to rear an intellectual superstructure. He adds: "The first marked success with which I confounded them, was in the exercise of memory. I soon found that all the most respectable people encouraged me." By writing on his thumb nails the heads of a sermon while hearing it, he would be able to repeat on Monday morning before the assembled members of the school, nearly the whole discourse.

"It was a hard task," remarks Rev. Mr. S., "for him to discipline his mind to the minutiæ of a new language; his progress was slow, his mistakes were numerous. But his patience and perseverance were such as overcame all difficulties. He had fixed his eye on the mark, and reach it he would if within the scope of human effort. The time was set for me to give a written obligation for your brother's release from his father, but before its arrival, death put a period to the life of that father."

When the young student was just beginning to enjoy the privileges he had long desired, and when it seemed that every serious obstacle in the way of his procuring an education was removed, the Lord suddenly dashed from his hands that cup of joy. While engaged in his studies at the house of one who was gratuitously entertaining him, his attention was suddenly arrested by the arrival of a messenger from his home in Hawley. He was startled by the intelligence that his father was very sick; not expected to survive the night. "That sad evening," he subsequently says, "I shall never forget. Every prospect of pursuing my studies was apparently cut off forever. Should my father be taken away, I must provide for the support of my mother, brothers, and sisters. The family in which I was boarding well remember my anguish; but Mrs. A.* comforted me by saying that the Lord was perhaps designing me good, and was thus preparing my heart to receive it. Amid the coldness and dreariness of that night, I started for the scene of sorrow to which I was summoned. Gloomy thoughts swarmed within me, still I kept up the hope that life might yet be preserved to my suffering parent. About sunrise the next morning, when in sight of my father's house, I was accosted by a lady whose very looks revealed the sad tale of woe which her lips were about to announce. My father was no longer among the living. Near the midnight hour, his immortal spirit had taken its everlasting flight. I entered the desolate home, and met my heart-stricken mother and her children." Oliver's arrival on that sad morning is vividly imaged on the mind of the writer. His head was so severely oppressed with pain that he had bandaged it to obtain relief. Soon after he entered the house, his mother inquired whether he would then be conducted into the room of his deceased father. He was too much overcome, and craved to be excused a little while. This eldest child of his widowed mother at once felt that peculiar responsibilities rested on him; but they were assumed with a sense of their solemnity, and with a desire to do whatever he might for the happiness of those who survived in the family circle.

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* Wife of Mr. Barney Alden.

The journal proceeds: "The dwelling contained the breathless body of my father, and his face wore a smile; but oh, there was no spirit within the clay. Where now was that buoyant hope which only the day before was cheering my heart? Gone, gone, apparently eternally gone. I had never been so animated with my prospects as I was just previous to the announcement of my father's sickness. Now I was plunged into a depth before unknown. My bright visions were fled.

"There lay my father. Long, long as my breath remains, shall I most affectionately remember him. After being burdened and perplexed for a series of years, he was just emerging into circumstances of comfort. The last seventeen months of his life had been peculiarly happy. Religion, during all that time, was preëminently his daily theme, and God his unceasing trust. On the 2d day of January last, he had been to the house of the Lord, heard a New Year's sermon, partaken of the sacrament, and returned to his family. While cheerfully conversing with them on the evening of the Sabbath, he was seized with the sickness which, in three brief days, terminated his earthly sojourn."

Oliver's father could leave no pecuniary legacy for his absent son, but he was enabled to do what it is believed was of far greater value to that son. Just before the father expired, the mother inquired of him if he had any word to leave for Oliver. He replied, "tell him to live godly in Christ Jesus."

Another quotation from the journal. "Here was an end of my studies, at least for awhile. I was forced to be resigned outwardly, though within I fear my heart was hard. Why, I said, could I not have been permitted to converse with him in his last moments? Then the relieving suggestion would arise, 'perhaps he would have enjoined it upon me to reside always with my mother.'" This remark he makes as intimating with what sacredness he should regard the mandate of a dying father, and also his conviction that the providence of God and his conscientious mother could better decide as to his own duty, than could his father on that bed of death. We see here the development of a trait of his mind with which we shall become more familiar as we proceed with his history. However dark the clouds about him, he was ready to hope that behind them, yea, within them, were blessings soon to be revealed.

"During the remainder of January, I continued with our bereaved family, superintending my mother's affairs. With her consent, I reëntered, on the 1st of February, the Academy in Ashfield; but ah, how melancholy were my reflections on going back! I had left at home a widowed mother, and fatherless brothers and sisters. The weather was cold and dreary. I was considered by many as almost a fratricide. A cousin of mine, prompted, I doubt not, by the tenderness of her heart, sharply rebuked me for leaving home when my presence was so much needed there. But my mother had given her consent; surely I should not have gone without it. Judicious friends were decidedly of the opinion that I ought to continue my studies at Ashfield, provided I would make frequent visits to my mother in order to ascertain that she and her family were comfortable."

At an interview with his mother, March 20, she handed him a paper on which was inscribed the incident in regard to the consecration to the ministry that she had made of him, and to which Mr. Shepard alludes. This she intended he should receive as her recorded surrender of him to the pursuit of knowledge for the honor of Christ. He continued in Ashfield till April, and found the people very kind. His board and tuition were gratuitous. Early in the month last named, he went to Williams College to be examined by the Faculty, that he might become a beneficiary of the American Education Society. Mr. Shepard and Judge Paine, of Ashfield, furnished him with the requisite testimonials. This journey of about twenty miles was performed on foot, and at the season of the year when travelling was extremely unpleasant. He says, that in view of his anticipated examination, he trembled; for if successful, he should have taken one step towards surmounting all obstacles. If, on the other hand, he should fail, his way would be seemingly hedged up. His emotions are more fully developed in the following language: "Williamstown, April 5, 1820. Here I am at the college in the room of Mr. Lucius Field, expecting every moment to be called to the President's house for examination. What prayer shall I put up to God for success? O Lord, grant that I may be carried through in a calm manner, and do thou for me more than I am able to do for myself." The gentleman in whose room this was written, had been Oliver's teacher for a short time one winter. After the ordeal was passed, President Moore remarked: "Yes, Taylor, we are well pleased with your examination."

Before returning to Hawley, he made a visit to his uncle Oliver Alden, then a merchant in Athens, New York, from whom he received sundry articles of clothing which he very much needed. While at his uncle's, he wrote, by request, several pieces of poetry; one, an acrostic on that respected friend's name. He returned, April 15, to his mother, who told him that she had been exercised on his account, with a multitude of anxious thoughts during his absence.

Animated by the successfulness of his tour to Williamstown, he writes thus: "I see a prospect opening before me for the gratifying of those desires which I have always cherished, of obtaining knowledge. To search for wisdom, yea, to become a philosopher, was an aim of my childhood." But he adds: "I find, however, that it requires no study to become acquainted with *sin.* There are within me tendencies of which I have reason to be afraid."

Reverting to his former anxieties to acquire knowledge, he observes: "Persons had offered to educate me, provided my father would have given me up without remuneration. Yet he was perfectly justifiable in requiring it. His views of an education and of benevolent enterprises were enlarged. He was willing to give me up whenever the providence of God should indicate that to be his duty. Often did he comfort himself and me by saying if I was to be useful in any particular way in the world, means would in some manner be furnished without his going counter to the dictates of his own conscience." Reviewing the way by which he had been led and the mercies that had encompassed him, he observes: "Having been brought on thus far, I feel under high obligations to be grateful to God for his fostering care; for his interpositions by which I have been preserved amid multiplied dangers from the dawn of my existence to the present time. — Pride is a poison which operates very perniciously in my heart. O to be relieved from it! — I cannot see that I have grown in grace for the last three years; whether I shall come out a believer or an infidel I know not, but think I can supplicate the guidance of God."

The following sketch of a beloved uncle, Oliver prepared during the short time which he spent at his mother's in April. It is thought proper, on several accounts, to insert it.

"Mr. Isaiah Taylor was the sixth child of Captain Isaac Taylor, and was born at Yarmouth, Massachusetts, 1766. He was remarkable in his youth for a quick turn of wit; he also took delight in singular acts of roguery; though generally they had no other tendency than to *vex* those on whom they were committed. His education was a religious one; his parents being very anxious for the spiritual welfare of their children. His mother, however, died when he was young. Soon after her death his father moved into Ashfield, in order to prevent his younger sons from following the sea; but he did not accomplish his object; for *this* son spent his life from his 18th to his 26th year on the water. Isaiah was remarkable for the tenderness of his feelings and the generosity of his conduct; but he was a careless sinner; otherwise than as the reproofs and warnings of his parents would occasionally press upon his mind. Thus he continued till he was called to part with his honored father, who dropped down dead in the street returning home on the Sabbath from the sanctuary. It was not long after this son had come from sea. Isaiah was then about twenty years of age, and most deeply felt the sudden stroke. When twenty-seven, he was married to Miss Ruth Bryant, of Ashfield, and exchanged the life of a mariner for that of an honest farmer. Two years later he met, as he hoped, with a saving change of heart, and soon made a public profession of religion in the church under the care of the Rev. N. Porter. From this time, to all outward appearance, he adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour. In his common conversation he was, perhaps, occasionally too humorous. With the young he was ever familiar and playful. But when the occasion required that the subject of religion should be introduced, all was hushed, except this beloved theme. To his friends, in their distress, he was most affectionate and helpful. In his own family all seemed peaceful and happy; himself being loved most dearly. Generally he was familiar with his children; yet he had the most perfect command of them. His brother Jeremiah — my father — was hopefully converted not many years subsequently to Isaiah's profession of faith. Piety served to unite in still firmer bonds of affection these brothers, whose reciprocal love was previously very ardent. During the remainder of their lives they may be said to have been lovely and pleasant; and in their deaths they were scarcely divided. Their closing scenes were near together, and their views on the bed of death were similar.

"Desirous of doing what he could honestly for the support of his family, my uncle entered into partnership, June, 1819, with a Mr. Lazel, of Buckland, and they started together, going into Vermont to make purchases for market. They separated Monday, June 14, to meet on the next day. Mr. T. was very soon taken sick of ague-fits and could not proceed any further. A physician being consulted, it was declared imprudent for him to attempt reaching his home, (the distance being about fifty miles,) till the symptoms should appear more favorable. He, however, felt that he could not be sick out of the bosom of his own family. With great and distressing exertion he returned to Savoy, and stopped at the house of a friend, Mr. Samuel Hall. On his way thither, so great was his thirst that he was compelled to drink at nearly every spring. He found himself unable to proceed, and sent a messenger to his family, who, on the 19th, succeeded in conveying him home. He was highly gratified to find himself there attended by his most affectionate wife and children. The disorder, however, had been increased by the fatigues of the journey. Skilful medical aid was immediately called, and the prayers of God's people requested in his behalf on the next day, which was the Sabbath. All was done which kindness and wisdom seemed to dictate; yet the disorder did not yield. Sabbath evening he was worse. His brother Jeremiah came to see him, and they saluted each other in that tender and affectionate manner, which had formerly characterized their meetings. On Monday the disease assumed an encouraging aspect, and the brothers parted. As my father was leaving, my uncle said: 'Do ask all the brethren to pray for me.' A prayer-meeting was accordingly held the same day, on his account, in Hawley. In the course of the day Dr. Allen, of Buckland, being requested to state his opinion frankly, told my uncle that his time was short; he might live two days and might not live one. On hearing this announcement he conversed freely about death and looked on his wife and children with the deep emotions of a dying man, at the same time giving utterance to expressions indicating that he was not insensible to the solemnities before him. Laying his hands across his breast he died without a struggle or a groan. He left a widow and eight youthful children to mourn his loss. The funeral on Thursday, June 24, at 2 P. M., was attended by a numerous concourse of people.

" The oldest of his children, a daughter, was absent at the time of his return, and though sent for, arrived in the town only in season to hear the tolling bell announce the age of her deceased father. Her grief was inconsolable. I was myself at work for Mr. Sanderson in the field when I heard those mournful tones which so affected her. I was anxious to attend the funeral, but feared to ask my employer's permission, and as he said nothing to me about it, I was not present at the solemn scene. My parents were there and wondered at my absence. They remained over night with the afflicted family; my father conversing in the evening with them, and reading to them the one hundred and second Psalm. I visited these mourning kindred soon after the death of my uncle, and conversed with them on their sorrows. I did not then think that I should so soon lose my own father. But in the course of a few months he was called away, and on the day of his burial the eldest of those cousins said to me: 'Oliver, little did I think when you came to console us and mourn with us, that in so short a time I should have to return your affectionate sympathy.'"

The compiler would add, that the widow of that dear uncle still lives, but his children quickly began to follow their father. For years, only two have remained.

We now recur to Oliver's journal. April 20. — "I am now at work for my mother, arranging her spring affairs, and making preparation for my long journey. To-day, in accordance with a request of mine, my mother presented me with a brief history of my father's life. 23. — In a few days I am to take leave of my friends here, and commence a journey of nearly five hundred and fifty miles. It is considered as a great enterprise, and especially as I am to bid farewell to a widowed mother, and fatherless brothers and sisters. O may God direct me till I die, preparing me for all disappointments. But what are my motives? — My greatest burden is the condition of our family. There are seven children younger than myself. My mother is poor. — I think it will be necessary for me to obtain from her a letter to my uncle. — How any of us will succeed is known only to God."

Owing to the delay of a letter expected from the Education Society, he was fearful of being compelled to postpone his journey for three months. The thought was distressing. From a somewhat extended paper the following items are selected: "Being a youth, exposed to many a snare; having professed Christ before men; though knowing that the Lord alone can help me, I feel the importance of binding myself to the observance of certain regulations. On arising Sabbath morning, I will, if possible, read a portion of the Bible, examine myself, and spend at least half an hour in secret prayer, asking pardon for all my sins, and for the grace of God to assist me in keeping the day holy. Nor will I forget to supplicate mercies on others. Wherever I am, I will aim to spend the Sabbath so as to honor God. For this end, I will refrain from worldly concerns, and never needlessly absent myself from public worship." Other days he resolved to commence in a similar manner, and to close them with prayer. He would likewise guard his tongue from speaking evil, but teach it to converse as opportunity might arise on the interests of the soul. He purposed to make special preparation on Saturday for the return of the Lord's day, and never to appear at the table of Christ without serious examination of himself. A determination is also expressed to improve every moment of time. Under date of April 26, he speaks of going to Ashfield, in order to make farewell visits, and to obtain money for his contemplated journey. Ten dollars he borrowed of Rev. Mr. Shepard, and gave his note for it. Many persons expressed themselves very friendly towards him, but pecuniary donations for poor students were rare occurrences in those days. On the 28th, the expected letter came, and he says: "Now I am prepared to commence my journey. I intend to keep a kind of diary, if practicable, and minutely record my observations on the progress of vegetation, and the nature of the soils through which I may pass. Once a week I shall write to my uncle Oliver, for if I should be taken sick on the way, he would be able to render me assistance. I have only ten dollars and seventy-five cents. It will be my aim to travel as cheaply as possible; perhaps at an expense of fifty cents a day. This evening I am to bid farewell to the people here. Many are wondering how I can leave my mother; but I think I have endeavored to search out my duty. To God I commit her, and unto him I look for his merciful guidance in my youthful ways. I am a sinner. Numerous thoughts I would gladly pen, but want of time forbids. Mother has written me a short farewell."

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY TO MEADVILLE AND RESIDENCE THERE.

April 29, 1820, was the day which had been assigned for the commencement of his projected journey. On the evening preceding, a large number of young people, and others from the vicinity, assembled at his mother's in a farewell meeting. The season was one of deep solemnity. Several were present who had been inclined to treat with neglect, if not contempt, the invitations of Christ. They had now convened at the widow's house to sympathize with her, and to listen once more to the voice of a fellow youth, as he should address them, and call upon Heaven to grant them mercy. His mother says the meeting continued till 2 o'clock at night, and that the room was filled with weeping. In closing the services, he bade his youthful associates an affectionate adieu. Of this interview with the young people he made himself a record: "O how solemn to part with friends, as I do not expect to return in less than five years." After having left his home, during the first day's absence, he thus wrote: "This morning took leave of the house where peace, joy, and sorrow have in turns possessed my heart; a place where died my dear father, whom, though I loved, yet often disobeyed. I mourn for the grief which I occasioned him, and am ready at times to burst into tears. May the choicest of heaven's blessings rest upon my mother. All that I, mourning, can do, is to commit her to God. I have started on my long anticipated tour, having *now* eleven dollars and ten cents with which to defray my expenses."

The eldest surviving brother was a witness of the affecting scenes of *that* morning. Some of the fatherless children had been provided with homes away from their mother's house. After breakfast the mother and those of her household still with her, gathered at the family altar. Oliver was the officiator, and, perhaps, as he thought, for the last time. Worship being closed, all the articles of clothing which he was to take with him were fastened to his own shoulders, giving him more the appearance of a soldier than a student, with the exception that his only weapon was a staff, which had been presented him by a relative. The course from his mother's house which the young traveller must pursue was so ascending that he could be watched for nearly half a mile. With what intense emotion the writer *looked after that* brother himself well remembers. The day of departure was to him solemn as a funeral.

It was, indeed, a great event, — at least it was then so considered in that region, — for a young man to commence such a journey under *those* circumstances; and on the next Sabbath, the widowed mother requested prayers in the house of God, that Jehovah would prosper her son in his arduous enterprise.

Allusion has been made to the son's request that his mother would furnish him with a letter, which he might present as proof that he did not leave her without her consent. The following is the letter:

"April 24, 1820.

"MY DEAR SON: — Duty and nature have for this some time been at variance, but duty has at length gained the victory; yet after all, my son, it is a trying time with me; you must needs think that it is a great thing for me, in my lonely widowed state, to have you separate from me. The ties of nature are strong and binding, and it is impossible for children to feel for parents what parents do for children; but I am sensible you feel enough for me; you have searched your heart, you have studied what your duty is; therefore, my son, the first thing you have got to do, is to perform your duty to your God, and in so doing, you will do your duty to every living creature. You are cast out into the wide world at a time when you need to be much on your guard; youth is easily drawn aside; therefore gird on the whole armor of faith, and for an helmet take the hope of salvation, whereby you may be able to withstand all the fiery darts of the adversary. Remember the words that your dying father left behind for you, 'Live godly in Christ Jesus.' May it never be said of you, that you have left your first love. Let nothing hinder you from daily and fervent prayer; and when you address the throne of grace, remember your mother, brothers, and sisters. The eyes of many are fixed on you as being an instrument in the hands of God, to bring many souls to Jesus; and let it not be said that Oliver is an apostate!

"This world, my son, is a gloomy place to me;

and should I hear that my children follow the ways of sin and iniquity, it would quickly break my heart. All the satisfaction I expect in this life, is to strive to do what shall be most for the glory of God, and to see my children walk in truth. I have often, my son, viewed the hand of God in taking away your father. I had, for a long time, perceived that our hearts were firmly united; I have now one tie less to bind me to earth. I have often, when passing by your father's grave, said, 'There lies the chiefest thing that made life dear to me.' I am now about to have you separate from me, and it is with cheerfulness I give you up. If you can be the means of bringing but one poor heathen to the knowledge of Jesus Christ, it will more than amply recompense me for all the trials I have passed through. Your father and mother have trod a most thorny road for near twenty years, but the kind hand of our heavenly Friend led us through these briars and thorns. He has seen fit to take my partner first, because he was most fit to go. I have got to travel the road a little longer, and then, if I am one of the chosen of God, I shall meet all the happy saints in glory. Sometimes I think that I have faith to believe, that the promise to the widow and the fatherless will be amply fulfilled to me and mine. Give yourself no uneasiness, thinking you have gone away against my will, for I cheerfully perform the vow I made in my youth. I give you not up to man, but to God; and as the Lord guards his children, so will he guard you safe, if you go on to fear him, until you arrive at your journey's end."

Extracts from the son's farewell to his mother:

"O, my dear mother, my time is short, which requires that I should express my thoughts in as few terms as possible. I am about to leave you, I know not for how long a period. Truly it is with reluctance I go, but I have endeavored to ascertain my duty; whether I am deceived or not, I cannot tell. It is a great sacrifice for you to yield up a child as you have me, and consequently great are the obligations which I am bound to fulfil. O, my dear and affectionate mother, I am indebted to you for your kindness, and am unable to repay you except by performing my duties as faithfully as I can. I am sure you will not remember against me the sins of my more inexperienced years. Wherein I have wounded your feelings, I hope you will forgive me."

The circumstances of her son's departure are somewhat minutely described in the following selections from a letter of his mother, written to her father, Rev. Timothy Alden, of Yarmouth, on the day of her son's leaving home: "Oliver has taken his leave of me, perhaps forever. About two hours since we gave the parting hand and shed the farewell tear. He has set out on foot, and alone, for Meadville. Last evening we had a prayer-meeting on his account, and I never witnessed a more solemn scene. There was a goodly number of young people, as well as older ones. Each male church-member present offered a prayer. One and another of them also addressed the assembly. When Oliver gave them his parting counsels, every heart seemed to melt. I never witnessed more general weeping on any occasion whatever. It being too painful for him to utter his last words to me, he left them on paper. I now cast my eyes on one side of me and there is a garment of my deceased husband; I take up a little book and in it are the parting words of my now absent son. Two of my children have gone to reside away from home. One after another they must leave me; though crying around me, each says: 'Do, mother, let me live with you; I will do all I can for you.' But I am obliged to obey reason rather than feeling. There are times, however, when I cannot help yielding to the latter. Had some kind angel whispered to me a year ago, and informed me what scenes I must pass through in the course of twelve months, I should have said it would be impossible for me to endure them. But the Keeper of Israel hath said, 'As thy days so shall thy strength be.' I have given up Oliver to God. He was the son on whom I might naturally rest myself for support. I surrender him for a more noble object, and am confident that the Lord will open some other way by which I shall be sustained."

It should be stated that the arrangement by which Oliver was to furnish his father a specific sum of money, failed on the death of that father. Still, by going to Meadville, the son expected to be able, through the kindness of his uncle there, to render his mother pecuniary assistance, and this he accomplished.

Arriving at Williamstown, Oliver was pained by the intelligence of the death of his uncle Timothy's wife. He was anticipating the happiness of receiving at her hands the kindness of a mother. She departed this life the 3d of April, 1820, falling asleep in her blessed Redeemer. At W. he penned these plaintive reflections: "Death, wilt thou still sound in my ears? Wherever I am wilt thou pursue me? My God, are such events for me or against me?" To his mother he wrote, May 1, from Williamstown: "My journey to this place was pleasant; but ah! a report of Death's doings falls upon my ears wherever I may be." At W. he found a home in the very kind family of Mr. David Alden. Resuming his journey he supplicated divine assistance, that he might be given to serious reflection and gain wisdom in all his course. We find him noting down observations upon scenery, soil, men, and manners. He made another visit to his uncle Oliver, at Athens, from which place he sent the following letter to his uncle T. at Meadville.

"May 3, 1820.

"Dear Uncle:—I left Hawley April 29, and on the 2d inst. arrived here, being now on my journey to Meadville. It was truly hard parting with my friends. I left them all in health, and my mother in as good spirits as I could expect. But ah! dear uncle, the solemn knell follows me wherever I go. This letter, which I intended to write to an uncle and aunt, must be addressed only to a dear uncle. But the subject is too mournful for me to dwell upon.

"On account of my not being much acquainted with the ways and manners of the world, I, though ever anxious to be under your care, have felt a timidity in going to you, yet I even wish I were now at your house. Alas, wishes are vain. I think I could sympathize, especially with my dear cousins, in their loss. But how many steps must I take before I arrive at the destined place! As to my journey, I have made all the preparation that is necessary, so far as relates to information, recommendation, etc. Dear uncle, how and where shall I meet you? If you are likely not to know me when you meet me, I will now inform you that you will see before you a tall, blackish youth, clad with poor clothes, and with a heavy pack of poorer ones on his back, perhaps moneyless, and trembling at every step he takes for fear of the reception he may meet with on account of his own imperfections. When I arrive I shall expect you to be a second father to me in directing me. Therefore excuse my abruptness, and be ready to receive your absent child."

From Athens he also addressed a letter to his afflicted cousins, expressing his deep sympathy with them in the loss of their mother. "Dear friends, though my hand cannot reach you, nor my eye behold you, at present, yet my prayers shall ascend in your behalf, and ere long I hope to meet you." Having spent a short time at Athens, he pursued his journey. On the second day he wrote back thus:—

"Dear Uncle:—It is hardly sundown. I have taken up my lodgings at the meeting of the turnpikes from Athens and Albany, at Mr. B.'s. I feel very much fatigued, and my feet are quite sore. If I find Mr. S., I think I shall stay a day or two and rest. I was somewhat ill yesterday after I left you; yet got along pretty well. I tarried in R. last night, so that I have come between thirty and forty miles to-day. I feel lonesome, far away from all my friends, but hope to prosper. Thus far, since leaving you, I have spent only twelve and a half cents."

For particulars concerning the remainder of the journey the reader is referred to the ensuing letters:—

"Meadville, Pa., May 23, 1820.

"DEAR UNCLE: — On the 8th of May I left Athens for Meadville. During that day little else presented itself to my view than a very rough country, full of rocks and stones, with here and there a miserable looking house, the oven being built out of doors; one even appeared to be made of clam shells. The region through which I passed wore to me but a poor appearance, till I came to Cherry Valley, which in a measure made amends for the past. I intended to have made Sangersfield on the 10th, but feeling quite weary, when within fifteen miles of that place, I requested a stranger, whose conveyance, by chance, was not loaded, to carry me. He said he would three and a half miles *for a treat.** I accepted the offer, and he stopped at Mr. F. M.'s tavern for his pay. When in the hearing of the landlady a word was dropped about Massachusetts, she started inquiries, which divulged the fact that she was sister of Esquire White's wife, of Ashfield, with whom I had boarded last winter. She was glad to see me, and I was agreeably entertained for an hour.

"The rainy weather was very unfavorable to my progress. My limbs and feet frequently pained me so that I could not sleep till midnight. I found some very large trees. The land, generally speaking, is good, but nowhere did I find the garden of Eden. In some places the only means I had of distinguishing the cultivated from the uncultivated soil, was the deadness of the trees. I arrived yesterday about mid-day, and was kindly received by my mourning friends. At present I like the appearance of the country here very much. During my journey I had opportunity to ride only about six miles. There is little or no travelling in private conveyances in any part of the country, so that I found but very few, and most of these were going the other way. On counting my money, I find that I have spent about five dollars and sixty cents, on the road. I was not expected here so soon by several days. Already I feel somewhat rested, and calculate to make early arrangements to commence study. My journey is ended; the Lord has been merciful to me. I feel indebted to my various friends for their kindness to me. Will you do me the favor to write to my mother on the reception of this. I can write only one letter this week."

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* In 1820, to do this was not considered a sin or impropriety.

"Meadville, May 30, 1820.

"DEAR MOTHER:—Doubtless you have heard of my arrival at this place on Monday of last week, as on the following day I wrote to my uncle Oliver, and requested him to write you. One week from the Monday after I left you, I started from Athens with as much provision as I could carry. One day I spent in Sangersfield, with our good friends, who were all in health. Friday, I went eight miles out of my way to find some cousins, but could only *hear* of them. One Sabbath in travelling, it was my lot to fall in with some very wicked, profane persons. Indeed it was difficult to find any other company, though sometimes I had such good fortune. And now, dear mother, here I am at a great distance from you; yet when I look back it appears reduced to nothing. I am not at all homesick; but as I think of you, with my brothers and sisters, I feel melancholy. Here, wherever I turn my eyes, every thing seems in mourning — tears are stealing down all faces. O, my dear mother, I must commend you to God, and leave you in the arms of his love, requesting you to do the same for me. I hope you will indulge no over-anxious thoughts about me; I think that I shall be provided for, and trust that you will be also. You must write me a long letter immediately on the receipt of this, telling me all your plans. Remember me to inquiring friends, and tell them that I have commenced my studies. Say to the youth for me that they must remember that they are born to die."

It would seem from a statement in the last letter, that on one Sabbath he pursued to some extent his journey. We wonder not at the character of the company with which he met. It is due, however, to him to state that it was deemed by many, where he was nurtured, not wrong for those on a journey to pursue it a part of the Sabbath. But *we* are sure that such were wrong both in *principle* and *policy.*

From his journal. "May 28. — The Sabbath is by no means so well observed here as it is in Massachusetts. May I devote six days as I ought to the duties of the world, and consecrate more especially the seventh to religion. My mother occupies many of my thoughts; perhaps she is now praying for me. 30. — Overwhelmed with considerations of the past, I walked this day alone to the grave of my aunt.

"June 3. — I miss the society of those Christian companions with whom I associated in New England. To-day I attended the funeral of a little child. Dear mother, I have thought of you, and endeavored to commend you to God. This is all that I can do. I hope you have never repented of having permitted your son to leave you. 8. — I find that my tongue is an unruly member." Alluding to affecting deaths in Meadville, and thinking of his own great insensibility, he says: "Surely such an unmoved sinner as I am is more fit for the society of devils than of human beings." 11. — Referring to his deceased aunt, he observes: "Doubtless she would have promoted my welfare; but oh, she is gone, gone, — forever gone! Thou hadst heard of the exit of my uncle and of my father, before thine own departure. Hast thou met them in the realms of bliss? Could I have only witnessed thy dying scene! But no! Much do the deaths of my several friends occupy my thoughts. I shall never forget the night when the summons came for me to go and meet my mother, brothers, and sisters in tears. It will perhaps be only a little while before I shall hear of the departure of other kindred, or news of my death will be borne to them."

June 22 he wrote to the Secretary of the American Education Society. A sentence or two is extracted from his letter: —

"Dear Sir: — I received your letter of the 15th of

April, directed to Judge P., of Ashfield, on the 27th of the same month, for which, and the appropriated sum of fifteen dollars, I give my thanks to the Society; and I hope my conduct will ever be such as to secure their kind regards."

Journal. July 1.—"To-morrow I expect to sit at the table spread to commemorate the death of Jesus Christ our Lord, but fear I shall crucify him afresh. May divine mercy meet my case, for otherwise I am helpless. 2.—I have just returned from the Lord's supper. How happy is it that the toiling, weary, and tempted Christian may drown for awhile his sorrows in the scenes commemorative of a Saviour's love. Alas for me, I enjoy not his smiles! When I behold him hanging on the cursed tree, his countenance appears like that of an angry God. At his table, he seems to address me in the language of rebuke: 'Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?' and with a piercing look he bids me depart. 5.—To-day was laid with much ceremony the corner-stone of Bentley Hall.* 10.—I have been very agreeably entertained for two days past by friends from Massachusetts. The fact that they came from New England, is alone sufficient to endear them to me. 12.—Received to-day a letter from my mother, and have the satisfaction to hear of her health, though her worldly prospects are such as to occasion me pain.

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* The name given to the college edifice, in honor of Rev. William Bentley, D. D., who left a large legacy of books to the college at Meadville. A piece of Plymouth Rock was deposited under the corner-stone. Hitherto there had been no suitable accommodations for students.

God of mercy, be thou her portion — her consolation amid the darkest forebodings. The Lord is just and kind, but my heart bleeds anew when I remember my mother. 25. — An uncommonly large meteor was visible this evening for a number of seconds; soon after it disappeared we heard a loud explosion.

"Aug. 7. — This morning, as usual, I arose between the hours of four and five to apply myself with renewed vigor to my studies. I learn from public papers that the late meteor was seen in different places, and is supposed to have been about sixty miles from here. 10. — Have recently conversed with a fellow student on sacred subjects. This evening we walked together. He evidently has reflected seriously since our last interview. I ought to be encouraged to persevere in well-doing, leaving the result with God. 23. — My uncle takes his departure this day on a missionary tour among the Indians. His son W. accompanies him. It is his purpose to be absent six weeks. I love him almost as my own father, and shall feel sorrowful in his absence. What I should do were he to return no more, I know not, yet such an event may take place, and I leave him and my mother in the hands of a heavenly parent. 24. — Commenced the Greek grammar, though without any instructor. While my uncle is absent I am called upon to officiate at the family altar, yet for this my heart is but little prepared. Evening: Just about committing myself to sleep for the night, I would offer up a prayer for thee, my mother. Wrote a letter yesterday in Latin to my uncle at Buffalo.

"Sept. 16. — My heart is as black as the ink with which I write. I see the point at which I should aim, yet as clearly that towards which my course tends; wide apart are the two. Bless, Lord, the mother, whose anxious heart may now be burdened for me, and fill her with thy love. 17. — I almost believe that every thing depends on application. As far as I can see, most great men have made themselves such. There is, indeed, something indicative of greatness in aspiring after it." At this time he was engaged in a weekly juvenile prayer-meeting. "How unlike I am to a minister of the gospel, yet I dare to speak in Christ's name. Should I fly anywhere else than to thee, thou who hast been the God of my life? but alas, at the very throne of grace I find my heart hard. 26. — Had a very narrow escape with my life. I was riding a young fractious colt, when a little dog ran out and barked. At first I tried to hold the creature, but this was impossible. The saddle was so loosely girded that I could not spring off. My last resort was an endeavor to remain in my seat. This I accomplished till the animal coming to a descent took a sudden turn to the up-hill side of the road. The saddle immediately turned, and I was thrown off the lower side upon a soft sandy place, but holding the bridle I was dragged along somewhat, till the horse escaped and ran about two miles. Not much injury was done. Doubtless I should have been killed if my foot had hung in the stirrup.

"Oct. 4. — My uncle has just returned, somewhat enfeebled, but in tolerably good spirits. Should he die I know not what would become of me. 8. — Last evening, to indulge my sadness, I wandered alone in the field. I have attended meeting to-day, and felt that I could pour out my soul in prayer into the bosom of God.

"Nov. 19. — Have heard read this evening a few pages of Bunyan's Holy War, and see myself fighting in the wrong party.

"Dec. 5. — One year has passed away since I saw for the last time my father's face. No more shall I behold him, till the trump awakes the dead. 22. — Two hundred years have rolled away since the landing of our forefathers on Plymouth Rock. Through my uncle's instrumentality the day has been celebrated. At his request, I wrote an ode for the occasion, which was printed, and sung this evening." The ode to which he refers is here inserted, preceded with explanations that we find prefixed to it.

"The following ode, originally published in the Crawford Messenger, Meadville, was prepared for the celebrating, in that place, of the second centenary of the landing of the Pilgrims, of Leyden, at Plymouth. It not only serves to perpetuate my uncle's kindness to me, in taking me to the bosom of his family, and doing what he could, to help me along in obtaining an education, but brings to mind the love and ardor with which he always cherished the memory of our pilgrim fathers, as well as the interest with which the occasion was celebrated in that wilderness, by a large number of New England's descendants. The hymn as originally composed, though good in sentiment, was worthless in form. The kindness of that dear friend, however, covered over its defects, and the people who heard it sung, with equal generosity, pronounced it very appropriate for the occasion, and cheered me with some very complimentary remarks.

PILGRIMS OF LEYDEN.

"With joy to celebrate the day,
When our forefathers' *grateful lay*,
From Plymouth Rock first rose,
In songs of praise, let all aspire,
And glowing with celestial fire,
God's altar round enclose.

"To-day, *two hundred* years ago,
Fresh from the Mayflower moored below, —
Well furled her tattered sails, —
They bent around in holy form,
The ocean rolling and the storm
Still heaved in sadd'ning wails.

"Pilgrims of Leyden, hallowed band,
Far from their homes and native land,
All stained with martyr's gore,
They sought a vine and tree to find,
Where peace might dwell, and they reclined
Securely, God adore.

"Thanks to old Holland's generous aid,
For peace and quiet, walk and shade,
Perfumed of heavenly flowers;
Beyond the reach of pope or king,
Or other such infernal thing,
They sought to plant their bowers.

"Behold them on the crested wave,
Delft-haven leaving, sad but brave,
The unknown seas to dare;
Kind hearts, the Christian and the true,
Along the shore have waved adieu,
And now stand weeping there.

"On, on they plough across the main,
Back beaten oft, they try again,
While round the tempest roars;

Now hanging on the billowy brow,
Now sinking in the gulf below,
While each his God implores.

"In vain death stares in horrid forms,
And hell excites infernal storms,
To merge them in the waves;
Their Lord is with them on the deep,
His *church* is sailing in the ship, —
His mighty presence saves!

"Though tempests howl and dangers thrill,
His voice they hear, so calm and still,
'T is I, be not afraid, —
Till straight along the sandy shore,
They hear the billows break and roar,
Beneath the bow displayed.

"And now — bless'd hope, and pledges sure,
To those who faithfully endure! —
Behold the hallowed band!
With lulling gale and joyful song,
They coast the broken shore along,
And reach the promised land!

"O, day of darkness, doubt, and fears,
When round that rock the scalding tears,
First fell in grateful prayer;
The Indian, famine, winter's cold,
Disease and other woes untold;
Yet God they felt was there!

"And *he was there,* old Israel's Sire,
The shining cloud, the train of fire,
The manna and the rod;
To-day, from tyrants disenslaved,
We live, because *above them* waved,
The banner of their God!

"Then come, ye sons and daughters, bring
New honors to this mighty King;
Our fathers' God adore!
Roll, roll his rapturous praise around,
From hill to vale, until the sound
Extend *from shore to shore.*

Journal. Dec. 31.—"As the year comes to a close, it urges me to serious reflection, telling me that perhaps I may never see the conclusion of another. Neither should I at this time forget my mother, but lay her situation before the Lord. Moreover, it becomes me to reflect that study demands my earnest attention. Lord, help me in all these respects."

Jan. 11, 1821, he wrote to his mother and here follow the more important thoughts of his letter:—

"DEAR MOTHER:—Your letter of the 19th of December, was received yesterday. With painful anxiety do I await the arrival of letters from you, and tremblingly hail their advent. The many trials to which you are subject cause me grief, which is increased by the fear that you keep back a part from my knowledge. Well may I be anxious for so kind and tender a parent. I rejoice that you rest on the Rock of Ages, and would that I might rest there too. But my heart is harder than a stone, and sometimes the temptations of Satan seem almost overwhelming. It would give me happiness could I see you only a few moments. I am sensible that I receive far more mercies than I deserve. Most kind parent, be comforted in respect to me. I am under the care of an affectionate uncle, to whom I am not afraid to look, and who I trust will reprove me when I err. You must let me hear about your situation. I am pleased that sister Martha and brother Rufus are contented with their homes, and am sorry that sister Mary is so afflicted with sickness. I am pleased that your neighbors are kind, and hope they will continue to be so, and thus comfort you. I am expecting to commence a school next Monday, about seven and a half miles from this place, having engaged for one quarter. Nothing do I undertake without staining it with sin. Sometimes I feel that I render myself unworthy of the kindness of my uncle and cousins here; still they are very attentive to me. May heaven bless you. One year has passed away, which brings to my recollection the death of my father. I think much about my brothers and sisters, and hope to receive a line or two from each of them. Remember me, if you please, to Mr. Grout, and all who inquire after my welfare."

Among other means of mental discipline the young student employed that of a "Debating Society." He has left in manuscript a number of his own preparations for the meetings, which evince much enthusiasm in this mode of improvement. Early in his course of study, he learned or formed for himself a system of stenography, which he used more or less during his subsequent life. Whatever is written in this way remains sealed. Occasionally he journalized in Greek or in Latin.

Early in January, 1821, he delivered, by request, a eulogy on a fellow student who had died the first day of that year. This effort he closed with an appropriate poem, a part of which was subsequently published in a newspaper of that region.

From his account of his school teaching. "After various exertions I obtained a school in Wayne, about eight miles from Meadville, and commenced it near the middle of January. Many of the scholars were Germans, and could, at best, speak only a little English. I boarded among my patrons. In February, I succeeded in securing a singing-school." His scholars in this latter school, he says, thought that they might conduct as they should please, and accordingly gave him considerable trouble when he attempted to restrain them.

The following thoughts we select from many a page written while he was in Wayne: "Jesus wept, but was never known to smile while here on earth. His greatest joy was on the bloody cross, and there, too, was his most poignant grief; and when he bowed his head in death, all nature seemed to say, what new thing is this, and with her mantle veiled his head. O, my God, my soul is cast down within me. Time, how art thou wasted, and Eternity, how art thou trifled with! Senseless mortals spend vainly their hours, and trust their eternal all to the season of pain, disease, and death.— How majestic are thy works, O God! When I survey them, I seem to dwindle myself into nothing. Eternity itself can never fully reveal thee. Worlds are hung upon worlds. Why, then — if these are the conceptions which I have of thee — why, then, is my heart so loath to adore thee?"

Journal. Feb. 28. — "A few hours more of dreary winter, then comes pleasing spring. So time flies without a moment's stay, and sweeps along every one on its current. Prepare me, O God, to awake in the morning with the light of a new season about me. May thy love spring up afresh in my soul, and my tongue, loosed from the cords of sin, utter celestial strains.

"March 5. — Jesus, grant me the beamings of thy face, then can I disregard the ills of earth. If I am clothed with thy righteousness, though in the eyes of men poorly clad, I shall go on till I take an honorable degree in heaven. 8. — I wish that the thunders of Mount Sinai might awaken me. Any other state is preferable to a stupid one. Lord, it is easy for thee to humble me by a word. But without thine interposition my heart refuses to surrender its idols. Unlock its rusty gates and come in, thou mighty King. 21. — No eye but thine, O God, sees me. Thy blessing I implore. I have no worthiness of my own by which to merit it of thee, but I have understood from thy holy word that thou hast one to bestow on sinners who seek it in the name of Jesus Christ. I am a sinner; I ask it of thee for the sake of thy Son. Turn my hard heart; deliver me from the power of evil spirits that surround me and thirst for my blood; save me from the pit of everlasting destruction. Cause me to hear thee if it require a voice of thunder. Break thoroughly my heart, and let its fragments be cemented with the love of Jesus. 26. — O, my dear mother, where is thy soothing voice? Where are those lips that used so often to speak for my consolation? Have I been so indifferent to thy kindness as to influence thee to forget thy child? 27. — When I take a retrospect of my life I seem to view all things as ordered for the best."

At Wayne he united with others in sustaining a debating society. His sentiments on various topics were in many instances committed to writing. In closing an exhibition of his views respecting the last war between the United States and Great Britain, he adds: "I detest war, with all its causes and effects. I cannot believe that man should be murdered by his fellow being for the sake of human gratification. The practice of war for such a cause is alone sufficient to stamp forever our race as brutes."

April 30, 1821, he again wrote to his mother:—

"DEAR MOTHER:—Your letter of March 8 has been received. Day before yesterday uncle T. started for Philadelphia, to be absent six weeks. It is lonesome with us. He seems to me as a father. I think I feel his absence as much as his own children do. During the three months past I have taught both a day and singing school. Perhaps you remember that when I was learning to sing, Mr. —— laughed at my singing. I told him that 'he might yet hear of my teaching a singing school.' He replied 'he never should.' You may now have the pleasure of telling him that I have taught for three months a day school and singing school at the same time. My schools closed under as favorable circumstances as I could have expected. What is the reason, O my dear mother, that my sleep is rendered unpleasant by dreams of your griefs. Sometime since I dreamed that I was a little this side of your house, and you were standing near me, and your appearance so struck me that I cried out, 'O my dear mother, what is the matter?' Then I turned my head away and wept. The labor of the past winter has been the most severe that I ever endured. In going home Saturday nights and returning Monday mornings, together with my walking to board about with the families, I have travelled upwards of three hundred and fifty miles. — Why do not my sisters write me? Tell them that they and my brothers are remembered by me, and I hope they will not forget me nor their God. You must throw the mantle of candor over all my faults. One thing more: when I am distressed and perplexed I am comforted with the thought that I have been consecrated to God. It gives me happiness, and holds me back from sin."

On resuming his studies he offers a prayer that he may be influenced by a desire for God's glory. "May 20. — Saviour, hast thou forever left me to be enslaved to my own selfish passions? Numerous have been thy mercies to me in years past, so let them be hereafter. May thy Spirit wholly possess my soul. I desire always to live as my father's dying injunction to me requires — 'Godly in Christ Jesus.'"

July 21, of this year, he penned on a blank page of an old letter from his mother, these affecting sentences: — "O my dear mother, what emotions arise when I review your letters. I am now waiting for one from you. I hope for it soon. Oh, if God has called you away from this world, what shall I have to live for? Where shall I rest? I have no God on whom to rest my head. My God is flown and I say in my heart, Oliver is an apostate! I know not what to do. I am all sin and guilt. O God, have mercy upon me. What shall I do? Where shall I go?"

"Aug. 10. — I know that my earthly sojourn must at length end in eternity, and much have I hoped, as well as prayed, that the iniquity of my heart might be removed from me. I have also made the most solemn promises to break away from all my sins, yet here I am, soon to meet my twentieth birthday, with the viper clinging to me. Should it not now be shaken off, it may eternally adhere to me. Most seriously do I resolve to begin anew my life. Yet, O my God, I am weak. Be thou unto me like Israel's pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night. 18. — To-day I am twenty years of age, and have been admitted a student of Alleghany College, and to the Almighty I direct my prayer for assistance in discharging the implied duties."

Probably it was near the close of August that he thus expresses himself in a letter to his mother:—

"Never shall I forget you till the cold sods cover my lifeless clay. On the day when I was twenty years of age, I became a member of the college in this place. I would endeavor to rest on my God, for then shall I be safe. I have but little religious exercise of mind. My feelings, for the most part, are very low. I often think of those friends in Hawley, with whom I used to converse on sacred subjects, and feel somewhat guilty for not having written to several persons there, especially to Mr. Grout. I have sent you a newspaper containing the first poem I composed in this part of the world."

Journal. "August 31. — Summer now ends, and life on earth, ere long, will have ceased forever; all its pleasing scenes be gone, never to be recalled. Then, if the soul possess no sure anchor in the skies, she must be everlastingly tossed about on the fiery billows of hell.

"Sept. 9. — I formed a second Sabbath school in this place, other persons coöperating with me in its management." He was also actively engaged in helping sustain a young peoples' meeting on the evening of the Lord's day.

"Oct. 1. — A goodly number are present at our meetings. This evening I for the first time made an address to them. May the Lord smile on our exertions. 22. — I recently received a polite invitation from a gentleman of this vicinity to reside in his family as a tutor to his children." Owing to the interruption an acceptance would occasion to his studies he declined.

The following extracts are from a communication which he prepared for a friend in whom he felt a deep interest, and yet whom he was afraid to address orally. "You have been born in a Christian land and blessed with pious parents, and scarcely a day has gone over your head without your hearing something relative to the salvation of your soul. Your dear mother has joined the congregation of the dead, and you know that according to the course of nature you must eventually follow her. Where then, my dear friend, do you wish to land? In heaven, or in hell? Speak to you I cannot; warn you I must. Have you been brought up and nourished by devoted parents that you may be fuel for hell fire? Must your departed parent hereafter behold you afar off in the torments of despair? Hard, indeed, must your heart be, if you are insensible to her prayers and tears. Do you not still remember her words to you in that trying hour when her nature was dissolving in death; then her spirit seemed to come back for a little moment on your account? I almost hear her in the agonies of death, yet on her bended knees, and in tears, supplicating mercy for you."

Journal. "October 25. — Have opened a singing school in this place. I procured it at the suggestion of my uncle. People in this region feel at liberty to make as much noise as they please, both in day and singing schools. 29. — A letter, just received from my mother, contains nothing but good news, for which I would be very thankful."

As the autumn of this year was wearing away, Mr. Taylor became convinced that he should not enjoy at Meadville the privileges which were essential to his highest success in obtaining an education. He could not, at once, decide where he should go; but desired to place himself under the best tuition. "It is probable that I shall be necessitated to pass over six or seven hundred miles, without money, to some other college. I should prefer Cambridge on various accounts, though the expenses there will probably shut me out."

Journal. "Nov. 25. — I have this day heard two excellent sermons from the Rev. Mr. Goodell, an appointed missionary. He is now on a tour through the United States. It is his purpose next year to embark for Jerusalem, the city of David. Mr. G.'s text in the forenoon was in Psalms lxxxiv. 8. In the afternoon, Romans x. 14. Both discourses were affecting. He stopped with my uncle, and I of course was introduced to him. I told him that should I be prospered I hoped to salute him hereafter in the sacred city, and he replied, 'I hope so.'"

About this time, Rev. Mr. Remington and wife were in Meadville, on their way as missionaries to the Indians. Mr. T. became much interested in them, wrote for them a parting hymn, also sent letters by them to Messrs. Dyer and Howes, already located among the aborigines.

Letter to his mother, Dec., 1821. — "I am now engaged in teaching a singing school in this place, by which means I shall be able, I hope, to furnish myself with clothing, and to pay some debts. My uncle T. leaves here next Monday for New England; he expects to call upon you, but will be able to spend with you only a few hours. Yet you must keep him, if possible, until my brothers and sisters can all see him. He has passed through many trials, and so have you. To my brothers and sisters I would say, remember your Creator, and prepare to meet him. Young companions, whom once I used to see engaged in religion, how is it with you now? Do you still walk uprightly, honoring your God, or have you looked back after having put your hands to the plough? And you, whom I left on the brink of hell, hovering over eternal burnings, where are you now?"

The following was written toward the close of

1821, at a time when his feelings were desponding. "Amid sorrows and temptations happy is the man who has Jesus Christ as his guide and protector by day, and for his pillow by night. O, my Saviour, could I have such a friend as thou art, not all the gainsayings and reproaches of the world, or the temptations of devils, should affect me. Whether the resting-place of my head by night were composed of down or stone, in thee I would rejoice. I feel distressed. Come, therefore, blessed Jesus, and give me thine aid. This world is a burden without thee. Come on wings of love. I feel myself to be wretched, and would lean on thee. O come! O haste! for I know not what to do. I lay my hand upon my heart and look up. I cannot speak. I would tell thee, but I have not the power of a child. O take my heart and keep it. *Non ullus amicus immutabilis nisi Deus, ille semper amicus presens.*"

Journal. "Jan. 5, 1822. — Received a letter this day from my mother, informing me of her health. It brings the cheering intelligence of a revival in Hawley, also of one in Ashfield. The latter commenced in Sanderson's Academy. And why is there no still small voice among us here?

"Feb. 3. — To-day, with others, I am to sit at Christ's table. Permit me, a worm, O God, to reach forth my hands and take the symbols of *his* death who mercifully offered himself as our propitiatory sacrifice. 14. — Blessed Saviour, when temptations threaten, or the world flatters, deign to be my deliverer. May Calvary be my beacon amid all the storms of earth. 16. — I have been paying debts to-day, and there is decided pleasure in discharging pecuniary obligations. 24. — We have very interesting news from Mr. Parsons, the missionary. He was at Jerusalem at the last accounts. As unholy as I am, I sometimes wish myself ready to start on a mission thither."

It was probably in March that with reference to entering another college he observes: "I fear the change which I know I must make, and desire the Saviour's aid.

"April 4. — Soon I am to part with friends here. Have some anxieties about what will prove to be the revelation of the future in respect to my college course. Am most troubled, however, about my mother. Nor am I without solicitude in regard to my brothers and sisters. O Jesus, let me be nailed to thy cross rather than lose sight of it." Should Mr. Taylor leave Meadville he could not render so much aid to his mother as he had done through the special kindness of his uncle.

Having by letters and otherwise gained information relative to several colleges, he decided to remove to Union, Schenectady, New York, as affording the greatest pecuniary inducement. "April 21. — Bade adieu to my Sabbath schools. Find I have become attached to this place. It will be painful for me to leave it. From friends I have received many favors. Some things indeed have gone wrongly. My advantages for study have been small. What I am to do for money I cannot tell." Concerning his income from teaching sacred music, he made this record: "I have received for teaching singing about $120. Thus the art that I acquired by dint of effort in my native town, in spite of ridicule, has been of much pecuniary benefit to me. I hope equally by my fidelity to confound all who have ever opposed me. When I told Mr. D., who lives in the neighborhood of my last school, of my intention to go to Schenectady, he remarked that he had but one thing to say — 'The Lord go with you.' "

Rev. Timothy Alden resigned his connection with the college at Meadville, November, 1831, and removed to Cincinnati, Ohio. He subsequently became Principal of the East Liberty Institute, located in a pleasant village four miles from Pittsburgh. He died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. John B. McFadden, July 5, 1839, in the 67th year of his age. His sickness was lingering and painful, but the close of his life was preëminently happy.

Mr. Taylor ever retained the highest respect for that uncle, and was deeply affected by his death. At the time when sickness prostrated himself he was engaged in preparing a brief memorial of that dear friend. From it we note a few particulars. "He was a very correct and thorough scholar, especially in the languages; the Latin and Greek in particular, also in the French. My uncle was a genuine Puritan, or son of the Pilgrims. Every thing relating to them, even almost to the dust of their feet he loved. He was also a thorough going antiquarian; indeed the natural bent of his mind was for pursuits of this class, and his contributions to the State Antiquarian Collections of our country are valuable. In all his ways he was exceedingly modest and most religiously conscientious. Dr. Woods, of Andover, has informed me that while in college, Mr. Alden had the reputation of being the most pious of the students. From a child he was an enthusiastic lover of books. And I may say that my zeal for them was first called into action by hearing my mother relate anecdotes of him. Whatever he undertook he prosecuted with the utmost enthusiasm. He was one of the best of friends, warm-hearted, generous, and confiding. Intense activity characterized his life. Idleness was no element of his nature. In all the region about Meadville he was a faithful missionary. I will add that in his manners and habits he was a perfect gentleman. By his urbanity he secured the esteem and love of the common people.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS CONNECTION WITH UNION COLLEGE.

On the 30th of April, 1822, Mr. Taylor bade adieu to his friends in Meadville. It was with very tender emotions that he took his departure. His pecuniary resources amounted to less than twenty-one dollars.

Journal. "May 1. — At Erie. Arrived here last evening soon after sundown, and am to-day so fatigued that I can scarcely move. I may be under the necessity of going by stage, which will consume all my funds. Perhaps I shall remain here till to-morrow, and watch for a vessel to Buffalo. The Lord, I hope, will favor me. Merciful Father, wilt thou deign to give me strength. 2. — Yesterday, after making arrangements to send my trunk, and not finding a passage for myself by water, I resumed my journey on foot. I am obliged to resort to bathing, for easing the pain in my feet." May 5, he was at Buffalo, having met with marked kindness all the way from Meadville. Here he was perplexed because his trunk had not arrived. "But the God," he says, "against whom I have sinned is my refuge." On the 6th, without waiting for his trunk, and agreeing with a gentleman to forward it when it might arrive, he pressed on in his wearisome way.

On the 7th he speaks of riding several miles, and adds, "Keep me, O God, while I journey here below. I have no abiding place, and no preserver but thee. 8.—I feel this morning as if I could freely express myself to God in prayer, asking protection for myself and mother. May he grant me success, and his shall be the praise forever. 9.—Passing through Canandaigua, I turned aside for a moment to view the monuments of the dead." May 10th, he reached Auburn, and was entertained by one of the professors, to whom he had a letter of introduction. On his way to A. he wandered from the proper road. Stopping to obtain directions, he found himself the object of special regard in a family to which he was an entire stranger. The whole scene he thus describes twenty-five years afterwards when on a visit in that region:—

"In the course of the afternoon, while admiring the lake, the woods, the grass-lands, the flight of the partridge, the nimble spring of the squirrel, and the singing of the birds, absorbed in the deep reverie of my own thoughts—I had strayed out of my proper path. Approaching the first cottage that presented itself—a small, retired dwelling in a field, surrounded by grass and rude fences, evincing neatness in its general aspect, but at the same time the want of an attentive out-door head—I entered it to ask for a bowl of milk, and to inquire for the way I had lost. A widow and her daughter of sixteen or eighteen years of age were the only occupants. They received me with a kindness, a tender regard, for which it was impossible to account. They treated me as if I had been the child of some beloved relative or long-tried friend. Every want was met, every question answered; and, at their urgent request, I consented to remain with them and take tea. While preparations were making for it, during the repast and afterwards, the mother, taking her seat at my side, gently plied me with a variety of questions, and engaged me in conversation, as if deeply interested in my welfare — the daughter occasionally pausing to listen.

"'Have you a mother?' she asked. 'How long is it since you have seen her? Do you write to her? Did you leave her without her consent? Are you going to visit her again? Has she other children besides you?' Such were some of her interrogatories proposed in a tender, plaintive, and sympathizing tone of voice.

"I had nothing to conceal on any of these points; and answered all her questions, making her acquainted with many particulars of my history. 'Ah,' she replied, 'how happy must your mother be to hear from her child! And I, too, once had a son,' added she, after a pause, 'but he enlisted during the last war, and I have not seen him since.' 'And have you not heard from him,' I added, 'since he left you?' 'For some time,' she replied, 'he used to write to me. The last time I heard from him was just before the battle of Bridgewater.' 'And did your son,' I asked, 'leave you without your consent?' 'I cannot say,' she replied, 'that I was willing to have him enlist. Ah,' she continued, 'how little do children know of the feelings of their parents! Let your mother hear from you constantly. Hasten home to see her as soon as you can.'

"I arose to take my leave. The daughter had absented herself, having retired to the door in order to conceal her feelings, and bursting into a flood of tears as I opened it, to leave them, she exclaimed, 'O, you look so much like my brother!—you make me think so much of my brother!'

"The truth of the whole matter then flashed across my mind. The poor widow's son, contrary to her wishes, had enlisted during the last war. For some time he wrote her. At length there was a terrible battle, and there came a long list of killed and wounded. His name was not on it, and therefore she hoped he might be still living. Several years had now elapsed since that event; and though she had as yet heard nothing of him, she still indulged that hope, looking out constantly for her son; and when she and her daughter saw me coming up to the house, a certain similarity of person suggested the inquiry whether he had not at length arrived; and though they found themselves mistaken, they were filled with interest in my behalf, resulting in one of the most affecting scenes I ever witnessed. And when, at length, I broke away from them, to complete the journey of the day, it was with a heart almost bursting with grief."

In his journal kept at the time, he says: "I hurried away that I might indulge my tears, and find a place to offer a prayer for this afflicted family."

On the afternoon of May 16, he reached Schenectady; soon called upon Dr. Nott, and in a few hours was a regular member of Union College. In his journal, he says: "What a new era now opens before me, and how much I need the direction of Heaven. While praying for myself, I will remember the condition of my mother, brothers, and sisters. All I can do for them is to bear them in supplications before the Lord. 17. — I have been borrowing and buying articles for fitting up my room. The students are kind to me; so is the college Registrar; otherwise I know not what I should do. I feel melancholy this eve; am alone. Have attended chapel once. Kind and indulgent God, I am a worthless creature, and have grievously sinned against thee. Look down from heaven, and behold me here alone in thine awful presence. Forgive my sins. Wilt thou also compassionate the case of my widowed mother; of my brothers and sisters. Has not my path of duty been plainly pointed out? O direct me in the course of study, upon which I have now entered, and help me to act wholly for thy glory. Be thou my keeper and instructor. Grant these requests, for Jesus' sake. 21. — Am fearful my trunk will never reach me. It contains my clothes, books, and papers; indeed all my earthly possessions. God, however, has greatly prospered me hitherto, and I will hope for the best. 29. — I have been engaging a gentleman in town, who understands the French language, to hear me recite in it occasionally.

"June 1. — My trunk has at length safely arrived, and I find myself fairly located in Union College. I have great reason to return thanks to Almighty God for succeeding me in my recent undertaking. How sudden the transition seems to have been, from Meadville to this place! Still must I trust in thee, O God of all my mercies. To whom else can I resort?"

Soon after reaching Union College, he wrote to his mother, giving the reasons for leaving Meadville;

an account of his journey to Schenectady, and his prospects there. In regard to the approaching vacation, he says: "If I can find an opportunity to take a school here or anywhere, or to enter into some other employment, so that I may obtain money and clothing, I shall do it. But if not, how is it with my good friends in Hawley and Ashfield? Are they willing to help me, or have they forgotten me? Shall I venture to come and see you, trusting that my friends will assist me? Please write soon and inform me. Amid my movements I have not forgotten you, dear mother."

We are now to contemplate Mr. T. as having fully commenced his collegiate career. It is probable that he was at this time inclined to undertake the mastery of too many branches of study.

Journal. "June 7, 1822. — I have just received a letter from my mother, by the hand of a Hawley friend. She informs me that some of my associates, whom I left impenitent, have of late indulged the Christian hope. O glorious news! I rejoice with them. 11. — I have taken a short walk this morning, and have examined some flowers. There is a beauty in every natural object."

"July 25, 1822.

"DEAR MOTHER: — I attempted to write you a letter recently, and filled the sheet so full before I was aware of it, that I could not do it up. Therefore I am obliged to commence another. I have delayed writing some time, that I might the better inform you of my situation, and tell you more definitely what my prospects are. I had, indeed, thought of postponing my letter until the 18th of the next month, when I shall be twenty-one years of age, and then taking a general review of my past life. But I am afraid you will be looking for me home, and be disappointed. Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you I have concluded not to visit you this vacation, though I wish much to see you. When commencement day was over, and I saw other students get into the stage homeward bound, I must acknowledge I felt quite desolate; but if we do all things for Jesus' sake, every event will work for the best. This thought frequently occupies my mind when I feel depressed. I try to do and suffer all for Christ, yet I am often obliged to make every exertion in my power to keep my spirits from sinking. I survey the mercies I have received, and compare my situation with what it might be. Once I was looking forward to the age of twenty-one, anticipating the moment, when, receiving the blessing of my parents, I should bid them adieu, and commence my studies. That time, which then seemed an age in the distance, has almost arrived, but instead of being about to bid my father adieu, he, years since, took an eternal leave of all earthly things. Whether you live comfortably or not, is a query which often causes me anxious thought. I have been favored in regard to my studies. I am now entering upon my sophomore year. At present I am teaching a school in this city; a small one, it is true, but one which will furnish me with *some* means. Many dark clouds arise before me, but the blackest of them all is occasioned by my sins. I shall rather run in debt than be absent from college to teach school. The officers of the institution advise me to this course. In calling upon two of them to-day, and presenting my circumstances, one of them remarked that any one who should *determine* to get along, would succeed; but if I should find my way hedged up, they would consult together for me. At first my intention was to board myself, and I tried it, but I soon felt sick, and found it would not do; and have accordingly made other arrangements. I think much of your debt of $50. I fear and tremble for you, and hope and pray that some way will be shortly opened by which you will be relieved. Having told you all that relates to my earthly circumstances, it would be pleasant to converse about that heavenly kingdom whither we, if God's children, are hastening, but I must for the present bid you, dear mother, adieu."

To the same, Sept. 1, 1822.

"I have lately received two very agreeable, refreshing letters, which ought to have been answered before now. *Both were in your handwriting.* I had commenced a Latin letter to Mr. Grout, when I received your last, and have since begun a letter to you, which, owing to a multiplicity of studies, I did not finish. *This*, however, I intend shall reach you. It was my purpose to have written many epistles to my friends during the present vacation; but they have been more neglected than at other times. I reside in my room, which, as I before stated to you, is in the fourth story, with only one window, and that opening to the west. No one else resides in this section of the college. Brick walls surround me. So you would naturally suppose that I am in a gloomy place; especially so when I tell you that I am fastened in with bolts and bars, such being the law. But I have a key by which I can lock myself in or out, as I please, so that I am a voluntary prisoner. My fellow students remonstrated with me for desiring to spend a vacation here. But how can I be lonely? I arise in good season, and after meditating on the admonitory sentence which king Philip commanded to be uttered every day in his hearing, '*Thou art mortal*,' I spend the forenoon on mathematical, philosophical, and historical subjects. I also am examining a metaphysical point, on which I am to write a composition. French occupies me in the afternoon. This language I can read and write considerably, though I can speak it but poorly. Yet I am happy to find that my pronunciation is quite correct. Frenchmen understand me without difficulty. If my life be spared I expect to commence the Spanish next winter. On the north side of my room is a library, containing several thousands of volumes, to which I have untrammelled access, all the keys of it being in my possession. There is another, to which I can be admitted if occasion require. If I look out from my window, I have a full view of the city, and the Mohawk river; also of the plain where the Indians used to dance."

"September 12.

"DEAR MOTHER:— How much time must I spend in going to the post-office to find a letter from you, and still return disappointed? If the reason is that you are afraid it will distress me to pay the postage, I must beseech you not to deprive me on that account of hearing from you. Kind and generous mother, do let me have a letter. The Lord is yet more merciful to me than I deserve. Friends I find here, though I become acquainted with as few persons as possible. Recently I received some excellent articles of clothing, from a source unknown to me. O, how anxious I feel to discharge my duty. Much, very much, is incumbent on me. I desire to be prepared to see my only remaining parent; to meet, in the spirit of the gospel, those who opposed my efforts to obtain knowledge, and to prove myself an honor to those who have befriended me. I wish to be deserving of the name of scholar — a name which many thousands disgrace; especially to be worthy the name of a Christian."

Near the close of 1822, Mr. Taylor made his mother a visit. Two years and a half had passed away since their affecting farewell was spoken. He reached the humble dwelling of his parent after the darkness of night had settled around it. She was then residing in that part of Hawley denominated Bozrah, but was absent when he arrived. It was not long, however, before she returned. Seeing her coming he hastened to meet her, and embracing her in his arms, exclaimed: "My mother! my mother! O my mother!"

Journal. "Hawley, Dec. 14, 1822. — To-day I have visited that part of the town where my father lived. To me all things seem changed. Here is where my deceased parent used to toil: many questions did I propose to him while we were hoeing corn in *that* field — questions relating to the nature of objects around me. Yonder is the mountain over which I was accustomed to pass with my father to the house of God. Here I behold some of the noblest works of the infinite Creator. In towering grandeur hills are piled on hills till their summits seem lost in the clouds. I enter the very dwelling in which once lay my father's lifeless form; oh, the scenes of sorrow through which he passed in this habitation. Yet unspeakable joy was here experienced. Jesus dwelt in this abode. —*Now* I stand by the side of his grave. Beneath this cold turf moulder those once active limbs. Briars and thorns have already taken possession of the ground where he lies. 15. — This day I have attended public worship in the same sanctuary whither, in childhood, I resorted so often. Many and solemn have been my thoughts, and various the emotions of my heart. I have already attended one religious meeting with my mother's neighbors, in which we mutually communicated our feelings, and endeavored to adopt measures to promote a revival of religion in the vicinity. 23. — After public services yesterday I stopped at Col. Longley's, for the purpose of attending a Sabbath evening meeting. It was with much reluctance that I went to it. I knew that I should be expected to speak, and I shrank from the attempt. I think, however, the Lord loosed my tongue, for I spoke twice with a good degree of freedom. 26. — Last night, for the first time in nearly three years, we were all together as a family. This morning I parted with brother Rufus. Oh, how he seemed to love me. I conversed with him about his soul, as I did with all my brothers and sisters; have also just bidden adieu to my sister Sarah. Her eyes filled with tears. If I meet her no more on earth may we greet each other in the land of eternal joy. I made several calls on the neighbors of my mother, offering a prayer in each family."

Before coming to Hawley it was his impression that he should not go much into society. More he supposed would be expected of him than he could possibly perform; besides, he remembered the little confidence formerly felt by some in his talents. On arriving, however, he soon found himself in the company of devoted friends, who treated him as a son and brother, doing for him as if he were one of their own family circle. Articles of clothing, and also small sums of money, were kindly given him. He observes: — "I desire to keep in view the kind hand of Providence which has so often opened a door for me when I was depressed and shut up, seemingly without a way of escape. To the ladies' society, which has generously assisted me, I have written a letter of thanks. 30. — Prepared for my return to college, and bade adieu to my mother. Having sent my trunk by stage, I walked on to Lanesborough. 31. — Arrived at Nassau.

"Jan. 1, 1823. — I intended to go on this day to Albany, but a snow-storm detains me. A new year has begun; may I make great progress in the acquisition of useful secular knowledge, but especially in spiritual. 3. — Reached college to-day in health.

29. — I am informed that I have tones of voice which must be overcome; that I have much to do in order to become a *good speaker*. My *ambition* would soar at *once* to the highest pinnacle of fame, but in order to advance at all I must closely *apply myself*. It is a pleasure in my case to acquire knowledge. At present I am reading the memoirs and remains of Kirke White, and find my mind stimulated in its thirst for knowledge. *His end* I would avoid. I have many fears that my desires for learning do not strictly accord with religion, but may God be all in all to me. Hitherto I have written more or less of poetry, but now there seems to be no time for it. While anxious to excel in every branch of study, I constantly commit mistakes which confound me. 30. — Mrs. H. lately informed me that she hinted to Dr. Nott my aims and desires, saying that I disliked to leave my studies and teach school. He expressed great interest in my case, and said I should be assisted. Accordingly his son has called upon me to inquire into my circumstances. I explained them very freely. I fear too much so; as if I were expecting unreasonable aid.

"Feb. 2. — A sacramental Sabbath. With what thoughts am I about to commemorate Christ's death? Do I not feel unworthy of even the least of God's mercies? 4. — It is difficult, I find, to keep the honor of Jehovah before my eye in every study. Dr. Yates called upon me to-day and made various tender inquiries, and I freely opened my mind to him."

To his sister Sarah,* March 27, 1823.

"DEAR SISTER: — This letter will probably find you residing at the old place, where for years we enjoyed each other's society. I love to ruminate on the blessings we there received. Yes, I delight to rove in imagination over those hills, and to converse with the scenes of my childhood. It is, however, with sadness that I remember the days passed in the field, which ought to have been devoted to books. I suffer greatly for want of early mental discipline; but I will not repine at the divine wisdom which ordered the circumstances of my youth. Perhaps *you* feel like complaining, when you contrast your present privileges with mine. Be assured, my sister, that I grieve for you. The warmest sympathies of my heart are with you. Endeavor to improve all the opportunities within your reach. Much may be done by reading and meditation. Let the Bible be your chief book. Neglecting that, involves us in numerous errors. I feel that my own sins in respect to it have placed me on slippery ground. The holy Comforter has been grieved from my breast. Fly to the arms of Jesus, and live always near to him.

"Why have I received no letters from my friends during the winter past? Have they all forgotten that my home has been within the cold walls of a college, and that I have needed at least a letter to cheer me? So anxious have I been to receive one from mother, that last night I was tempted to take an old one from the office which she wrote me just before my visit to her last December. Say to her that I have already travelled about twenty miles to and from the office, and yet all in vain. Of late there have been some indications of an awakening in this city, but if there be any cloud of mercy, as yet it is no larger than a man's hand."

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* His eldest sister, now the wife of Mr. A. D. Sprout, of South Deerfield, Massachusetts.

Journal. "April 1. — And must it be that he who fills immensity shall receive so little of my attention? Resistance to him — it is death! Wonderful Being! In thee centres all good. On thy works I would gaze; their wisdom and greatness I would admire!"

"April 15, 1823.

"Dear Mother: — You cannot but feel anxious and tremble for the child you love, nor can you fail to fear when you know he is surrounded by danger. I honor your watchful eye and the tenderness of that hand which would lead me in the ways of virtue. It must be a grief to an affectionate child to find that his course disturbs the peace of the beloved guardian of his early years; but do you suppose your son will ever become a denier of God? These worlds upon worlds teach us in a language which reason cannot but receive, that there is an Almighty Creator. But where shall we go for the development of the character of the Framer of all things, except to the Bible?

"Believe me, it is hard to study for the glory of God alone. Our selfish natures will protrude themselves. From some remarks of mine, which may have been unguarded, you fear that I am an infidel. To be an infidel is to be blindfolded, bound hand

and foot, and cast into hell fire. As to bad company, I have no company at all. My study is my home. Can it be that you, who know that my book is my life, suppose me to have become reckless of study? You ask me, in positive terms, whether I am an infidel or not, and I can answer you with confidence in the negative. You wish to know whether I attend to secret prayer, and whether I read the Bible? My answer is, I do both; but oh, how dull and formal! How hard it is to confine the thoughts to that most precious book! I have not of late enjoyed the smiles of the Saviour, and I have feared that I do not know what it is to be born again; yet my struggles are that my soul may rest upon my Redeemer. I seek his face. I long for his love. I endeavor to hate things which I ought to hate, and ask, 'Can I not do it for Christ's sake?' I pray for deliverance from sin, yet in the midst of my supplications some beloved idol hurries me away from the mercy seat. Alas, how often do I have to fight over the ground which I had supposed completely subdued."

Hints in the last letter would lead us to suppose that his mother felt intensely anxious for his spiritual state. Such was the fact, and to her prayers he attributed his deliverance from sceptical tendencies.

Journal. "April 16.— When I experience the smiles of those around me my joy is great, and I am ready to think the world is in my favor, and pride myself on my good qualities. If, on the contrary, I meet a frown, at once I conclude the world is against me. The truth is, in neither case should the mind be much moved. Let me rest calmly and continuously on Christ." At a later, but lost date, he says: "I arose this morning and felt quite strong for study; enjoyed also some confidence in prayer. Oh, that I could feel more. It is my desire to cast my all upon Jesus.

"May 27. — Have been sick two or three days. Retired to rest Sabbath evening soon after tea, but owing to a severe pain in my head I slept none during the night. Monday I called in a physician, and Tuesday was able to go out. Much do we need friends when we are in pain and distress; but in college no mothers, no sisters, no affectionate cousins, are present to watch around us. May I be impressed with the importance of abiding in the friendship of Christ. Great God, may I call thee mine, whatever is my terrestrial lot. This high privilege I crave only in Christ's name. I am nothing of myself. Well might I despair if I did not know that thou art holy, just, and good. Fill my heart with thy love, bless my mother, brothers, and sisters."

To his brother Timothy, June 13, 1823.

"Suffer me to speak freely to you, for, though I feel much for all my brothers, it is you that I now address myself in particular. In imagination I often behold you, and the thoughts thus occasioned affect my heart. I look upon you without a kind father to direct you while passing through the world's wide maze, and I know that you are in danger of being deceived. Against this I would guard you, were it in my power, telling you of each fatal snare. Know that vain and uncertain are all things here below.

Nothing is more deceptive than the course youth are inclined to take. The path of religion is safe and sure; all others are false. Be assured that there is security for those only who live near the bosom of Jesus. I wish you to make one resolution, — 'As for me, I will serve the Lord.' You should give yourself much to reflection in every respect. Be faithful where duty calls you. Improve every moment of your time in treasuring up useful knowledge. Above all things be kind to your only remaining parent. Remember her tender solicitude, and alleviate her cares. Trust not to the advice which young persons may give you."

To Col. J. Longley, of Hawley, July 4, 1823.

"DEAR SIR: — This morning I was early awakened by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. Day, this, ever to be remembered. But, alas, how perverted are its hours! Of the propriety of commemorating our nation's birthday I make no question. We enjoy *liberty*, and what associations are attached to this term! I will, however, pass to other themes.

"Students enjoy walks; three of us were out one Saturday of late just at night. We passed along on the bank of the canal. A shower had fallen, and God's bow was then on the cloud. We admired the works of the Creator till twilight was beginning to suggest a return. Suddenly the cry of a lad warned us that some one was drowning not far from where we were. A fellow mortal, a youth of eighteen, had gone down into a watery grave. We could all swim, yet not one of us had been accustomed to *dive*. With the utmost despatch possible we constructed a raft out of a gate and boards. Soon a diver came, and the lifeless body was brought up. It had sunk in nine feet depth of water. All exertions to resuscitate it proved unavailing. The youth has left no near relatives, but being hopefully pious we trust he has gone into the joyful presence of an eternal Father. It was with melancholy hearts that my companions and myself returned to our rooms. Yonder, I see to-day, at their sports, the companions of the deceased. He *was* to have been with them. How uncertain is human life!"

Having, early in July, been kindly invited to spend his coming vacation in a family not very far from college, where he would be at but little expense, he observes: "I much fear that should I accept, it would prove a great hindrance to my studies. Every thing of this nature I dread, deeming it my duty to make the greatest progress possible in the acquisition of knowledge.

"July 13. — Of late I have made an effort to get under the Albany Presbytery, yet I shudder at the thought of employing the Lord's treasures on myself. *It seems to me a fearful thing*." In the latter part of August he attended a meeting of the above-named ecclesiastical body at Saratoga, and was received as its beneficiary. He remarks: "Each step, during all my course of study, thus far, has been taken with the utmost effort. My appearance, I should judge, is by no means promising at first sight. The rustic habits of my youth cling to me. It is only after long acquaintance that people conclude I can know any thing. At times I am nearly overwhelmed with trials; then again I have confidence that God, for Christ's sake, directs me.

"Aug. 22. — This morning I have been greatly perplexed with thoughts on the distracted state of the world. What tries me is the idea that mankind are generally destitute of sympathy one for another. Man in his earthly pilgrimage is pursued by disease and death. He needs compassion from his fellows. I have before sworn, and here I repeat my solemn oath, to spend my life in relieving the sufferings of humanity. But may I never fall into the hands of man.

"Sept. 11. — To-morrow our vacation closes. I have not accomplished so much as I had anticipated. Yet I cannot wholly condemn myself. Much I have read; some I have meditated. One demonstration I have written in Latin. My knowledge of French has been so advanced that I can write a letter in it, and also converse a little. In reading it I am quite at home. Furthermore, I have written seven or eight pieces of poetry, besides prose compositions. Time's rapid flight grieves me. I must draw tighter and tighter every string."

In November Mr. T. was taken sick. It was his opinion, and also that of some judicious physicians, that he would have soon recovered had not a mistake been made by a young medical student in administering to him. After remaining awhile in college without improvement, his class mates raised a sufficient sum of money to defray his expenses and sent him to his mother's. He was attended by one of their number. The journey was tedious. It was performed in a private carriage; the weather was changeable and the roads were poor. At its completion he felt nearly exhausted. When within sight of the maternal abode he found himself obliged to rest for a night. Great fears were excited among his friends that he had come home to die.

Journal. "Nov. 23.—I am now beginning to recover in some measure from my sickness. God grant that this affliction may humble me, and assist me to live hereafter more to his glory than I have done. How it tends to abase pride to be thus prostrated by sickness. 30th, Sabbath.—May I spend this day to the honor of God. How should my heart leap up to him. The more I dwell on scenes just past in my history the greater does the divine compassion appear. I have just heard of the death of Abner Kingsley, whom I left at college in usual health. We were intimates."

January 10, 1824.—We again find him at college. Referring to his late illness, he says that previous to it success in study had fostered pride in him. His affliction he regarded as a necessary chastisement from God. Viewing the divine hand in all that had come upon him, he adds, "I must go and sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon me. 18.—My instructors and fellow students all believe that my sickness was the result of too close application. Last evening Dr. Yates sent for me that he might caution me against late hours. He had noticed my lamp burning early and late.

"February.—My prayer to God is that none of my temptations may overcome me; let every fibre of my heart be fastened on Christ. I am comforted that the greatest conflict prepares for the greatest glory.

"April 2. — One for some time under conviction now rejoices in Christ. Indeed there is at present considerable religious interest in college. Three of us united our supplications in behalf of the individual just named, and we trust we were heard in heaven. 4. — In reading Brainerd's life this morning, especially that part of it in which he speaks of the difficulties attendant upon the introduction of Christianity among the Indians, I was struck with the importance of candidates for the ministry examining carefully the proofs of the genuineness and authenticity of the gospel, and of studying metaphysically the attributes of God. I purpose to pay the strictest attention to these points. This morning I have knocked at the door of my heart, and find some longing desires after God. 13. — More engagedness in prayer of late, with earnest requests for showers of grace upon my own soul. In the present vacation I am teaching French and learning Spanish."

"April 27, 1824.

"HONORED MOTHER: — Were I to see you, two questions you would propose, one respecting the health of my soul, the other of my body. I must tell you that the former is sick and neglected. I am afraid you will deceive yourself in regard to my case if I do not speak plainly. I feel no love to God, am often troubled with temptations, and do not stand fiery trials as a Christian. Yet I believe Jehovah to be the centre of all perfections, and Christ to be the only Saviour. I desire to loose all the binding influences which hold me to earth except such as religion requires, that I may meditate on heaven. Jesus, I long for thee. Plead, mother, before the throne of grace for me; plead earnestly, as for a fallen, wretched worm, destitute of grace. Please write immediately and particularly; be also as a letter from me to my brothers, sisters, and friends."

Journal. "May 3. — An Italian came to college asking alms. It was gratifying to me that I could converse a little with him in French, as he did not speak English." In the course of this month he was deeply engaged in studies, and at the same time heard a number of pupils recite. Not far from the last date we find him rather congratulating himself on the loss of a college appointment which seemed to belong to him equally with the receiver of it. He thought his clothes were not sufficiently good for him to appear in public as a performer. "25. — Was severely reprimanded to-day for applying myself so closely to study.

"July 11. — The want of needful money has greatly perplexed me of late. 22. — Have just been notified of my election to a membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society. This was entirely unexpected to me." The day following he was inducted into the above-named society. In the course of July he made a short visit to his mother.

"October 11, 1824.

"Dear Mother: — Since I saw you all things have gone on favorably. When I bade you farewell my intention was to travel on foot to Schenectady. Providence, however, interposed in my behalf. From two female friends I received money enough to permit me to come by stage to Albany, and also to pay some borrowed money. My walk to Plainfield was pleasant. May my heart ever be mindful of those benefactors whose kindness I have received, and for them my prayers ascend. Thanks to God, dear mother, that he has made our way so comfortable."

Nov. 30, 1824, Mr. T. wrote to his brother Rufus, then residing with a gentleman in Hawley. The letter was highly serviceable to the receiver. Its main thoughts are here presented.

" You would think I were imposing upon you were I to write to you in a boyish strain. I shall not do it, for you have come to years when truth begins to employ your researches. In the first place I want to know what is the object of your ambition? Is it play, work, study, or excelling in the acquisition of some trade? Has imagination taken the reins, and do you begin to burn with poetic fire? Do the studies of nature interest you, and are you truly desiring to be a scholar, a philosopher? In asking these questions I am in good earnest. Some, I know, will laugh at them, and would at you, should you aspire to be any thing more than a farmer, or follower of a trade. My dear brother, you must be in a few years whatever you now desire to be. Why, then, not resolve to be something good and noble? I should like to have you a complete scholar. You can be one if you set out for the attainment. But you will be compelled to study night and day for a long time. I would not dictate to you, for no one can choose for you. Great and good men, however, can give you the best advice, and their assistance will be of much use to you. As for young persons, they know nothing as they ought. They are apt to mistake evil for good. At any rate be a Christian."

To his mother, same date.

"My health has never been better than since I last saw you. My pecuniary prospects are quite dark. You will not wonder at this when you reflect that I have been studying two years and a half without doing much to earn money. Friends have helped me; I feel indebted to them. They ought to be, and doubtless are, sensible that a student should employ his whole time in studying, and not half of it in college and half of it in teaching school, for the latter course of education sends into the world persons who have not learned their own ignorance, and are less fitted for usefulness than are those who have read only their Bibles. I am not unmindful of your condition, and I hope a door will be opened by which relief may come to us both."

Journal. "Dec. 13. — Our vacation begins the 17th of this month. I expect to spend it in studying Greek and French. Hope also to read and write much. To meet my expenses I shall teach two evenings in the week a mile or two distant. I am likewise to pass Sabbath forenoons in the same place.

"Jan. 2, 1825. — Five years are completed to-day since my father arose in health and visited the house of God, where he commemorated a Saviour's dying love for the last time on earth. The years have fled with the speed of an arrow. So will my days soon have flown, and new scenes in eternity will occupy my attention. 11. — Am distressed by poverty; know not what to do. Have had the countenance of some of the most influential people in efforts to obtain a singing school, but the scarcity of money may defeat me. Besides, the officers of the college fear the effect which teaching may have on my studies. 30. — Yesterday I requested a student to accompany me to the prison. I designed to visit John P., who was lately tried for murder, and whose trial I attended in part, and who was condemned to be hung on the 25th of February next, between nine, A. M. and three in the afternoon. As we entered he did not look towards us, but continued to read a book aloud, the contents of which seemed intimately connected with his case. When we spoke to him he received us with attention. Could it be otherwise than a solemn interview! There, before us, sat a fellow-creature, sentenced to the grave by the laws of his country. The bloom of youth had not left his countenance. Finding him ready to converse, we endeavored to ascertain his moral situation, and to point him to the Lamb of God. His voice trembled as he spoke, and occasionally a tear started in his eye. Yet we could not discover in him marks of desirable penitence. His mind was continually wandering on points of the Scriptures which were to him altogether unimportant. Yet he seemed loath that we should leave him. After praying with him we took his hand to bid him farewell, and he grasped ours; with mutual reluctance we separated. Poor man, his image is still before me. I know that many curse him. But ah, the man whose hands are stained with the foulest guilt demands from kindred worms some commiseration. Though he be a murderer, and awfully depraved, still I cannot but weep when I think of him.

"Feb. 1. — Having secured a sufficient number of scholars I met them last Saturday evening for an exercise, preparatory to the opening of a singing school. My Hawley friends have just sent me a generous supply of clothing. Few occurrences more pleasantly affect a poor student's mind than the opening of such a bundle — finding here a letter, there a little money, and marks of affection interspersed through the whole. Senior year is rapidly flying. An almost insupportable languor has attended me of late. It is occasioned by my anxiety in respect to my school, and I have regretted undertaking to teach. But if we do not try to assist ourselves while others extend to us their aid, we shall soon be deemed unworthy of further benefactions. I consider an education worth every thing, and to obtain a thorough one requires the most constant application. 6. — I am becoming quite pleased with the character of my school. Last Sabbath I commenced being a regular chorister in the Presbyterian church, having officiated several Sabbaths previously. How soon shall I enter, if at all, the vineyard of my Lord! How soon will my life's career be ended, and I be ushered into a vast eternity! Let Christians live as brothers, then they will mutually assuage each others' sorrows. Last week Professor Potter engaged me to translate from the French a geometrical work of four hundred and fifty octavo pages. He promises me almost any price I may please to ask. The mercies of God have ever been to me very great. At present a good degree of prosperity attends all my efforts. 20.— Yesterday I called upon the criminal under sentence of death. Oh the solemn end to which he hastens! He has no mother to weep over him. How would her heart be agonized were she living. Still she might comfort him."

"February 24, 1825.

"DEAR MOTHER:— This day has been set apart as one of fasting and prayer for the outpouring of the Spirit of God. The showers of divine grace have descended around us, but we, though dry and parched, have received none. We think, at least we hope, that we see a cloud of the size of a man's hand. More than seven times have we been to look for it, yet we can say nothing certain about it. Our meetings are solemn, so is the hypocrite's countenance, and we can rely safely on no external appearances, but we must look to God.

"Within sight of my window is the jail in which is the man lately tried for murder, and whose execution is to take place to-morrow. Poor man; this must be a solitary night to him. I have seen him, conversed with him, and prayed with him in his cell. He has no mother, but other kindred have wept with him; among them was an aunt who brought him up. 'Ah, John,' she said, 'never did I think to find you thus, or imagine that you were born for such a doom.'

"I spent one night in January, a few miles from this place, where there was a powerful revival. I thought of the seasons we once enjoyed in Hawley. Young converts were praying, singing, and rejoicing, while sighs betokened the presence of anxious sinners."

Journal. "March 1.—I always rejoice to salute the spring, yet it seems like taking pleasure in the flight of time. Our earthly joys and our sorrows will quickly be past, and we shall be swallowed up in what is eternal. 3.—To-morrow my class mate, Farnsworth, starts for a southern residence; his health renders such a course imperious. During the past session a number of the students have been sick. How admirable the affection displayed in some instances by mothers and sisters! One of the latter cried out as she entered a sick room, 'Oh, oh, is this my brother?' I, too, have an affectionate mother, who wept when she heard of my prostration, and at once resolved to spend, if necessary, all her means of subsistence for my restoration; a sister, too, when apprised of my illness, wept almost until she could weep no more.

"April 27.—Closed my school last evening, and on the whole I have been pleased with it, though it has been small. I have completed three hundred pages in translating *Biot*. Only three days of leisure shall I enjoy during the present vacation.

"May 1.—Attended communion; my heart is

always bad on such occasions; never worse than to-day. I cry, 'Lord, Lord, poor offender am I!'"

On the 15th he says, "*Castle* died yesterday morning at Albany," and adds, "together with his other class mates I this day have attended his funeral at Ballstown. He was buried before we arrived, owing to the rapidity with which his body decayed. His countenance recently shone with all the vigor of youth; his mind was active; his prospects of future success, happiness, and religious enjoyment, were animating. We loved him. Nearly three years had he been my companion. We had walked to the house of God together, and conversed of our various hopes. When this, our last term, commenced, we unitedly endeavored to prepare for the performance of the duties incumbent on us in college. Soon we expected to enter on the world's great stage. But that countenance of his, on which I had so often gazed, has begun to moulder. His seat is vacant. That youth, with whom I had contended in friendly competition, has retired from the scene. As from time to time he passed of late through our midst he tried to smile, yet paleness was on his cheek. Who thought, however, that we should so soon see him no more? The same bell calls, and we still assemble for prayer; but he heeds its notes no longer. Where he gave himself up to God, and vowed to be Christ's forever, I have heard his name pronounced as enrolled on the catalogue of the dead. I saw the newly formed grave. The turf had just been laid upon it. *They told me Castle is there!* Oh, I would have seen his lifeless clay, then I could have wept more freely. I saw, indeed, the mother's tears and heard the father's sigh, though both were truly resigned to heaven's decree. A sister, too, with streaming eyes, I saw gaze upon the cold earth which had forever concealed her brother from the view of the world. Yes, *Castle* is dead! How have life's fairest hopes been cut off! How has what was charming been swallowed up in death!"

On the 25th he says, "By some means, unknown to us, the varioloid has been introduced into Dr. Proudfit's family, and four of its members have already taken it. The event has occasioned great sensation in college, and as I board with the Doctor, I suppose I must be shut up for awhile.

"June 11.—Lafayette has passed through this place to-day, and most of us had a view of him and a shake of his hand. His limbs are stout, and his face, eyes, and mouth large. His complexion is somewhat sandy. When he speaks there is much animation in his features. Thoughts of his youthful ardor, of his battle scenes, and of the honors which he now enjoys, rushed into my mind as I gazed upon the man. Often has *that hand* grasped the sword, often has *that eye* beheld scenes of carnage. His fame fills the land. Yet what will all this adoration from mortals accomplish toward preparing him for the approbation of his final Judge?"

To Col. J. Longley, June 26, 1825.

"Dear Sir:—You are aware, I presume, that a few weeks will close my collegiate life. I began it amid discouragements, but have spent the whole of its allotted season, with the exception of a short period of sickness, within college walls. The days, the weeks, the months, and the years, have all been to me fragrant, like the flowers of spring. Immediately after commencement I shall have three months before me, for which I have as yet no employment engaged."

Journal. "July 12. — I have just completed my translation of *Biot.* 18. — Presented the above work to Professor Potter, and received in payment for my services a sum which fully satisfied me. Thus wonderfully have I been furnished with money to meet necessary expenses. 24. — My last Sabbath in college has arrived; how shall I spend it worthily? Deep repentance and true contrition should characterize my feelings through all its hours."

Commencement occurred on the 28th, when he graduated with honor.

Aug. 17, he was still at Schenectady, deliberating as to where he should resort for his theological education. His thoughts were turned toward Andover, but he says, "I am afraid of the dislike of eloquent speaking which *is said* to characterize the faculty."

"Sept. 10. — I have been bidding adieu to my friends in this place. Dr. Nott tells me that Andover is not opposed to good speaking, though the graduates are too generally poor speakers." He found the impression to be quite strong among some of the Presbyterians that Socinianism was gaining the ascendency at Andover. "11. — Took my leave of the sanctuary in which I have wasted, I fear, many precious opportunities. My last year has been the most interesting one of my life."

CHAPTER V.

STUDIES THEOLOGY AT ANDOVER.

Having decided to pursue theological studies at the Andover Seminary, on leaving Schenectady Mr. T. turned his course in that direction. But much time was to elapse before the opening of the term. It was a serious question with him how the interim could be profitably filled. First, he visited Hawley. As usual he there called on a number of aged persons who had been special friends of his father. One of these was Deacon Ebenezer Hall. "I enjoy myself," he says, "in his company. His conversation is marked by good sense and is always instructive. He is walking on the border of the grave, and remarks that his next remove will be to the dust. Adieu, venerable friend. Perhaps I shall see thee no more. Thy stream seems to glide smoothly, and thy bark will, I trust, safely enter the eternal haven. At his request, I led in prayer at evening worship, and he in the morning. After hearing him I felt ashamed of myself; he was so devotional and fervent."

Another of these aged persons was Deacon Nathaniel Newton, who had for years been very feeble. Speaking of the latter, Sept. 23, he says, "To-day I have received an affecting present; *two apples*, one of the last year's growth, the other of this; the former shrivelled, the latter plump and fair. The old gentleman intended them as representatives of ourselves. On handing them to me he remarked, 'I am old and bowed down with infirmities, you wear the freshness of youth.'" With reference to this present Mr. T. observes, "Thanks to thee, noble saint, for it, never did I receive one more interesting. Thy silver cord will soon be loosed and thy golden bowl broken." He also passed a night with an aged relative of his father. "She wept when I mentioned the success of the gospel among seamen; remarking that many of her acquaintances had lived and died at sea without the Bible. She added, 'I do not know that we ever thought that seamen could be converted.'"

Having lingered a few days in Hawley, Mr. T. went to Andover, entered the Seminary and then made a tour to Yarmouth, the place of his nativity. It was with peculiar pleasure that he entered the abode of his grandfather Alden, and beheld the scenes with which his parents had been familiar, but he says, "I am obliged to spend too much time in a place; and I am greatly perplexed for want of money. Where shall it be found? Upon whom can I depend for aid? These are questions which only God can answer. I feel that I ought to have taught school for three months. The close confinement, however, would have been injurious to my health. I shall be distressed for means, in the prosecution of my studies, and be obliged to waste much time before I can enter upon them. I think that I enjoy something of a spirit of prayer, and can, in a measure, rely upon God to make my way prosperous.

"Oct. 11, 1825. — Walked out and took my seat on a rock, where I meditated and wrote, and felt as if I could pour out my heart in supplications. I trust the mercy-seat will illumine my way. 20. — Saw the cane which Peregrine White once owned. Visited, also, a rock on the shore of Bass River where my father and his brothers were accustomed to join in youthful sports. Entered, likewise, the house erected on the site of my father's birthplace. Went down to the identical spot where my uncle Isaac T. was drowned."

He attended an association of ministers, at Wellfleet, and was impressed with the idea that there is need of many more faithful preachers of the gospel. In the society of his grandfather, then about ninety years of age, he took great delight. "As I was passing by the old parsonage one day, in company with him, I inquired if he did not frequently meditate on the happy hours there spent? Yes, he replied, and often with sorrow, too, in thinking that they glided away no better improved." While at Yarmouth he wrote to his mother.

"TENDER AND AFFECTIONATE PARENT: — Since leaving you, I have frequently thought of our last farewell. I remember your fears on account of my health. Then, too, I occasioned you a brief embarrassment by forgetting my keys. To cut a long story short, I will say that I have been pretty well, though compelled to ride all one day in the rain. From the State House, in Boston, I obtained a fine view of the city. A very hearty welcome was given me in this place. My journey from college here, though entertaining, has proved too expensive for my little stock of money. I need, at this moment, one hundred and fifty dollars; and yet I have only about a dozen. But though I am limited in pecuniary means, and oppressed with an almost overwhelming sense of inherent vileness, do not suppose, mother, that I forget where to resort. I earnestly look for divine aid, not unmindful, however, of the ancient fable,—'The man who calls upon Jupiter must put his own shoulder to the wheel.' My home is with uncle Oliver, whose kindness to me is constant and great. He and aunt L. would not suffer me to want were it in their power to assist me. Grandfather has made calls with me, leaning on my arm. Such a privilege, he says, he once never expected to enjoy."

It was during this visit that Mr. T. began with great zeal to trace out his paternal lineage. This work employed his attention more or less, for years, until he felt that he had become master of all the main facts relative to the history of his father's ancestors since their settlement in America. Those on the maternal side—the Aldens—had already received no little attention from his uncle Timothy.

Journal. "Yarmouth, Nov. 9, 1825.—I am waiting for wind and tide. My friends here have been very kind to me. Grandfather has presented me with some of his own poetry, composed for myself. In return I have given him a farewell, in verse." Having reached Boston, in reference to the voyage which required an unusual amount of time, he says: "It seems that never did a miserable creature before suffer from sea-sickness as I did, in this short trip. Such was my distress, that gladly would I have been placed upon any island of the ocean. I do not believe that I ever could endure a long passage by sea. 12.—Reached Andover about 3, P. M., and am located in a cold north-east fourth story room, in Phillips Hall. There were but three rooms remaining from which I could make a selection."

It will be remembered that before leaving college, Mr. T. had heard that a certain doctrinal error was having an ascendency at Andover. Alluding to the first sermon which he heard in the Seminary, he remarks: "I think it was designed to convince new-comers that *Unitarianism is not* the religion of this institution."

Young men of sincere piety have often found themselves, when entering upon the study of theology, greatly perplexed in regard to their spiritual state. They have felt themselves on holy ground, and shuddered at their own want of fitness for occupying such a position. God grant it may always be thus. It will be a sad day for Zion, if theological seminaries ever become as devoid of sacredness as are sometimes the schools of medicine and law.

Nov. 15 he writes, "I feel myself destitute of religion, and unworthy of being regarded as a divinity student. A want of money, too, distresses me. I have no friends to whom I can resort. May I be enabled to confide in that Being, who can, if he please, open for me some bountiful hand."

Writing to a friend, Nov. 19, he says:—

"It is now just a week since I arrived at this Seminary, and much of the intervening time has been occupied in preparing my room. I think Andover to be a lovely place. Here all are professed brothers. I believe there is much Christian love among us. I feel it good to be here, and hope Heaven will provide for my wants and help me in my studies."

Nov. 20, he speaks of being relieved *in mind* from the distress which he had felt in view of his pecuniary destitution, though the cause of his embarrassment continued. So unsatisfactory to himself was the state of his religious feelings at this time, that he determined never to enter the ministry, should there be no favorable change in them. He felt himself lost; and could only *hope* that God might, in sovereignty, appear for him. Means of self-renovation seemed wholly unavailing.

In the early part of December, he addressed a line to his faithful friend, Rev. Mr. Shepard, asking a loan of money. Mr. S. replied very kindly, and proposed to lend him a certain amount as soon as it could be obtained, and furthermore, offered *at once* to stand as *security* for a limited amount of indebtedness. "Do not permit yourself," writes Mr. S., "to suffer for the want of any thing which money will buy, without letting me know. I shall be happy to hear from you every opportunity."

Journal. "Dec. 11, 1825.—I have joined several societies, among which are the Lockhart and the

Oratorical. Am wandering on the dark mountains of sin, yet have longings for my Saviour's presence, and feel determined to seek him. I would fly to him. My Sabbaths are becoming more interesting to me. I desire to know that I am the Lord's, and to be wholly consecrated to him. I am afraid that Christians, in general, do not live for Christ, as they ought. Alas! I am conscious of not having prayed sufficiently for my brothers and sisters. How cheering it would be to hear of their conversion! May God change their hearts! I ought to do much to honor the Lord. 31. — Long for a letter from home. Here closes another week and another year. Unprofitably, I fear, do I end them both.

"Jan. 1, 1826. — Shall I eventually be of the great number seen by John in vision about the throne? Jesus, be thou my surety. 5. — Six years have glided away since my father entered upon his heavenly rest. 23. — After having sent four or five times to Boston, for a package which I was expecting from Hawley, I have, at length, received it. I am disappointed that it contains no money. Surely, had the donors known how I am situated, they would have raised enough to secure the making up of the garments for which they have kindly sent the materials. I must look to God, the giver of all good. But what a contrast would there be in my feelings, had I received a few dollars! I am moneyless. This evening, the whole seminary meet in circles to pray for Harvard College."

"Jan. 28, 1826.

"Dear Mother: — This afternoon I went to the tailor to inquire if he would make up, *on trust*, the cloth which my Hawley friends have sent me, and he agrees to do it. Therefore, in the course of next week I may enjoy a new suit. I am pleased with the material. It tenderly affects me to think of the kindness shown me. Assure the generous donors that their gift came most opportunely, and has greatly cheered me. Do my brothers and sisters exert themselves to discipline their minds? I desire them to be ambitious in this respect. Were it in my power I would make you all happy. The intelligence of Mr. Rowland Stiles's death has deeply affected me. We were associates in childhood. May his father's family improve the solemn warning! In regard to my present situation, I can say that I am gratified with it. I hope my spiritual state improves. Every object here has the aspect of sacredness. The students constitute a brotherhood."

To a brother, Jan. 29, 1826.

"Were you a Christian, and determined to spend your life for Jesus, every thing would favor your obtaining an education. In that case, how happy should I be in directing you! Pray for yourself. Pray for your brothers and sisters. I try to pray for you, and hope that you will yet become a disciple of Jesus. Recollect that all depends, under the blessing of God, upon your own exertions. Be kind to our mother, and Heaven bless you."

To Rev. J. Grout, same date.

"Dear Sir: — By recent letters I hear of an awakening in a part of Hawley. This is good news.

God's spirit is now doing wonders in various sections of our country. Colleges are beginning to rejoice in revivals, as you have doubtless heard. The attention of churches ought specially to be directed to these institutions. For three years past, a day has been yearly set apart as one of fasting and prayer for them. The brethren in this seminary have become so aroused to the importance of this cause, that they are addressing the pastors of churches, hoping to excite a deeper interest among Christians on this great subject. The day set apart, you are aware, is the last Thursday in February. I will not, dear Sir, imply so much distrust of your zeal and judgment as to extend my suggestions; I have thought it not improper to lay the case before you. Perhaps the day has been already observed by your people; if so, my letter will do no injury."

Journal. "March 1, 1826. — Spring's opening I again hail. It brings joy to me. Its cheering return I love, and tender it my grateful salutations. 6. — It has been announced in the seminary that brother Pomeroy, of the senior class, died this morning, in Boston. He was president of our Rhetorical Society. I admired his modesty and meekness. 13. — Am cast down with my poverty. I called this morning on Prof. Stuart, and asked him if he could provide employment for me in the ensuing vacation. His reply was very cheering. He said perhaps he should receive me into his own family. I fear that I expressed myself too freely. 16. — Was blessed with a spirit of prayer in the early part of the day, but afterwards found myself almost destitute of it.

The Lord has appeared for my soul, of late, and I would be truly grateful. My ability to resist temptations is increased, and the smiles of Jesus, at times, seem to rest on me."

An encouraging opening, for the vacation, presented itself, and he apparently was on the point of aiding himself in regard to pecuniary matters, but suddenly, again his prospects were darkened. "Thus, I have lost an opportunity which I had supposed secured; still I feel sweet resignation to the will of God. He made my gourd to grow, and he has caused it to wither. I have prayed for humility. My prospects, I fear, had elated me. This experience will lead me to rely more on the Lord, who has never forsaken me. The future appears dark, yet I am confident that he, who is infinite Light, can illumine this darkness."

His first vacation in the seminary was spent in circulating a new Reference Bible, prepared by Rev. Hervey Wilbur. He entered upon this employment, not from any congeniality in his feelings with the agency, but for the purpose of procuring pecuniary assistance, and with the hope, at the same time, of doing good. The vacation was thus rendered serviceable to him in these respects, nor was it otherwise without its use to him. Passing a Sabbath in a large and flourishing village, he attended, half a day, upon the worship of an unevangelical congregation, and heard a sermon from one who ranked among the most distinguished preachers of *that* sect. Mr. T.'s account of the sermon is here presented to the reader: "I heard a dissertation, or exhortation, or adversation, on morality. The discourse this afternoon, chilled my soul; I watched my feelings for the purpose of guarding against the prejudices of education; but, ah! there was no solemn confession of sin; no appearance of humility; no intimation that the preacher's experience and principles were at variance with those of the world. Though the text was taken from the Bible, the discourse was not framed in accordance with that book. A polished heathen could have uttered all which fell from the speaker's lips. Nor was there any thing like seriousness in the assembly. I felt as if the preacher were trying to blindfold his hearers, to stop their ears, harden their hearts, and render them wholly callous to divine teachings. O, God! let what I have heard this afternoon drive me to my Bible and to my Saviour, with renewed devotion!

"Christ has been precious to me for many weeks past. When weary with travelling, and sick with seeing the miseries of man, I have had much delight in going to Jesus." Once, speaking of having felt, at the close of the week, that he had sadly transgressed God's law during the flight of the previous six days, he remarks: "But I will try to come anew to the Redeemer. I still hope he is my friend; now would I renew my vows to be his, and implore his aid in my labors. May I be prospered if it be for the divine glory; but may I be resigned to Providential orderings, however adverse they may seem!" One day he made this record: "I conversed nearly an hour, with a professed infidel. He laughed at the Holy Scriptures, especially at what they say of God. In concluding our interview, I told him the trouble with him lay in his own heart."

To his sister Sarah.

"Andover, June 13, 1826.

"My dear S.: — I have just returned to the seminary, worn down with the fatigues of a vacation; and my studies so press upon me that I am poorly qualified to write you; and yet I feel that a letter is your due. Since the close of the term I have been much in contact with a guilty, troublesome world. Yes, dear sister, Jesus is scoffed at; the cross is still a stumbling-block. Multitudes sneer at religion and rush madly on to death. Keep, oh keep yourself uninjured by the things of time. Recollect that this life, with its charms and miseries, is swiftly passing away. I hope you improved the sickness of our brother T., by much solemn reflection, examination, and prayer. Only a short time since, while in Boston, I was invited to visit a person on a sick-bed. She said she once belonged to a church, but had voluntarily withdrawn from it. My attendant and myself knelt down, and I offered prayer. Soon after we had left, the sick person died, begging for one day more of life. Look, my sister, upon this little picture, and be admonished by it. Fly to the Lamb of God; pray earnestly, as if your all were at stake. Remember that you must exercise faith in Jesus, or perish in sin."

He proposed a series of questions to this sister, respecting her spiritual interests, and requested her to answer them specifically and fully. Having received a reply, he again addressed her, July 7.

"Affectionate Sister: — I am highly gratified with the general appearance of your letter. I am sorry, however, that you were not more specific in your answers to my queries. You ought to have treated each one distinctly. Some parts of your letter seem to indicate an alarming indifference to religion. You speak of feeling yourself hardened in sin, which brings to my mind the case of L——. When laid on a sick-bed, she was filled with the most fearful apprehensions of losing her soul. She cried for mercy and for life. God spared her, and she relapsed again into sin, becoming as thoughtless as ever. A friend expostulated with her, to whom she remarked, 'I know that I am going to hell; yet I am unmoved. I cannot feel as I did when sick.' You, my sister, while in health, are in danger of putting far away the hour of your departure. I find you bringing forward the oft-repeated excuses of the sinner's inability, and of God's decrees. Do you not perceive, that were you to act in secular concerns as you do in those which are sacred, your arms would always be folded in slothful inactivity. Exertions must be made in spiritual, not less than in common affairs. God furnishes the soil, the rain, and the sunshine; but man must mellow the ground, cast in the seed, and cultivate what he sows. Now, my sister, would you be a Christian, here is the method by which to become one. Spend, if possible, half an hour both morning and evening in secret prayer. Retire to some chamber, some closet. Examine, each time, your own heart. Seek for the pardon of all your sins, and give yourself no peace till God has become your portion. He will then be a father to you, giving you heavenly comfort. Should you neglect religion, your way will be dark and slippery it will end in eternal ruin. Think, then, seriously, of what I write; but let me assure you that infallible counsel must be sought from the Bible. In particular, read the four Evangelists and the Acts of the Apostles. With many of the historical parts of the Scriptures, I trust, you are quite familiar already. When perusing the sacred volume, mark in a book kept for the purpose, passages which seem unintelligible, and seek an explanation from those persons who can assist you. Indeed, you should read every book in a similar way. I would recommend to your attention Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, the Memoirs of David Brainerd and of Harriet Newell; Pilgrim's Progress is also adapted to your case. When I find any other good book on religious experience, I will either send it to you or inform you where you may obtain it. Our mother would be pleased to peruse the Memoirs of Mrs. Huntington, lately published; perhaps they have already reached Hawley. I hope you will both read the Life of Mrs. Graham. The following questions I now propose, and in a fortnight please to answer them: Do you believe there is a God of such a character as is described in the Bible? Do you believe that sinners can be reconciled to him only through Christ? Have you experienced such reconciliation? Are you in the habit of daily reading the Scriptures, examining your heart, and of praying to God, with reliance on his promise for an answer? What is your idea of the Christian life? Favor me with a reply to all these inquiries within the time specified; and treat them in regular order. Tell my mother, brothers, and sisters, that I am still, still mindful of them."

"Theological Seminary, July 9, 1826.

"DEAR MOTHER: — I have been afflicted for more than a fortnight with a grievous poison, which I caught from what is vulgarly called dog-wood, as I was attending, for amusement, to the beauties of nature; I am now nearly recovered. You complain of not being able to make your letters interesting, when religion is not your theme. Of your unwillingness to engage in any thing with which religion does not coalesce, I cannot think strange; yet be assured, dear parent, it would please me much should your letters branch out occasionally on various subjects. Your experience has been great in numerous ways; and it will be of service to me if you could furnish me, from time to time, with some account of it. Especially do I desire you to write down, in a journal, the striking occurrences in my father's history, and carefully preserve them locked up for me."

At the commencement of the temperance reform, Mr. T. had some objections to signing the pledge, though he had ever been opposed to the use of intoxicating drinks as a luxury. Years before the *reform* commenced, he would utterly decline them when offered to him as a token of friendship. An instance is remembered when they were urged upon him as an innocent stimulant, but he persisted in his refusal, and even declared that to drink them would be to partake of poison. *The pledge*, *he*, however, *did* sign, and to the day of his death was its firm supporter.

To his mother, Sept. 16, 1826.

"DEAR PARENT: — I received your letter two or three weeks since, and have delayed to answer it, hoping that every next breeze would blow me some good news which I might send to you. The past twelve months have been very expensive to me. I am now quite poorly clad. A vacation is before me, but I have no prospect of then earning any thing. On the contrary, I must still more run into debt. I have given you an intimation of my wants, that you may know how I am; but keep it a secret. Be not alarmed; the present is one of my dark times. I can, indeed, earn money by leaving the seminary for a year, having had opportunities for teaching already presented. Yet to be put back so long in my course of studies would be a grievous matter. I am resolved to go on with it, if God preserve me. To spend a few days with you would be pleasant, yet I cannot go dragging there on foot. I should be glad to correspond more frequently with my brothers and sisters, but the want of postage-money prevents. I feel for them all, and am afraid they will neglect the cultivation of their minds. I think much of T. I advise him to commence the study of Latin the coming winter. Tell him to take hold with a strong hand; to commit every thing perfectly, so that he shall never forget it. Let him be inattentive to what people say to hinder him. He should get Mr. Grout to direct him. May our prayers be offered to God, in the mean time, for his conversion. I hope you will try to urge him on. You must, in your supplications, remember me. I am not so devoted to the cross as I ought to be. Still I must request you to stand ready to bid me God-speed among the heathen; for the question is often asked, Who will go? I may think it best to give myself to the work. Many and powerful appeals have reached us of late; one from Gordon Hall, who, as doubtless you have heard, is now in heaven."

After spending a portion of the autumn vacation at Andover, he made a tour, by land, to Yarmouth. It was performed on foot, as a matter of necessity. Leaving Boston, his first night was passed in ——. "I did not enjoy myself. The house was full of noise and confusion. In one short hour I lost more of religious feeling by hearing improper conversation, and in witnessing irreligious conduct, than I could regain in much time. The next morning was rainy, and indicated a stormy day. I had neither umbrella nor overcoat, and yet being nearly moneyless, I felt that I must proceed. Accordingly, I went on six miles in a drenching rain; then breakfasted; dried myself, and procured the loan of an umbrella, which I was to leave at Plymouth." Here the journal abrubtly leaves the weary traveller. Many an hour did he spend in searching the old records and graveyard of P., at this time, and subsequently.

"Andover, Jan. 1, 1827. — Another year has gone. God of eternal mercy, aid me in a review of the past, and assist me in endeavors to amend whatever is wrong. I have failed to make such progress in my studies and in religious feeling as I ought to have made. For the future I will strive to keep alive that glowing enthusiasm which is naturally *his* who is impressed with the value of truth, and with a sense of his own duty. I have taken too little exercise; conversed too little with my fellow-students, and read too little the lives of eminent persons." In making arrangements for the year before him, he resolves to rise about four in the morning, and assigns to the different hours of the day their respective exercises. "I must regularly attend secret prayer immediately after rising; usually a few moments after each meal; and just before retiring; also, offer ejaculatory prayer whenever I commence study."

Jan. 7, pouring forth bitter lamentations over his own hardness and vileness of heart, he affirms that he has powerful reasons to fear himself still an unbeliever. "My distress has at times been awful, especially in the night. The thought that a long, *long* eternity awaits me, presses heavily upon me. I seem to be bound to my fate by chains which cannot be broken." 21. — Prof. Stuart closed a series of sermons on self-denial. The last was addressed particularly to students. "To every word I pleaded guilty, while he declared that many of us do not deny ourselves, and make that improvement which duty demands. 24. — Lord, help me to renew my covenant with thee, day by day, till I am bound so fast to thy cross as never more to be severed from it."

Feb. 16. — A peace society was formed in the seminary, which he joined, though he says he was not fully decided in favor of all the points embraced in its constitution. "22. — Fast for colleges. I have, in some measure, I think, enjoyed the presence of God."

He received on the 25th a very kind communication from the Albany Presbytery, which brought several dollars in money. "Thus have I been suddenly provided for again. A few days since I was seemingly the most destitute of any person; now am supplied by God's own hand. I believe this to be an answer to prayer, nor is it the only one of late. The Lord has sometimes cheered me with his presence; and when he stands by me I feel strong. But, oh! I am too full of ambition."

Under date of March 14, having listened to letters from Palestine, he remarks: "May I be ready whenever the Lord calls; here am I, send me. It is a subject which much occupies my mind. The allurements of science present not the least obstacle to my going on a mission. All is inferior to the love of God. If this really fill my heart, I shall have no difficulty in determining my duty."

Extracts from a letter to his mother, written in Boston, May 7, 1827.

"While sinners are flocking to Christ, are my dear brothers and sisters to remain unmoved? Dear mother, on us devolves the duty of praying for them, and of conversing with them in regard to their immortal souls. The thought presses upon me that I have in this respect to occupy the place of a father. I desire, morning and evening, to lay them at the feet of Jesus. And then poor Hawley! Once the

Lord had a vineyard there; a praying few, who were earnest at the throne of grace, and who often prevailed. What has become of them? Have the disciples of Jesus forsaken him? My dear mother, allow me to be particular with yourself in this matter. Do you have a stated season of prayer twice a day, when you mention the case of your own town? Do you call upon your neighbors, converse with them on spiritual subjects, and endeavor to lead them to Christ?

"On the receipt of your letter, I did think I should spend the present vacation with you, but a way was providentially opened for me to be usefully employed. I thank my friends in H. for their timely remembrance of me, particularly Mr. Grout for his letter."

June 19 we hear him uttering such expressions as these: "My dear brothers and sisters, how glorious are the prospects of the saint, and how dismal those of the sinner! You cannot retreat from existence, nor from the consequences of sin. O be wise, and seek an interest in Christ. Gladly would I say much to you, but why should I? Christ has spoken all you need to know, and if you refuse to hear him, how can I expect you will listen to me? My brothers, my sisters; dear, sacred terms! listen to Him who loved us all, and make now your peace with God."

During the spring vacation of this year, he was engaged as a city missionary in Boston. The following is condensed from the report which he made at the close of his services, and transmitted to Dr.

Jenks, Secretary of the Association that employed him: —

"SIR: — My labors as a missionary under the direction of the Society for the moral and religious instruction of the poor in the city of Boston, commenced May 2, and closed to-day, June 12. Your committee assigned the *Mill-dam* and Pleasant street as the field of my operations. To these places, with a few exceptions, my attention has been confined. I have visited from house to house about three days in a week. In so doing I have considered it of more importance to repeat visits, especially where there was a prospect of doing good, than to multiply them. On such occasions I have endeavored to call the attention of parents to the duty of sending their children to Sabbath schools and to the house of God, also of their own attendance; but especially I have aimed to arouse them to the concerns of the soul. I have been received, as missionaries generally are, sometimes with reluctance, at others, and for the most part, with cheerfulness. I have found children who do not attend any Sabbath school, and parents who seldom or never visit the house of God. The most painful part of my task has been to meet continually with *professors*, who 'concerning faith have made shipwreck.' Some have fallen into very gross errors. Others, by various removals and neglect, have long since forsaken the communion table. Having been forgotten by their churches, they have themselves almost forgotten to what ones they did once belong. When possible, I have endeavored to commit such to the care of some orthodox friend or minister. It is impressed on my mind that this class of persons is too much neglected. On the *Mill-dam* I have regularly conducted meeting, Sabbath A. M. and P. M., also on Thursday eve, election week excepted. Many and various difficulties oppose the progress of the gospel in this place. One of these is the coldness and remissness of professors. Some I hope are prayerful; but many, like the scribes and Pharisees of old, neither go into the kingdom of heaven themselves, nor 'suffer them that are entering to go in.' A few, I hope, are awaking to do what they can by prayer and example. *Universalism* is another obstacle, which not only shuts the mind against the truth, but influences the heart to oppose it most bitterly. Notwithstanding these and other hinderances too numerous to be mentioned, I do feel, that if a prudent, fearless, persevering, evangelical minister, could soon enter this field, his labors would ere long be rewarded by a revival."

To his mother.

"Boston, June 12, 1827.

"AFFECTIONATE PARENT: — My mission here is closed, and I only wait for the stage to return to Andover. I have been much in contact with sinners of various grades, and have passed through trials; but the severest of all has been with my own sinful heart. You may start at this assertion, and ask me, 'Do you find in yourself a willingness to depart from the living God? If so, where is your foundation for a Christian hope?' I feel the force of such an interrogatory.

"The past week has been taken up with anniversaries, and I can hardly inform you what is the state of the revival here. We think it is progressing. Christians are wrestling at the throne of grace, and they will prevail, for the Lord of Hosts hath sworn it. Multitudes, however, in Boston, believe that broad is the way to heaven, and that all shall find it; hence, their ears are deaf to the truth, their eyes are shut to their danger, their hearts are wholly insensible. Much of my time, of late, has been spent with just such persons; some consider the idea of a hell as the dream of a disordered brain; they are poor, deluded creatures, exposed to the wrath of God. But rejoice, dear mother; there are a few among the poor and neglected, whose hopes are anchored in heaven."

"Theological Seminary, Aug. 9, 1827.

"Dear Parent: — After a long silence on your part, I have at length received a letter from you. As you have consecrated me to God, I must warn you to be prepared for the decisions of divine Providence. If I am no longer yours, your heart should no longer be set upon me; wherever I am called to go, you should be ready to say, Amen. Let your hopes centre in God; and to him, in the arms of prayer, carry your children. Pray, yes, pray for me. How precious the thought that I have one friend to pray for me! I often feel that your prayers, tears, and efforts, are worth worlds; still, therefore, pray for me. My chief object in writing to you at this time, is to inform you that I am about to leave the seminary for one year. It has cost me a conflict to come to such a decision; but I have bowed to what I think God's will. I should have consulted you could I conveniently have done it. I have become involved in debt by remaining here two years, and I hope by teaching one year, I may do something to liquidate this indebtedness."

Before commencing his school he made an excursion to Hawley, returning about the 1st of September; and soon after, he left for Gloucester. During the trip just named, he passed a day and a night at Plainfield; speaks of an interesting visit with Rev. Mr. Hallock, of that town; *of their praying together in the woods.* In reference to a communion season, in H., he observes: "Hope I felt something of God's presence, and was more willing to say with Job, 'Though he slay me yet will I trust in him.'" At that time he engaged to pray for a number of persons, whose names he recorded in his journal.

The 10th of Sept., 1827, Mr. T. commenced teaching at Gloucester, and on the 23d of the same month, he wrote thus to his mother: —

"A few weeks since, I was at the seminary, anticipating no change till my term of study there should be completed. Perhaps I do not know why I have been sent here, but I think I can see the hand of God in it. I hope to imitate Paul, who was content in whatever situation he might be. My school is as pleasant as I anticipated. It gives me pain that my brothers and sisters cannot enjoy the privileges of study, which my pupils have. I hope you will write me immediately, informing me whether the Rev. Jonas King has yet returned from Palestine to Hawley."

October 28 he wrote to Mrs. Sarah W. Matthews, of Yarmouth, his mother's only sister.

"Dear Aunt: — Not long since, my uncle Oliver informed me of your husband's death. I should have immediately written you a letter of sympathy, had I not been engaged in preparing a Sabbath school address. I am aware that words alone cannot heal a wounded heart. You profess to be a follower of Christ, and you know how comforting is the assurance concerning such as truly love God. All things work together for their good. Accept, my dear friend, of my best wishes that Jesus will comfort you, and that your bereavement may result in your greater joy above."

November 17 he wrote to Mr. Josiah Lyman, Charlemont, Massachusetts.

"Dear Friend: — At length I attempt to fulfil my engagement to write you. It ought to have been done long since, and would have been if the will were the act. The other particular promised, though wretchedly performed, has not been altogether neglected.* There is a pleasure in the idea of being remembered at the throne of grace by a Christian friend. I know from experience that there are times when the prayer of such a friend is worth worlds.

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* Allusion is here made to their pledge to pray daily for each other.

"You will, doubtless, wish to know something of my present situation and of the state of my feelings. The sanctuary which I frequent was built in 1738. It is very large, and was probably once filled with serious listeners and fervent Christians, though I suppose there has been no revival here since the great one in the time of President Edwards. Now many pews are always empty. But this is not all. Near us is a meeting-house filled Sabbath after Sabbath with those who declare positively that this life has no connection with the life to come. Yet things look far more hopeful than they did years ago. Means are used to bring as many of the inhabitants as possible into contact with the word of God. Five miles to the north of us there is a powerful revival; six or eight miles to the south of us another. Dear brother, pray for us every Sabbath morning; pray that God may be glorified here. A revival would make the Universalist church in this place shake to its centre.

"You may well suppose that my situation is not one of ease nor always of religious enjoyment. I do feel that there is ever a throne of grace erected for me, and occasionally I seem to get near it. But much of my time runs to waste. My heart is not always kept, and yet a Christian must keep his heart. Every thought, every motive should be pure. If one sinful emotion is willingly indulged, we have reason to fear that all our religion is vain. It is evident, then, that at all times we are to be watchful over ourselves. Our *love* to God must *lead* us to watch. That love which inclines us to serve God in *one* thing will make us faithful in all respects. It is difficult to be a Christian when our love is weak. One enemy is scarcely subdued before others rise up in its stead. But how short is the contest, how glorious the reward! A few days, at most a few years, and the conflict is ended forever. Let us make *this* the burden of our prayers: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.'

"Two of my Andover brethren have been called to their final account of late. Things in the seminary are, I am informed, in a solemn and interesting state. Others of my brethren, as you doubtless know, are now on their way to the Sandwich Islands. Our country seems still to be blessed with the outpouring of God's Spirit. Remember me to your family — to inquiring friends. Write upon the reception of this. I hope henceforth to be a more faithful correspondent. Yours in Christian affection."

To his mother, Nov. 25.

"Dear Parent: — Yours I received some time since, and ought to have answered it; but so pressing are my duties, that even my mother is neglected. I have just returned from a house of mourning, where I prayed with a large circle of children, whose only parent has recently died. To this parent I had been introduced; he was a Christian, and died in the triumphs of faith. In meditating on his condition, this morning, I sang the hymn, 'How blest is our friend,' etc., and thought of him as joining with the choir above; but scarcely had I returned to my room, when my thoughts dropped from heaven to earth. *My* conflict is not yet complete. At times I feel almost as if I were entering the celestial land. Still, I think it doubtful whether I ever reach it. Be faithful, my mother; you may have nearly finished *your* course. Endure to the end, and through Christ you shall receive a crown."

"December 26, 1827.

"DEAR MOTHER: — I have recently spent two days in Boston, and was obliged to tear myself away from friends there, when I returned. You complain of brevity in my letters. My numerous and pressing duties are my apology. In religion, I am 'of little faith.' I can, however, sometimes with tears, repeat these lines of Cowper, 'I was a stricken deer,' etc. Very often, too, is poor Christian's situation brought to my mind. 'When he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the river on the other.' There is danger of mistaking a love of salvation for a love of Christ. We have all been poisoned with sin. I find the old infection continually breaking out anew. When I begin to think it is cured, suddenly I have new proof that it still inheres to my soul. Repentance and humiliation are works which I have to repeat again and again. In respect to the missionary cause, my mind remains as it was when I saw you."

To Rev. J. Grout, Feb. 23, 1828.

"DEAR SIR: — The object of this letter is to make special inquiries concerning my brother T., who, I suppose, is reciting to you in Virgil, the present winter. Has he sufficient talent and diligence to make a good scholar? Does he give evidence of true piety? Be pleased, dear Sir, to favor me in due time, with a reply to these questions. There has been no great change in the spiritual state of affairs in this place, of late. Some revivals are enjoyed in this immediate vicinity. I hope and pray that H. may ere long be blessed with a shower of divine grace."

"March 9, 1828.

"Dear Parent:—Yesterday I closed my second quarter. My school has thus far gone on very pleasantly. I have just returned from a very full public Bible exercise, having spoken from the first part of the third chapter of the first epistle of John. I feel myself quite a drone in the service of God. My health, about which you seem solicitous, is quite good. Your account of special religious interest in H. is very encouraging. Persevere, my mother, in prayer, and a rich blessing will descend. What God has promised he will perform. Say to aunt Ruth that I desire to see her. Ask cousin Sarah, for me, whether she still forgets the one thing needful."

April 3 (Fast-day) he wrote again to Mr. Lyman, and dwelling at some length on the importance of fast-days, he says: "Some persons are disposed to inquire whether it be necessary to a due observance of such days to abstain from food, I answer that such abstinence avails nothing if the heart be not right, and that if this be right we shall have such views of ourselves as will cast us down at the mercy-seat in fasting and humiliation. In this case fasting will be a necessary result of a right frame of mind. You probably agree with me as to the manner of spending a fast-day, viz. in self-examination, reading the Bible, etc. Ps. li., Isa. lviii., and Dan. ix. are peculiarly appropriate; also the account of Christ's sufferings.

"My friend, but few among us have thus spent this day. The Universalists have, indeed, attended meeting, but they returned and played ball. Every view I take of this people more and more impresses me with a sense of their bad condition. Listen to the history of my school-room. In the room adjoining it, Capt. —— died the other day. He was not afraid to die, was a Universalist, yet he had borne no good, and much evil fruit. This man's father died in the same room. When struck with death, twenty-four hours previous to his decease, he sent for his wife, who had not lived with him for six months. She laughed at his fears of death; told him there was nothing after it. He spent the remnant of his time in crying with a loud voice, 'Jesus Christ have mercy on me.' She died some time after in my school-room. Just before her last breath her dream of security was broken. She sent for the Universalist preacher, entreated him to pray for her soul, and died in the agonies of despair. Oh, my brother, how dreadful will be the fall of those who build on the sand. Still pray that this may not be the case with your unworthy correspondent."

"April 5, 1828.

"Dear Brother T.:—You have, I know, long anxiously expected a letter from me; and have, perhaps, concluded yourself forgotten. You are not; but at present I do not know of any means by which I may enable you to study. I did once think that I might provide for you here, under my own eye.

My expenses, however, are multiplying on every side, and I shall scarcely be able to pay one half of the debts which I thought I should, at the close of my school. I have hoped that you would give your heart to God. Of this I have said but little to you, having refrained lest you might be influenced to act the part of a hypocrite, which I would not have you do for worlds. By autumn, I trust, a door will open for you. But do not feel too anxious. I assure you that I have looked with pain at some of my conduct when I was of your age. I was not sufficiently resigned to the will of God; and the reflection has often filled me with keen remorse. Confide in the counsels of the aged and experienced. Write freely to me. Listen to your mother and to Rev. Mr. Grout. Above all things seek guidance of God. If he do not bless you nought can help you. Make your peace with Heaven, and you shall receive a crown of glory."

June 1 he wrote to his mother: "A letter which came to hand within a few days, from uncle Isaiah Alden, informs me of an awakening in Meadville. Some of his own children, he writes, appear to be partakers of grace. Your last also cheers me in regard to H. I rejoice with you; but not hearing of the conversion of my brothers and sisters, my joy is mingled with grief."

To the same, Aug. 18.

"Early in the ensuing September my year in this place will close. In what way I shall spend my time previous to the commencement of the next term at

Andover, I am as yet uncertain. Probably I shall not be able to visit you, for I am too destitute of money. You can hardly imagine how little I have felt my income of four hundred dollars. I am still quite deeply in debt; more so than I expected to be at this time. You must act your own pleasure about going to Yarmouth. Should you go, I will endeavor to meet you in Boston, and perhaps accompany you to Y.; but this is uncertain. Especially shall I *desire* to do it, as grandfather has sent me a request to visit him."

At the opening of autumn, he closed his school in G., and returned to Andover. The anniversary at the seminary did not occur then till the latter part of September. "I know not what course Providence will mark out for me during the vacation."

He finally decided to visit Yarmouth, and under date of Sept. 28, says: "I arrived here, at my grandfather's, last evening about half past ten, where I found my mother. She met me with open arms. Three of her brothers were present. A prayer-meeting had been held that evening, and closed before my arrival.

"Oct. 1, 1828.— This morning, as we were all together in the parlor, conversing in regard to our anticipated separation, some of us intending to leave for Boston to-day, grandfather, who is ninety-three the fifth of next December, remarked, 'the thought of parting is gloomy; we however breathe the same air, are warmed by the same sun, and the same divine Agent preserves us. Upon the whole, it matters not in what part of the globe we are.' His memory is much impaired. He prayed with us this morning."

Oct. 2, Mr. T. left Y., in company with his mother and some other friends, for Boston. On the 4th, she started for her home, and he returned to Andover, intending to reside there the remainder of the vacation. "7. — Have conversed with Professor S. in regard to procuring a German work for translation, and received some encouragement. 11. — A letter from my mother, yesterday, in which she informs me of her safe arrival home. She has had a lovely visit. All things have gone well with her. I too have reason to be thankful. 19. — If I have faith in Christ, why is my activity in his cause so little? Why so unwilling to suffer for his sake? I seldom get near the mercy-seat. Why does the Sabbath find me so stupid, and why do I, on its sacred hours, never ascend to Pisgah's summit?

"Nov. 7, 1828. — A *fast* observed to-day by my class, preparatory to being licensed to preach in the chapel. The mercies of God, in bringing me thus far, are great." The class was licensed in the evening. "23. — A letter just received from my uncle at Yarmouth, announces the death of my grandfather. It seems to have been a kind direction of Providence, that my mother and myself should have met with him so recently."

Under the last date, he wrote his mother: —

"The affecting intelligence of your father's decease, has just reached me. You, doubtless, have received the particulars. My thoughts at once revert to our pleasant interviews with him a short time since; especially to the prayer he offered on the morning of our departure, and to his words of consolation addressed to us. God was very kind in permitting you to see your aged parent once more, while he stood on the borders of Canaan. All earthly things are now over with him; and how blessed, *how blessed*, as we have reason to hope. You may have dropped a few tears; I trust they have been only a few, and those of resignation. The good man came to his grave 'in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season.' What an event your last announces! Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Sears both dead! They have been cut off in the meridian of life. Remember me to the poor orphans, and may God bless them."

Journal. "Jan. 1, 1829. — In reviewing the past year, I have mercies to recount, and sins to lament. 19. — My principal works thus far this term, have been translating 'Conversations-Lexicon,' for Dr. Lieber; writing an address for the Thursday exercise; preparing a dissertation on the eloquence of Augustine; composing sermons, etc. 25. — Have meditated more than usual to-day upon the subject of religion. Read the tract, 'Pres. Edwards' Conversion,' and heard three sermons from Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of New York. His preaching has during the whole day chained my attention. I have drank in divine truth.

"I have a right eye and a right hand which offend, and am confounded when I think how little of the Christian I exhibit. Had I a person before me, whose characteristics should appear as mine do, I should not hesitate much to pronounce him an enemy of God. 27. — Spent most of the evening in conversing with a few select friends on the subject of missions. The question proposed was: Are you ready to go, or how do you stand in relation to the matter? I confessed that I was met at the threshold by an alarming difficulty, namely, a doubt whether I am a Christian. I wish, I really wish I were willing. Besides the hinderance already stated, my mother's family needs my assistance; and furthermore, such is the nervousness of my temperament, that I do not believe I could be a good missionary. Indeed, a friend has told me so, and advised me to give up all ideas of entering a foreign field.

" Feb. 8. — Shall I go to the Lord's table this day, or shall I not? I am sensible that 'there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved;' I know that it is my duty to celebrate the love of Christ. I cannot escape from the obligation to do it; yet I am bound to commemorate it as a *Christian.* God's vows are upon me, and I must not decline the observance."

"February 26, 1829.

" AFFECTIONATE PARENT: — Should my letter seem hypochondriacal, permit me to say, that for a fortnight past we have experienced a continual series of storms. Much have I thought of you, during this inclement season; much would it gratify me could I be assured that you are comfortable.

" We have just buried the wife of Mr. Adams, the preceptor of the Academy here. She was a Christian, and has left a large circle of friends, who feel her death most deeply. Two of the students are now in mourning for elder brothers; three for sisters; one for a father and a sister; and one for a mother. Religion is here at rather a low ebb, though general prosperity prevails in the seminary. The nearness of the time when some of us are to enter upon the public duties of life, renders the present specially interesting to us. We begin to look about, to see where we are, and with what armor we are girded. We also ask ourselves, whether we can drink of the cup of which Christ drank. This moment two missionaries are needed for China. Who will go to the heathen, has been often proposed as a question for discussion in our social circles. Perhaps you wish to know what answer I return to it, and I will frankly state the reply I made on one occasion: *I fear I am destitute of true piety.* Here let me observe, it is not to pain you that I thus write. Did I not suppose the effect will be to drive you to the mercy-seat, I would not develop my feelings to you. I am quite confident that I had no religion when a member of college, and none till I had been at this seminary for some time. Hitherto I have studied only from selfish motives. I do not mean to say that I have knowingly acted the part of a hypocrite; but that I have been deceived. If you should drop a tear while reading these statements, let it fall at the mercy-seat."

Journal. "March 25, 1829. — Received a reproof from one student for having spoken severely of another. Viper after viper crawls out of my heart, and yet hundreds remain. 29.—I preached my first sermon from Eph. ii. 8, 'For by grace are ye saved,' etc.

"April 11.—I was the other day almost overwhelmed on reading one of my mother's letters to me, dated April 5, 1823, in which she expressed alarm lest I was atheistical in sentiment. *I was so.* By degrees, however, light broke in upon me; scepticism departed; the truth, *there is a God*, became deeply impressed on my mind. I believe my mother's prayers saved me. 12.—Commenced this day with warm feeling, which seemed to augur well. After my morning duties, however, I fell into a cold and languid frame—felt sleepy in the house of God. 25.—Agreed to supply the Second Society in Beverly, during vacation, provided I can exchange twice, and reside at the seminary."

To a brother, April 26, 1829.

"Dear Brother T.:—I received a letter from Mr. Grout a short time since, and soon after one from yourself. I am highly gratified to learn that you have, during the winter past, made commendable improvement, and I would express my sympathy for you, that the way is not prepared for aiding you in your studies. Were you a Christian, there would be no obstacle; but it were better to live in ignorance forever, than to play the hypocrite for the sake of obtaining knowledge. It would be imitating Simon Magus. I rejoice at your courage, and firmly believe, that if your life and health shall be spared, you will succeed. I have come to no determination myself as to the future. I am wanted for a foreign country, but I confess that I feel no little anxiety in behalf of my mother. Things certainly look dark for her. I know not how to consent that we all should leave her. I feel as if the voice of God and man forbids it. Upon whom ought the lot to fall to stay with her? Do not forget, my dear brother, that in the midst of life you are near death, and that if you die without an interest in Christ, you are forever miserable."

"April 28, 1829.

"DEAR PARENT:—By Mr. White I send you my profile, two pocket Bibles, an old Greek testament, and two other little books, having the names within of those for whom they are designed. You are at liberty, if you see fit, to deviate from my designations. I wish I had other presents, and some money for yourself; but you know my situation. The coming vacation I think to spend in this place, but shall supply a pulpit sixteen miles distant. To-day I am going to the Presbytery, twelve miles from here, to be examined for license. Does the candle of the Lord shine upon my brothers and sisters? upon yourself? Please thank Mr. Grout in my behalf for his letter.

Journal. "May 31, 1829.—Bradford. Visited this morning the residence of Mrs. Atwood, the mother of Harriet Newell. My feelings were indescribable. My soul was filled with a fervent glow. Here Harriet, the dear missionary, was born; here her letters were written; over this place her thoughts were often hovering, when she was far away. Such is the sacredness of my feelings, that did time permit, I would spread them out on several sheets."

Under an early date in June, he observes: "I had an offer some time last term, made by Dr. Woods, of a tutorship in Lexington College, with the prospect of ultimately becoming a professor. To this invitation I gave a negative answer; the salary offered was too small."

"June 28, 1829.

"Dear Parent: — During the past week, I have witnessed much suited to rejoice the Christian's heart. The General Association of Massachusetts met in this place. It was intensely interesting to see distinguished men, from nearly all parts of the country, engaged with perfect harmony in the most exalted work; especially to see the venerable ministers and others, from time to time, wiping away their tears. I enjoyed some animated reflections on the glory of Christ's kingdom. The cause of Immanuel advances; his enemies must submit, or be clothed with eternal shame. One afternoon, the Lord's Supper was administered, when eight hundred sat at his table. Many spectators bent over the galleries. I should delight to have you present at some of our excellent meetings. Did my purse allow me to send you a weekly letter, I would furnish you with entertaining details of them. In what part of the Lord's vineyard it will be my lot to labor, I do not know. Considerations respecting yourself and T. perplex me. I am exceedingly anxious that he should obtain an education. Of late I have been disposed to inquire, whether I ought not to leave you all. Yet

I do not see how you could succeed without my assistance. I am afraid you get along at best but poorly. I have only a little money, yet I must send you one dollar, with which to pay the postage on this letter, and to buy you a little tea."

As the law then was, it required *one eighth* of this dollar to defray its own passage in a letter, or *one fourth* of it for the letter and itself. Those verily were days of severe taxation. Kinder to the poor student are our recent governmental enactments.

Extracts from a letter to his sister Martha,[*] July 5, 1829.

"DEAR SISTER: — You express fears that I have forgotten you. They are groundless. I think much of you, and sometimes drop a tear for you at the throne of grace. Perhaps you deem your lot in life hard. Consider the wretched condition of thousands in other lands; for instance, in Greece. To that country, some of my class mates are soon going.

"We cannot control the world. It will be wrong in some respects. Acting conscientiously, we may be happy, in spite of its turmoils. It is particularly desirable that females should be cheerful. Men, on retreating from the active scenes of life, wish to find consolations in the domestic circle. I know of no better example of kindness and contentment than your own mother. I have seen her placid and firm in the most trying moments. Our father was greatly dependent on her for his happiness. It is with admiration that I think of her, as she used to be in the family circle. Dear sister, in all your ways acknowledge God, and he shall direct you. With the divine guidance, you need not fear, though called to walk through the vale of death. You will gratify me by writing immediately."

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[*] Now the wife of deacon F. Hamlin, Plainfield, Massachusetts.

Journal. "Sept. 15, 1829. — Have thought some of spending the next year here, in translating. 20. — Attended meeting in the chapel for the last time as a member of the seminary. Had a most precious meeting with a few friends, immediately after the services. The moments were solemn and instructive. How can I part with these friends?"

The anniversary in the seminary occurred Sept. 23: the afternoon of that day he says: "Have been carried through the exercises of the day, though really I was too sick to be about. Wish it were possible to stereotype each moment of the passing scene, that I might in future meditate upon it. Enjoyed an interview with a former tutor at Ashfield; walked with him, and conversed about the goodness of God. The very sight of him brought to my mind thoughts of the overwelming goodness of God. 24. — Went to Boston to see a number of my brethren ordained. On the way thither, the scenes of the Anniversary burst upon my mind with melting power. The ordination exercises were very impressive."

CHAPTER VI.

CALLS TO SETTLE DECLINED — LITERARY PURSUITS FROM 1830 TO 1834.

At the close of the last chapter we saw Mr. Taylor a graduate of the seminary at Andover. Immediately on completing his theological course he was invited to preach as a *candidate* in Topsfield, Massachusetts. He declined being considered in that light, though he consented to supply the pulpit several Sabbaths. A few items are selected from his journal.

"Oct. 3, 1829. — I have had an invitation to preach as a candidate in G., Connecticut, but declined it. What course the Lord has marked out for me, I know not. 4. — Much interested in reading the Memoirs of Brainerd. 5. — Impressed with what Thomas-à-Kempis says, of the necessity of bearing the cross. Full of unsubdued pride.

"Nov. 10. — This morning commenced the critical study of Hebrew, and the translation of Schmid's Anleitung, though perhaps the Lord intends I shall not proceed far with either. I seem to stand alone in the world, and yet I fear my whole soul is upon it. Others are prospered in their plans, but I am often disappointed. I know that soon it will matter not who has possessed brilliant talents, and who has not. The great point will be, whether we have been consecrated to God. Let me pray for a clean heart, and a right spirit, and remember my utter incompetence to comply with the divine will, except as assisted from heaven. 16.—Just received a call from Topsfield to settle there in the ministry."

What were the feelings of the people who had invited him to become their religious teacher, may be learned from extracts of letters written to him urging his acceptance of the call. One member of the parish wrote thus: "Let me beg of you not to suffer your mind to lean towards a negative. If doubts and difficulties arise before you, pray let us have an opportunity to make every exertion in our power to remove them." Another member assured him that the *youth* were deeply interested in him; that the young men of the society, with a single exception, had voted for him: "Give us not a negative answer, if you have any feeling for our present situation." Clergymen in the vicinity urged him to accept the call, presenting, among other considerations, the fact that the young men were enlisted in his favor.

Elected to the sacred office of pastor, by an affectionate people, Mr. T. desired time to deliberate, and addressed a note to a committee of the church, requesting permission to delay his decision until after a visit to his mother. He had not seen her for more than two years; besides, it was his desire to consult her and other judicious friends respecting his present duty. During his absence, he preached in the sanctuary where he had worshipped in childhood, and the people were enthusiastic in their expressions of interest in his pulpit performances. He likewise delivered several discourses in Ashfield, where the Lord was copiously pouring out the Holy Spirit. Everywhere the impression which he made seemed good and deep.

On returning to Andover, he found another letter from Topsfield, beseeching him, if inclined to a negative, to allow the church committee to meet him, and plead their cause before him. Still he felt constrained to forward them the ensuing letter: —

"Andover, Dec. 18, 1829.

"BRETHREN AND FRIENDS: — It is now more than four weeks since I received your call. During this time, I have had the subject under prayerful consideration, and have endeavored to consult the leadings of Providence. Had I listened only to the sympathy which I feel in your behalf, the question would have been decided ere this in the affirmative. You will recollect that from the first I declined being considered a candidate. Let me now add, that I have long contemplated becoming a foreign missionary, should a door be opened. Though as yet all difficulties are not removed, and family circumstances may ultimately hedge up my way, I feel it to be my duty at present to refrain from any obligations which would prove a barrier to my going abroad. Judicious friends coincide with me in this view of the case. These reasons make it necessary for me to decline accepting your kind call. Let me assure you that it is with pain I am constrained, under a sense of duty, to send you this reply. I am not insensible to the trials of your peculiar situation, and hope that in his own good time, God will send you a pastor after his own heart. With earnest prayers for your temporal and spiritual welfare, I remain yours in the Lord."

Alluding to this subject in his journal, he observes: "I feel the necessity of doing all to the glory of God, and of keeping in view the day of judgment, when the motives by which I am now governed will be put to an infallible test.

"Jan. 1, 1830. — Where shall I be next year at this time, was a thought which weighed upon me a year ago. I find myself still at Andover, pursuing beloved studies. I have much to lament, and much to remember with gratitude. 25. — Lately received an application to become a missionary to the Jews." Generally on the Sabbath he preached somewhere in the vicinity of A. About this time, he complained of a peculiar feeling in his head, which he supposed arose from mental excitement, and respecting which he had some fears.

To his mother, Feb. 22, 1830.

"Dear Parent: — It is more than a week since I received your intensely interesting letter, and I designed answering it before; but preaching and studying have kept me constantly employed, and even now I am absolutely obliged to break away from other engagements. It is gratifying to hear that your little room is finished, and that it makes you so comfortable. I have imagined to myself how it looks, and taken my seat in it, by your side. I hardly know why it is, but I find that my family attachments increase upon me. With you I have passed through more sorrows, than has any other member of the family. On this account, my affection for you may be more ardent than that of any other one of your children. Here let me say, that the fidelity of my brothers and sisters to you, affects me so much as to cause me to weep like a child. It seems to me a pledge of their future prosperity; for there is a divine promise attached to this kind of filial devotedness. Recollect, mother, that the longest interval sufferable between the periods of my receiving letters from you, is four weeks."

Items. *The agency of evil spirits.* "The history of the world in past ages seems to be the history of the transactions of demons incarnate. How necessary, then, for a people to have sanctified rulers, or if none but the unsanctified must hold the reins of government, how vastly important that the people themselves should prevail, by their prayers with God, to cause the sins of their rulers to subserve his own glory." — "Satan is engaged in efforts for the destruction of each one of the human family. Add to this fact the consideration that all hearts are by nature inclined to evil, then you have the view of man's moral condition which is furnished us in the Scriptures, and it certainly requires us to ascribe all the glory of salvation to God. The sinner is, indeed, a free agent; but God is the only being able, as well as willing and desirous, of presenting the sinner with sufficient motives to holiness; the only being who does present them."

The following is extracted from two letters to his mother, written, one in March, the other in April, 1830.

"I am sorry to hear that the people in —— talk of inviting me to preach for them as a candidate. It will be utterly impossible for me to comply with such an invitation. I have declined remaining at —— because I do not yet feel prepared to become a pastor. Moreover, I am pledged to the missionary cause. Whatever shall become of me in the end, I must continue here at present, poring over Greek, Latin, German, Astronomy, etc., in addition to preaching on the Sabbath. I am so enthusiastically fond of study that the very thought of leaving it pierces my soul. I have lately been perusing your manuscript statements of yourself and my father, which I requested of you, and wish to propose various questions relating to points which you have not fully exhibited. You will of course be guided by your own judgment in regard to the answers. I am anxious to know the particulars of the lives of my parents. I think it an honorable curiosity. Soon, however, or not at all, must it be gratified. Our family friends one after another die, and their knowledge of such facts goes with them. To your inquiry when I shall leave A., I can at present furnish no definite reply. I seem to be fit for nothing but to be thrown away. My heart is not right. I have sometimes had a glance at it; and it has appeared to be a nest of vipers. You must pray for me, or I shall be lost."

How to keep the Sabbath and fast-days. Written April, 1830.

"It has struck me that the reason why Sabbaths and fast-days turn to so little account, and that it is so hard to spend them with interest or profit to ourselves, is because we adopt no system in our religious exercises. Some suggestions respecting a system in the observance of the Sabbath readily occur.

"We should thank God for bringing us to the light of another Lord's day, and ask for his divine assistance that we may be enabled to spend it to his glory. Having done this, we should read the Bible and pray over it, examining our hearts at the same time, with reference to the past week; its present state and the duties before us. We should also pray for permission to enter God's house and for help to worship him acceptably. On returning from the sanctuary we should inquire of ourselves how we have heard; review the sermon and apply it to our own case." This he would have done at the close of morning and afternoon services, and in the evening the whole day's public exercises reviewed; also the frame of mind with which they have been attended carefully scrutinized. "Prepare for the week," he says, "by forming new resolutions, asking God's assistance, etc. Close with prayer."

In the latter part of 1829, Mr. T. corresponded with Prof. Fiske, of Amherst College, respecting the translation of a German treatise on the "History of the Pulpit." Prof. F. had begun the work, but was providentially prevented from going on with it. In a letter to Mr. T. he says: —

"If you have leisure, immediately proceed with the work. I should advise you to undertake it, and nothing which I have done or contemplated, need be any hinderance. It should be accompanied with notes and some important additions pertaining to the English and American pulpits. I wish you much success in the enterprise. Probably the work under your own hands, will assume a shape more satisfactory than it can in any other way."

In regard to this work on the Pulpit, Dr. Murdock wrote to Mr. T., that himself and other gentlemen in New Haven would favor it, and suggested to him certain advantages which a residence in that city would furnish him, beyond any other place, while he might be translating and preparing it.

Journal. "May 1, 1830.—Ill health has occasioned the loss of some precious time. Pained at hearing the result in Congress of the Indian question." 5.—He completed the translation of the German work previously mentioned. "28.—Mr. —— reproved me for staying at Andover so long. I was bound to receive it kindly from him, inasmuch as I owe him a debt of gratitude and of money.

"July 3.—Lost more than half of the past week by feeble health. Religion ebbs at my heart; when will it flow? 15.—Went to Boston to settle the matter of copyright in regard to Reinhard, a work which I am now translating. Attended some of the exercises of the Theological School, Cambridge. 19.—Last Saturday entered into an agreement with Mr. Woodbridge, author of the Geography, to spend three months in translating for him. I am to remove to Hartford, Connecticut, in a few days, for the purpose. 27. — Was called to Boston last Wednesday, to translate for Mr. W.; was engaged for him until Saturday. While on my way to B., I enjoyed a pleasant view of Christ — he looked lovely, and I desired to be engaged in his service. 30. — Arrived at Hartford to-day; fear I shall never be able to perform my duties; wish to cast myself upon Jesus, my only substantial friend."

While in H., on one Sabbath he attended in the morning an Orthodox meeting; a Roman Catholic in the afternoon; and the Universalist in the evening. He deliberated much before entering the two last, but thought himself justified in once going to each. "Thus have I in the course of a single Sabbath, heard the Saviour preach once, and the devil twice. How plainly it appears to me, that Satan has his emissaries, who are trying in all possible ways to destroy the gospel. How unsatisfactory to my mind is every thing in religion, which does not influence a man to seek forgiveness through Christ, and trust in him for all needful aid." During his residence in H., Mr. T. enjoyed the society of several distinguished persons, whose friendship he highly prized. With one of them he afterwards corresponded, but I have been unable to recover any copy of the letters written to that friend. He also preached a number of times in that city. A few incidents of his residence there, in addition to the above, may not be unworthy of a place in these pages.

"Sept. 22, 1830. — Was present at a delightful meeting of Sabbath school teachers connected with the Central church. 26. — Have been at two gatherings of good religious people, during the past week; attended also a meeting of singers. Visited at Weathersfield the State prison. On the whole, the week has been exceedingly agreeable to me." A little later, having seen an Indian chief of the Seneca tribe, one of a company of *actors* in the city, he observes, "His countenance is a noble one. But he lay on his couch in the house of a colored man, and was so distressed as to pay no attention to me, till I intimated to the family that he was a friend of mine, from the fact of his having served under Washington, and that they must take good care of him. His face then brightened, and he began to speak in Indian, being unacquainted with English. He shook hands with me in a friendly manner, when I parted with him. — I frequently walk with Mr. Gallaudet in the morning. Our interviews are generally quite interesting. The one to-day was intensely so. He told me about the Moorish prince, for whom he had exerted himself, and whose history he has at perfect command.

"Oct. 8. — The Indian chief is dead and buried. Probably he died in a few hours after I saw him. Poor man! he was almost alone and friendless. I offered up a prayer for him, but with a singular feeling. I know not that he had ever heard of a Saviour. I lament that I did not speak to him of Jesus when I saw him, as that was my only opportunity. His death was occasioned, I think, by a cold, caught in consequence of exposure to the evening air, immediately after having *danced* excessively to please an audience. His guide has certainly neglected him. He was eighty-five years of age. 10. — Preached at Rocky Hill, for Dr. Chapin. Mrs. C.

is daughter of the younger Edwards. She has in her possession her father's portrait, which indicates a very fine countenance; eyes rather dark, black hair, and a bold forehead. 25. — Preached yesterday in Glastenbury, for Bro. Riddel. Saw Rev. Dr. Austin. This morning enjoyed a most interesting call from Rev. Dr. Hawes. We walked together.

"Nov. 4. — The Lord is exceedingly kind to me. I have just received a letter from my mother, in which she informs me that my eldest brother, at school in Bennington, Vermont, has become hopefully pious. How much reason have I to praise God! I always find that he is far better to me than my fears. 6. — A most pleasant visit with Dr. H. at his own house, in the evening. He gave me an affecting account of the straitened condition of the American Education Society. I tremble for our benevolent institutions — but God reigns."

Extracts from a letter addressed to a friend, and written while Mr. T. was residing in H.

"The delicacy you speak of with respect to conversing upon one's own religious feelings, is not without cause. That Christian intercourse is sweet, especially with those who have been long in the service of Christ, I am deeply sensible. It appears to me, however, that there is something in the nature of Christian feelings which shrinks from exposure. In the first place, it is difficult to embody them. In the second, our desire to appear well in the eyes of others, tempts us to put on a false coloring. Dr. Payson has some remarks on this subject very much to the point. Upon the whole, however, I would say that some of the best Christians have found great benefit from ascertaining the feelings of others. Bunyan was almost in despair until he learned from Martin Luther's Commentary that the latter had passed through the same trials, and that they were common to all the pious. Hence he makes Christian and Hopeful converse about their respective states when they began to be drowsy. I can say, too, that I have myself found it exceedingly instructive to converse with experienced disciples of Jesus. Its tendency has been to quicken me in the divine life."

To his mother he wrote from Hartford, Aug. 18, 1830.

"Dear Parent:—I doubt not that you often think of me on this my birthday. It had not occurred to me as being such, till the act of dating this letter brought the fact to mind. I am not sure but I err in this negligence. One's birthday might well be spent in fasting on account of sins—of misimprovement of opportunities for usefulness. It might also with propriety be spent in thanksgiving, for it is no slight favor to be made acquainted with even so small a portion of the Creator's dominions as comes under our present observation; then what prospects lie before us, of penetrating further and further into his glories! I feel somewhat poetical to-day; but I have no time in which to indulge such an inclination. I never was a great favorite of the *Muses*, though they have sometimes visited me. But having neglected them very much of late, I am afraid they will return to me no more. Nothing would tempt me to part with them. Translating from the German, is not favorable to the cultivation of poetry. I have been here nearly three weeks, without finding an inch of time to devote to you, till to-day, when I seized it by stealth. This afternoon I move into the house of Mr. Gallaudet, near the Asylum. I shall sometimes find myself embarrassed, as Mrs. G. and most of the household are deaf and dumb. I shall experience, however, one advantage in my new situation. Though fifty or sixty of the lads may be playing together under my windows, it will occasion me little or no disturbance. I sometimes almost think that it would be better if more of mankind were unable to speak. — When I commenced writing, I expected to send you only a few lines; but I have filled my sheet. It is, indeed, somewhat of a curious letter, but if you are in health it may amuse you."

Journal. "Sept. 11. — Gave up most of this week to attending Commencement at New Haven. When I drew near the city it seemed to resemble a forest more than an inhabited town. When once in it, however, I felt that it had not been commended without reason. The first meeting which I attended after my arrival was a Convention of Teachers. From this I gathered that things in Connecticut are at a low ebb as regards education. Still there are choice exceptions. The Commencement was of a high order. Made myself acquainted with Prof. Silliman in his lecture room; was introduced to Dr. Taylor, Prof. Goodrich, etc. I gathered materials for a critique upon all which I saw and heard, but at this late hour have not time to finish what I have attempted."

To his mother he wrote again from H. Nov. 12.

"Dear Mother: — Your last was a charming letter, and as soon as I received it, I sat down and wrote to Sarah that she might be partaker of my joy. It brought cheering intelligence in regard to several members of our family. T. has become hopefully a follower of Jesus. I trust he is a Christian in very deed. On reading your letter I could not help weeping at the goodness of God toward us, in giving us as a family such reasons to rejoice on various accounts. I have almost experienced the happiness of a parent in hearing of the good deportment of my brothers and sisters. My sensations of delight are beyond description. But I begin to tremble for you in my very heart. Cold winter is at hand with all its blustering train, and you perhaps have not what is needful to meet it. I fear you did not do enough in repairing your house. I wish you to remember that nothing for which I am responsible is to be half done.

"I have thought of late that there ought to be a gravestone with a suitable inscription in memory of my father. I am not now able to pay for one, but it has occurred to me that we as a family might make a kind of charity-box in which to deposit little sums for this object, and thus in the course of a few years the design might be accomplished.

"You perceive I have spent here some weeks more than I anticipated. To-morrow, God willing, I leave for Andover. With regret I bid adieu to many dear friends. I have translated two works for Mr. W. and have entered into a favorable compact with some New York publishers in regard to a German work, which I am to commence translating on my return to A." He did not, however, return to Andover till the first of December.

Journal. "Andover, Dec. 24.—A heart-cheering letter from my mother. Have reason to thank God that he furnished me with five dollars to send her last week, for she was in want of it. She speaks of T. as a Christian; bless the Lord, O my soul. 30. —Much interested in examining some of Pres. Edwards' manuscripts and the pocket-book in which he used to note every particular. I have thus obtained a better idea of the man, than I could by reading about him for ages. Mrs. Farrar has a silver bowl in which he used to take his supper of chocolate. It will hold half a pint, and has his name, birth, and death engraved upon it. I also learned that it was his custom when riding out, to pin a piece of paper on his sleeve whenever a new thought occurred to him, that he might thus retain or recall it by means of association. The handwriting of President E. was excellent; I am promised a specimen of it.

"Jan. 2, 1831.—Another year gone. Have made but little progress any way; I fear none in holiness. What have I accomplished in the cause of Christ? My conscience is not yet at rest. Very much I can see for which to be grateful. Among God's special favors I would name the hopeful conversion of my oldest brother who is now teaching in Vermont."

To his brother T., Jan. 2, 1831.

"DEAR BROTHER:—Mother has informed me that you entertain the hope that you are a Christian. No news could be more gratifying to me than this; but acquainted as I am, to some degree, with the deceitfulness of the human heart, and certain that thousands go down to hell with a lie in their right hand, I must rejoice with trembling. Angels may have struck their harps anew, and filled heaven with hosannas at the conversion of your soul. Yet I am not without fears. I seem to see your face towards Zion, the heavenly city being in view, while angels and men, and devils too, have their eyes fixed upon you, some to assist you onward, and some eager to devour you. Bear in mind that in this great race you may fail. You may arrive at the very gate of heaven and walk under its battlements, and then be thrust down to hell. Let your heart and soul be devoted to the glory of God. Look only at his approbation; inquire at every step what he will have you to do, and do it. It is impossible to follow Christ, without denying yourself and taking up your cross. If he command you to be a farmer, be one. If he direct you to prepare to preach the gospel, do so with all your might, for the sake of immortal souls, and with a perfect readiness to go wherever he shall send you. You will not, however, find it very *easy* to become entirely absorbed in promoting the kingdom of the Redeemer. Nothing but his Spirit will ever bring you to such a high attainment. For this, you must pray, and pray, and pray without ceasing. At the very outset form habits of secret prayer and of reading the word of God. Your progress in the divine life will be in proportion to your faithfulness in these particulars. You should be specially careful to spend the Sabbath in holy exercises. Furthermore, you will be much assisted by a careful perusal of such memoirs as that of Payson, Brainerd, Martyn, Fisk, etc. I am in haste, but write to let you know that my heart and prayers are with you, and that I both tremble and rejoice on your account."

A striking characteristic of Mr. Taylor's mind was a desire to be a *universal* scholar. A few extracts are here classed together as illustrative of it. They are inserted without any regard to chronological order.

"I need some work on Comparative Anatomy, as I am more and more convinced that next to the Bible a minister of the gospel should study the works of nature." Having noticed one summer day a *musquito* of unusual form, he says, "I wish I had a complete natural history of this insect."

"I am beginning to review my study of Botany. First, I ascertain the names of plants, and then their medicinal properties, if they have any. We ought to have a treatise on Botany which shall combine their *names*, *history*, and *medicinal* properties."

When seemingly buried up in antiquarian researches we hear him resolving to purchase a good work on *gardening*, though he was not the tiller of a foot of soil.

During the period embraced in the present chapter (not to exclude other periods) Mr. T. read *immensely;* and generally he recorded his opinion of the works read, whether they were large or small, literary or scientific, in the English or some other language. He *imported* many books, some of them at great expense, and was at times annoyed by *borrowers.* With reference to this class of persons he remarks: "I think myself justified in being very careful in regard to lending books, except to those who will use them to the best purpose, and for the following reasons: They cost a great deal and I am poor. Many of them are very valuable and difficult to be obtained. They may last for generations if used as they ought to be. I owe for numbers of them, and I am paying interest. I always wish for my books by me, and am often troubled for the want of them when they are lent."

Journal. "Jan. 13, 1831.—I get along slowly with translating. Have fears about my soul and the path of duty. 16.—Wish I could be swallowed up in the glory of God: nothing else is worth living for; life is a bubble. 26.—Happy in receiving a letter from my brother T.; the first since he became, as he hopes, a Christian."

To his brother T., Jan. 31.

"Dear Brother:—Your letter of the 22d inst. was duly received. I rejoice to hear you express yourself so much like a Christian, and yet a fear that you may be deceived damps my spirits when I remember you at a throne of grace. I must still warn you against deception, and exhort you, if a Christian, to aim at a high standard of piety, for as you begin, so in all probability will you continue. Take not believers around you but the word of God for your guide. Religion should live in you, and rule over you. You speak of persevering in obtaining an education, with a view to the gospel ministry, asking my advice and direction. I must first inquire whether you have counted the cost, and considered what it is to be a minister? Perhaps the sacred office looks honorable to you in a worldly aspect, and therefore you wish to press into it, to obtain worldly honors. 'I fear,' said Professor W. to me some time since, 'that many young men become apparently pious on purpose to get an education.' Hence, I must beg you to consider well whether you have given yourself up to Jesus Christ, body and soul, for time and eternity. Furthermore, I must ask you to examine whether he calls you to become a minister of the gospel. Satisfy me, — nay, satisfy yourself on these points; satisfy your Maker — and I shall be ready to advise you."

Feb. 9. — Referring to the severe attacks of illness to which a literary friend was subject, Mr. T. says: "They affect me exceedingly and divest life of its charms. He has entered upon a wide sphere of usefulness and now to all appearance his labors are nearly at an end. May God sanctify these occurrences to me and lead me to live wholly to his glory. 25. — A letter from my mother brings the joyful intelligence that my youngest brother has become hopefully pious, at the age of twelve years. Preached in Methuen yesterday; feel that I have not enough of the meekness of Christ to be a minister."

To his mother, Feb. 26, 1831.

"DEAR MOTHER: — Your letter was so full of good news that my thoughts have had no respite since I read it, and can have none till I give vent to them in a letter to you. So much, however, is there that I wish to say, and so little time in which to say it, I must rush *in medias res*, into the midst of things. So overjoyed was I to hear that brother Jeremiah had become hopefully a child of God, I could for awhile think of nothing else. Dear mother, notwithstanding our poverty, the candle of the Lord shines on our heads; but we must not suffer ourselves to be elated, for should we, our joy might be soon exchanged for sorrow. Do not suppose that I inquire into your affairs, as if I were distrustful of your economy. I have the utmost confidence in you in that respect. My simple object is, to know how to calculate in sending you money."

A detached thought, March 13.

"I have always looked with contempt upon the practice of which so many are guilty, in praising excessively their fellow-creatures. 'This man has a wonderful mind;' 'That person has an overwhelming imagination; 'O that I had *his* talents.' I have never been guilty of *this* folly. I do, indeed, occasionally discover men who far surpass their fellows in natural powers and who have made great attainments. Such men are valuable. Their company is to be sought; they give a kind of inspiration to every thing around them. Men in general, however, are much alike; if they differ, their want of similarity is in a great measure the result of different degrees of effort. It may be taken as a general rule that those who praise others extravagantly, have themselves no discriminating powers, by which to learn *what* men really are."

To his brother T., March 20, 1831.

"DEAR BROTHER: — You may have thought some parts of my last letter were too severe, but I presume my motives were duly appreciated. The subject on which I dwelt is one of great importance, and to whom can I express my feelings without reserve, if not to a brother? There is another consideration to be taken into the account. If you obtain an education it must be through the assistance of the American Education Society. Recollect, that in such a case you are about to avail yourself of the charities of the church.

"I behold you, then, enlisted in the cause of Christ, and resolved to fight under his banner. God speed you, my brother, and may we meet together amid transports of celestial friendship in that world where the Lord God is the light of his people."

Items. "*Dyspepsia.* — I have myself been entirely free from this disease until very lately, when it has attacked me with considerable violence. I am inclined to think that it was induced in part by my living among dyspeptics."

"I seldom arise from reading a system of Nosology without trembling for the body, so numerous are the maladies to which it is constantly exposed. There are, however, several sources of consolation. One man cannot possibly have them all. The most of them are caused by irregularity and intemperance; and consequently will be shunned by a temperate and good man. Nearly all of them can be so alleviated by medicine as to be made tolerable, or be entirely cured. Religion, if enough of it be possessed, can prepare one to bear with perfect resignation, every affliction."

Journal. "April 5, 1831. — Finished translating the main part of Reinhard. 26. — Preached in Nashua, and had some strength to pray that I may be wholly absorbed in the glory of God. Am preparing to publish my translation of Reinhard; expect to send the first sheet to press next week.

"July 4. — Am going on with the publication of my work. Was asked the other day if I would consider a call, should I have one, to go to Bangor, Maine, as a teacher. Was invited at the same time to go there and instruct in Hebrew till autumn.

"Aug. 18. — I am thirty years of age; the period of life at which Christ entered upon his ministry; perhaps I should enter at once upon the sacred office. I have some serious doubts as to what course I ought to take. Shall I be a missionary? How unfit for any thing!"

Under the date of Sept. 11, he speaks of an urgent request to preach in his native town, as the venerable pastor of the church there was in need of some assistance. Near the close of the month his translation of Reinhard's "Plan of the Founder of Christianity," was issued from the press. Of the future he remarks: "Am in a quandary about plans."

Journal. "Sept. 17. — I am about to part with one of the dearest friends I have on earth, Rev. W. S. Schauffler. He soon embarks for Paris, on his way as missionary to the Jews. Feel almost as if I should follow him in a few months.

"Nov. 5. — Bade farewell to Bro. Emerson and wife, who are bound to the Sandwich Islands. 18. — Have seldom suffered more mental agony than I did last night. I know that all is right and yet when my fondest earthly hopes are blighted, and every prospect of success in life is cut off, the mind is distracted and the heart bleeds. They can find relief only by seeking to entwine themselves around with a Saviour's love. I could state my grievances and enlarge upon them, but in truth I half suspect that they in part originate in myself."

To his brother T., Am. College. Autumn, 1831.

"It is of the highest importance that you should commence well in all your college duties, but attend, in the first place, to your soul. See that you are constantly growing in grace. On no account neglect your closet. Do not think, however, that the welfare of the soul requires you to be out night after night at religious meetings; one in a week ordinarily is sufficient. Neither listen to the voice of inexperience, which is constantly speaking against the course of study marked out by wise men. Henry

Martyn and Buchanan were the first in scholarship in their respective classes, and yet the most useful of their age as ministers and missionaries. Attend faithfully to your college studies, and endeavor to perfect yourself in them. I hope you will be able so to manage as to avoid being absent from college in term time."

To his brother Rufus, Oct., 1831.

"DEAR R. — I had heard of your indulging a hope that you are a Christian, and I rejoice to hear you announce the same in your letter. Your only safety consists in living near the throne of grace. Recollect that your all must be deposited at the foot of the cross. Aim to be as perfect as is your Father in heaven, though assured that such an exalted attainment awaits you only beyond the grave. My advice is that you set apart one day or more for private prayer and fasting before you commence studies preparatory for the ministry, as you have intimated a desire to enter that sphere of usefulness. If you are called to minister at the altar, you will be carried through the preliminary toils. Woe to those who attempt to preach without a divine summons."

To the same a little later.

"DEAR R.: — It has long been a settled point with me never to attempt to control my brothers in their choice of pursuits for life. That I have a preference for them in the matter you will not doubt. But all that I presume to do, is so to reason with them as to assist them in seeing the path of duty. I am frequently doubtful as to what my own course should be, and sometimes go again and again to the throne of grace for instruction, and after all come away with a trembling anxiety lest I may decide wrongly; yet I perhaps meet a person the next moment who tells me with perfect confidence *I ought to do so and so*, as if he were fully competent to decide for me. You must ask yourself as in the fear of God, what your duty is, and having ascertained it, proceed resolutely to its performance. If, then, you meet with difficulties, hesitate not, but let them only add to your diligence. Say to yourself I can see the path of duty, and therefore am confident God will help me surmount every obstacle."

Near the last date he makes this record in his journal: "I have no patrons — never had any — am obliged to push my way everywhere, and yet have no disposition to crowd myself anywhere. There is a course full of glory, and I must bend all the powers of my soul in that direction — must be self-denying and resigned to the will of God."

To a brother, Jan. 1, 1832.

"DEAR T.: — I requested you to write me often for two reasons. I desire to know every thing about you for my own sake; and I also wish you to form the habit of writing letters, giving descriptions of the objects around you, and of the exercises in which you are engaged, in appropriate and familiar language. Besides, I must add that I love to write to you. I wish you to tell me every thing about your situation, — as if you were going to write a history for publication — of your room, studies, associates, officers, and all. In doing so, I desire you to be what I call *nice*, but not to use college hours for the purpose. To acquire a good style, you must read suitable books. The best epistolary style, and perhaps the best letters that we have in the English language, are Cowper's; Gray's are elegant, yet too highly wrought. Byron's are excellent of the kind, but unsafe on account of the character of the writer, and various immoral expressions. To these you may add the Spectator of Addison.

" In my last you recollect that I urged attention to the soul as the first concern. Begin and end each day with secret prayer and the reading of the Bible. During these exercises you should be in a room by yourself, which ought to be so comfortable that you will not be tempted to hasten from it. Spend part of the evening in reviewing the day just closed. This will help you both as a Christian and as a scholar. You will need what are called spiritual classics. Of these the Scriptures stand of course at the head, and I would that you always might have a heart ready to kindle with true devotion when you peruse their holy pages. Watts' psalms and hymns are highly useful for frequent private perusal; and I would commend to you such memoirs as I mentioned in a letter to you some time since. A college has generally been found unfavorable to the growth of piety, and you must exercise great caution in this respect, or you will be injured. I hope you begin this new year as a disciple of Christ. You may not live to see its close."

To the same, Jan. 22.

"My letters to you are not what I could wish, as I am permitted only to touch upon topics respecting which volumes might be filled. In regard to the taking care of your health, allow me to say that you cannot live without exercise. If you neglect it, and study as you ought, you will certainly break down before you are aware of it. Great caution is necessary in relation to the appetite. Some few distinguished students have ruined themselves by too great abstinence; but the mass of those who would wish to be regarded as scholars, injure themselves by over indulgence. Did you never experience those serene, bright moments, when your mind seemed to perform a day's work in an hour or two? Such is the mental state at which you should aim before sitting down to study. It is the brightness of the mind and not the *sharpness of the appetite* which makes the scholar. Do you know the object of a collegiate course of study? There is gross ignorance on this subject among, I am sorry to say, pious students. You may hear such remarks as the following: 'I will not study algebra, it cannot help me to write a sermon. What have I to do with conic sections? I am looking forward to the ministry!' Now the great object of study, is the discipline of the mind. True, the acquisition of knowledge is not an unimportant consideration. In order to secure the requisite discipline, a great variety of studies is necessary. Those very branches in the course marked out for you, and which indolence, not piety, attempts to cry down, are essential. An analogy exists between the effects of appropriate exercise on the mind and body. The sailor from much use acquires strong arms and far-seeing eyes; so the mind, thoroughly disciplined, becomes strong and sharp."

Mr. T. almost invariably preached somewhere on the Sabbath. Generally it was at convenient distances from Andover.

The following in imitation of a German hymn, he published, by request, in the spring of 1832: —

"Whate'er God does, is kindly done,
And justly, though severe;
Where'er he leads, I'll follow on,
And faithfully adhere;
In all these pains,
He still remains,
My guardian, God, and guide,
And let his will decide.

"Whate'er God does, is kindly done,
As all will shortly see;
He is my life, my daily sun,
And cannot injure me;
In joy and pain,
No more complain,
I'll trust his tender care,
Assured of goodness there.

"Whate'er God does, is kindly done;
Though bitter now the cup,
'T is tendered by a skilful one,
And I must drink it up;
Sweet joy indeed
Will soon succeed
The anguish that I feel,
And, therefore, peace, be still.

"Whate'er God does, is kindly done;
Nor will his kindness end.

Though rough the journey that I run,
And misery attend,
Within his arms
When fear alarms,
I have a place to hide,
And let his will decide.

"Whate'er God does, is kindly done,
And welcome to the pain;
I'll calmly trust this heavenly One,
Until he smile again,
Or life expires,
And my desires,
In heaven are satisfied,
And let his will decide."

Journal. "April 2. — Am studying the Hebrew, the Vulgate, and Septuagint Scriptures; am also rewriting my History of the Pulpit, translated some time since. 24. — Receive favorable notices of my work, 'The Memoirs and Confessions of Reinhard,' from almost every quarter. Professor Stuart told me yesterday that his colleagues and himself were electrified by some parts of it, especially the ninth letter. 29. — Preached half a day in the chapel of the Theological Seminary, extempore. Trembled before commencing, but none afterwards.

"May 13. — Had an invitation to undertake the editorship of an Encyclopedia of religious knowledge, but declined it for the present.

"June 9. — 'Why do you not settle?' says one, — *Because I wish to attend to some studies which others neglect. What contracted minds have many students; they might be put into a thimble!* 15. — The other day I came in contact with what is termed '*New Divinity*' as exhibited by its advocates, and was surprised to discover that it is precisely such a theory as I had held long since and rejected as *untenable.*"

The peculiar style of Divinity to which he refers was then agitating *specially* the Connecticut churches.

To a brother, July 20, 1832.

"DEAR T. — Nothing gives me more pleasure than to find you susceptible to the charms of nature, and to see that susceptibility increase as your mind improves. Without it I cannot believe a man *half a man.* At any rate, such a person is hardly fit to be a minister of the gospel. God has given us three books to read; that of nature in the world around us, the Scriptures, and the book of experience. The book of nature comes in part before the Bible, but is intimately interwoven with it. Owing to their inability to read the book of nature, the great mass of ministers fail to draw illustrations from it, and hence are dry, uninteresting preachers. Look at the sacred volume in this respect. Prophets, under divine inspiration brought illustrations from all departments of nature. The heavens are said to declare the glory of God — day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. The sun is spoken of as a young bridegroom issuing from his chamber; the moon as walking forth in majesty. God, when he comes to the aid of his servants is represented as flying on the wings of the wind, accompanied with lightnings and thunders and burning coals of fire. The stars of heaven are described as fighting in their courses against the enemies of God's people. Saul and Jonathan are said to be swifter than eagles and stronger than lions. Christ compares the kingdom of heaven to a grain of mustard-seed; the hardened gospel sinner to a barren fig-tree ready to be cut down; heaven is depicted as a perfect paradise, where grows the tree of life which yields its fruit every month, and where glides the meandering river that issues from the throne of God. To be able to make an efficient use of the book of nature, you must be skilled in attractive, descriptive writing. That I might both stimulate and aid you, I have requested you to send me on paper graphic delineations of the objects with which you are daily conversant. I leave you to think of the subject. Let me say, however, be *totus in illis*, whatever the study before you. 'Agros et civitates sapientia, et navem, gubernat.'"

In a letter to his mother about this time he says:

"I see that time is soon, very soon to be exchanged for eternity; and every day, nay every hour, teaches me more and more the wisdom of being devoted wholly to the glory of God. I am, indeed, engaged in study, but desire to lay every acquisition at the feet of Jesus."

Journal. "July. — A letter recently from my mother informs me of the death of aged friends, whose society I have often enjoyed and whose memories are precious. Mother thinks it strange that I do not visit her. She does not realize, I presume, how many duties I must neglect, and how much money expend in performing the journey requisite to see her. — Another opportunity to settle but cannot think of accepting it. 25. — Mr. —— called upon me last Saturday and conversed with me about determination, vascillation, etc. He is a kind man and I love him, but why will people perplex others with their advice, when it is not to the point? That I am in the path of duty, I am not certain; but I do not pursue my present course without reflection, nor without the countenance of some good and great men. I have had many things to encounter since my residence here from narrow-minded, self-willed persons; though many of them have, I hope, good hearts. If not deceived in regard to myself, I desire to be lost in the glory of God.

"Aug. 2, 1832. — The last two Sabbaths I have preached in Bradford. Enjoyed pleasant seasons there. 21. — Last week came my birthday; have entered upon my 32d year. Life flies, yet how little do I accomplish. Cholera spasmodica is in the north parish of this town; four cases have already occurred and one death. It is a wonderful disease — no body understands it. The Almighty appears to have commissioned Satan to remove through its agency a certain number of victims. I am sure that our only security especially *now*, is in God. They that trust in him shall be as mount Zion. I feel the necessity of being found at the post of duty, and prepared for the coming of the Lord, though it should be as a thief in the night.

"Still engaged in prosecuting the study of Hebrew and in preparing my History of the Pulpit for the press. My attention in Hebrew has been for some time past devoted to a solution of the use of the *tenses*. I desire to see Rev. Eli Smith, our missionary, to converse with him in regard to their use in the Arabic. This latter language I am now studying for the purpose of obtaining light on the Hebrew. My method in Hebrew is to read with great care historical passages, where the use of the tenses is rendered perfectly obvious by the sense, — thus proceeding from the easy to the more difficult. I hope in this way to ascertain the principles, if there be any, at least the *usus loquendi* of the language, in respect to tenses. I consult no grammars till I have formed my own theory. A good exposition of the manner in which the Hebrews employed the tenses would, I am persuaded, throw more light upon the meaning of some passages of Scripture; nay upon the meaning of the entire Old Testament, than the best commentaries that were ever written.

"Sept. 10. — I study and pray that I may be wholly given up to the service of God, and may be useful in my day and generation; yet I seem to be useless. O it is good to be at God's disposal; I rejoice in his sovereignty. 19. — Have now spent two days writing *family history.* When I reflect upon the scenes through which my mother and myself have been brought, to our present period of comfort, I am overwhelmed and burst into tears. May the lives so blessed be consecrated to the Author of all good." About this time he complains of being quite ill, of suffering severely, and says, "I shall be destroyed if I do not get relief." At a somewhat later date, he exclaims, "Oh this load of imperfection! No calmness, no self-control, all passion, all error."

Items. Speaking of truth he says: "Sometimes I think I get a few scattering rays of it from God's eternal throne, and O what light and happiness they bring. I hold on to them as his best gifts, and would humbly stand watching for more."

"In what a wonderful world we dwell. How much that is astounding is ready on every side to burst upon the human mind, yet thousands live and die as thoughtless as the brutes."

Having read an exposure of some of Swedenborg's doctrines, he confesses himself shocked at the errors of that system.

"In committing thoughts to memory have nothing to do with *mnemonics*. This maxim I would apply particularly to the committing of sermons to memory."

"The Boston Courier of today announces the death of Mr. Jonas King, of Hawley, the father of the missionary in Greece. I was acquainted with him and saw him when I was last in that town. An excellent old man."

To his brother T., Nov. 11, 1832.

"DEAR BROTHER:—I was glad to hear that you were prospered in your *agency*, and now expect to spend the winter in college. Remember the line of Virgil as blessings flow in upon you: '*O Melibœe, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit.*' May our hearts go out in gratitude to that Being who has so exceedingly smiled upon us in years past, and who is now presenting before us such varied encouragements in regard to the future. Let us not forget that prosperity is apt to turn away the heart from God. In this view of the subject I confess I feel that honest adversity is preferable to dangerous prosperity, and am convinced, fully convinced, that it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth. You will find that the greatest of men have been trained in the school of adversity. He that would make rapid progress in the divine life must submit to the most trying temptations without yielding to them.

" I think I entered into your feelings as you represent them to have been on entering Bennington, your spiritual birthplace. They give me more hope of you than ever; for though deep, calm, and penetrating thought is to be specially coveted, susceptibility of emotion comes next. You had reason to feel strongly, for however little estimate may be placed in this world on the regeneration of a soul, heaven is filled with joy at such an event. We should dwell devoutly in our reflections upon the time, place, and circumstances of our first drawing celestial breath.

" Sincerely do I hope you will never need a caution from me, not to array yourself against the government of the college. Should your class generally revolt, let no occasion induce you to join in a rebellion. Be an independent thinker. Stand by your instructors if every student's mouth should turn into a serpent's, and do nothing except hiss at you. Inevitably, cases will occur in which tastes cannot be gratified. Every tutor is not equally agreeable. Always be calm and reflect upon the consequences of each step you are about to take."

Alluding, in December, to the Indian troubles at the south, after observing that the Board of Foreign

Missions are withdrawing their suit at law, and advising the Cherokees to remove, he adds: "There is reason to think that blood must flow in South Carolina very soon if it have not already. Liberty may speedily be obliged to take her flight from this her present resting-place, and then I fear from the earth forever."

Writing to his mother, Jan. 12, 1833, he says:—

"I seldom, if ever, think of imperfections when I read your letters, but peruse them with your image constantly in my mind's eye, and am often on the point of weeping, as I reflect how my dear mother *may* be situated. Much and anxiously have I thought of you recently. I say to myself, perhaps after all, my mother suffers what she will not reveal to me. I beg of you to procure every thing necessary at my expense.

"At times I feel almost like flying to some missionary region. Certainly I think much of my brethren abroad, and have just broken off from writing a letter to a dear, *dear* friend at Constantinople. Duty, however, for the present binds me I think here. Time is flying; the death-angel approaches with his red gleaming sword, yet as a messenger of mercy to the righteous. This is a sad, *sad* world. Justice is outraged. The Indian and African are oppressed. Ambitious men are trying to destroy the beautiful vine which through the agency of our fathers was planted here with peculiar care. But an avenging God sits on the throne of the universe. Sooner or later he will hurl fiery bolts upon the foes of Zion. Hold fast to your Saviour, my dear mother."

The dear friend to whom allusion is made in the last letter, was Rev. William S. Schauffler. From him the compiler has received the ensuing letter: —

"Pera, Constantinople, Nov. 25, 1853.

"Very dear Sir: — I received your line this morning. Immediately I looked over my letters so far as they are within my reach; but I did it more in order to pay due attention to your request than for any hope of finding what you desire. The fact is, that my whole correspondence since I left America, up to 1842, is still in the hands of the Police of Vienna, who proceeded against me that year, for holding private religious meetings in that city where I had resided three years for the purpose of printing the Old Testament in Hebrew and Hebrew-Spanish. I was quite confident that since my return from there, I had received no letter from your brother. He was my Hebrew teacher, before I entered the Theological Seminary at Andover. I, in return, assisted him in his translation of works from the German into the English, whenever he found a German phrase too knotty and complicated for him to untwist and reconstruct. We were very intimate, and his face and person are perfectly present with me as often as I recur to those departed days. There is much that is *tender* in the review of them. They were as happy as earthly days can be, and still they were but 'vanity of vanities,' compared with that 'pure delight where saints immortal reign.' But there *is* a rest yet remaining — and *what* a rest! — for the people of God. There *is* a meeting of those who love Christ, and *what* a meeting!

"'There is a land mine eye hath seen
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all that spreads between
Is with its radiant glories fraught:
A land upon whose matchless shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
Where those who meet, shall part no more,
And those long parted, meet again.'

"Excuse this extract, which the remembrance of your brother and mine, Rev. O. A. Taylor, has called to my mind.

Truly yours,

"W. S. SCHAUFFLER."

Near the close of March, 1833, Mr. T. speaks of being exceedingly depressed in spirits; of life itself being a burden, though he does not feel entirely forsaken of God. It was in that state of dejection, that he penned the following: —

"I stand alone on the bleak, cold earth, unfanned by a single zephyr, unrefreshed by the fragrance of a single flower, unwarmed by a single congenial ray from the sun. The music of my soul within, and the music of the world without that once thrilled my heart, filling it with buoyant hope have ceased. Gloomy winter plays rudely around me, I feel the chilling blast; I face the rough tempest, and see the wild clouds sweep angrily along the sky. Full of native ardor and strong with youthful nerve, have I withstood the rough war of the elements, beckoning Heaven for relief; but Heaven now delays to aid. The tempest rolls along the earth, the prospect darkens, nature sinks, and I, exhausted, feel as if about to lie down and die."

In April we find him expressing himself in the following animated strain: —

"I fall in love with the benevolence of the gospel and thirst to be engaged, like Oberlin and Neff, in the laborious duties of a missionary pastor. Let others dwell in palaces and stretch themselves on couches, give me the bleak mountain, the dreary valley, or an Arabian hamlet, provided God be with me there."

In the course of the last-named month he alludes to the effect of ill health on dreams.

"I have been troubled with dyspeptic complaints for some time past, in consequence of which I am frequently troubled with unpleasant dreams. Recently I have written a review of Gurney on the Sabbath, and have sent it to the editor of the Spirit of the Pilgrims. I am quite anxious about its reception, yet feel as though I deserve the chastisement of a disappointment from the hand of God. The subject has frequently been in my mind, causing gloomy forebodings. No wonder, then, that last night I *dreamed* that the article was rejected and even sent back to me accompanied with some severe remarks. Now all this may turn out just as I have dreamed it, but a correspondence of the dream with fact, would be no proof of supernaturalness in the dream." *The article, however, was received.*

Journal. "May 24. — Oh, the pangs I am called to feel; the mental agonies to endure! All is darkness! The doors of usefulness are closed! But stop — God does all things well. 25. — This heart, I fear, will break — will break with its own calamities! And yet Heaven is just and merciful. I dare not oppose its decrees, or murmur at the sovereign will of the Redeemer."

Extracts from a letter to a friend, dated May 28, 1833.

"Again and again have I pictured out to myself a quiet scene away from the bustle of the world, with a few hundred parishioners around me, looking affectionately to me for instruction. I have imagined, that, notwithstanding the present religious commotions, and the dismissal of ministers so frequently occurring, I could find such a location and such a people, and after laboring with them during my life, could lie down in a grave strewn with the flowers, and watered with the tears of their kindness and love. But I shrink from the idea of such enjoyment as dangerous. Believe me, there is more in the ministerial office than is commonly supposed, to entrap the soul. I feel that a minister, like a physician, should seek places where disease rages; places of sickness and death, if he would be skilful. Let the retiring, the pleasure-pursuing Christian seek mere enjoyment. I consider it my duty, if the Lord permit, to traverse the desert, labor amid disease and pestilence, and even to expire, at length, with none but angels to console me in my dying moments. Hitherto, I have been bound. Whether the Lord will open a door for me to become a missionary very soon or not I cannot say. His will be done."

About the first of June he says: "It is good, good indeed, to feel a real confidence in God and an absolute dependence on him. 7.—Years have passed since I relinquished the use of coffee, and during much of the time I have taken no tea. Listened this evening to a lecture from Dr. Mussey on dietetics. It was worth its weight in gold. He has convinced me that *animal food* had better be laid aside. I design to eat it no more, unless prescribed by a physician, or through forgetfulness, or from necessity." For eight or ten years he carried out this resolution.

Items in June, 1833. "I often find myself irritated by a want of seriousness on the part of those with whom I am conversing in the most serious strain. This morning I was earnestly engaged in discussing with two friends the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. From this topic we passed to that of the *Trinity*, and thence to the nature of the soul. These subjects interested me exceedingly and I expressed myself accordingly. The other persons seemed to enjoy the discussion, but they were inclined to mingle jokes and repartees with it. I did not lose my temper, but I was *tried.*

"Rule of conduct: Cease to converse seriously yourself at such times, and if possible change the subject; if not, be silent. It is of no use to go on in such a case. By attempting to do so, you lay yourself open to the ridicule of those about you; it being perfectly easy for the veriest blockhead to make sport of an individual who is deeply engaged in developing the most serious thoughts."

"The devil seems to take note of all resolutions made for the amendment of life. I find myself more subjected to temptations; more liable to fall into sin after having formed them. This fact is no proof that serious resolves are not good; but it should stimulate us to cry for help to Him who is strong, that we may be saved from the evil being that goes about, as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

"Much, far too much is said about our *importance* in this world. For ourselves it is important that we do our duty, but God needs us not."

Thoughts penned in July, 1833.

"The fame of this world, in how many respects uncertain! Perhaps the true poet's comes the nearest to being immortal; but even *his* is subject to decline. Many a man, whose name was lauded to the skies, while living, has long since been forgotten! Whole nations have been swept away and with them all their heroes and monuments of glory; nay, even the language in which their praises were sung, has disappeared.

"Some have been famed on earth, because they deceived mankind; their honors were unmerited at the time, and their true desert has very often been subsequently discovered. No honor is of any permanent value but that which God bestows. I believe when the Millennium shall come, many of the ancient heroes of the world will be regarded with disgust. Here and there one in the highest sense of the term, will continue to shine with lustre; yea, become more and more brilliant, till he shall be in brightness like the sun in the firmament. But *such* renowned ones will not belong to the class whose names have hitherto been trumpeted the most loudly abroad. That poor tiller of the soil, who prayed faithfully for his family and neighbors; or the pastor of a mountain parish; or the self-denying missionary in the dreariest part of the earth may be the truest hero. There is a plaudit worth hearing. It will send a thrill of joy through the heart of the redeemed sinner, as standing before his Judge he shall listen to the announcement, 'Blessed of my Father!' Yea, it will cause that heart to leap for joy through all eternity. Woe be on my head if I ever substitute the fame of the world for the honor which cometh from God. 'Them that honoreth me,' saith the Eternal, 'I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed;' these words, unless I am most sadly and wonderfully deceived, I believe from the very depths of my soul."

"Ignorance is the foundation of conjecture; hence good men may sometimes speculate wildly, especially among their intimate friends; I mean wildly, as most would say. An active mind almost unavoidably seizes hold of what items of truth it can find. Such a mind starting right sometimes glides away into the region of error; yet it may not be injured if it carry along solid truth enough for a preservative; or if it cling to a guiding thread while tracing the windings of the labyrinth. If one secure a sure return to sober reality he may safely go forth on the wings of fancy. The danger is, that truth will be left out of sight and never again be discovered. We are inclined to substitute speculation for revealed truth, and, ultimately, if unguarded, we may be left to plunge into total scepticism."

Journal. "July 9, 1833. — The wheels of my soul move heavily. I see beauty in holiness, but cannot reach it. I see peace and happiness before the faithful Christian, yet do not secure them. 13. — I deem it my duty to interfere as little as possible with the arrangements of divine Providence. Hence adieu, forever adieu, to every thing like intrigue for station. I cannot reproach myself at all with it. Never have I *sought* eminent places. The most that I at any time have done, has been to speak with some friend in regard to openings. 19. — Long have I regarded the complete government of the tongue as a very difficult attainment. I have erred in not controlling mine; though it does seem to me that I am not altogether neglectful of this duty. There are special reasons why I should be on my guard at this time. I hope to get entirely the management of this important, though unruly member. What ministers of the gospel say should not be incautiously said. Let me suffer wrong rather than do it; treating even the cruel with forbearance."

Under the last date he also observes, "I know not that I am a Christian, but of this I am certain, viz., that I am constantly making new discoveries respecting the state of my heart. Every year I find depths of wickedness in it of which I was not before aware. This leads me to fear that much evil still lies there concealed. I wonder not that the Holy Spirit resides no more in it. My wonder rather is, that he remains there at all. Impressed with these thoughts how can I help praying most fervently, Search me, O God?"

The following belongs here chronologically:—

"I attended some time since to the subject of Hebrew cantillation or chanting; examined Jablonsky's Hebrew Bible for a specimen (other specimens are to be found in Burney's History of Music), and ascertained that the Hebrew accents are nothing but musical notes and are of great antiquity. To the above I ought, perhaps, to add what I heard from Mr. Seixas yesterday, namely, that Jews from different parts of the world, even when they have had no intercommunication for centuries, agree mainly in their cantillations or chantings."

Journal. "Aug. 2, 1833.—Am supplying the pulpit in Byfield for the present. Have become much attached to the people, and they have requested permission to consider me as a candidate for settlement; this, however, I could not grant, though I have much solemn querying as to duty. Am studying Rabbinic. Mr. Seixas assists me when needful. Shall I continue my residence at A.? If I quit now, my work is unfinished. Adieu to the study of the languages, when one becomes a pastor, if he be not already an adept in them. But am I not wasting my talents? These questions press heavily upon me. It does seem to me that I would not avoid the path of duty for worlds."

In August he wrote the following:—

"Seemingly some people are destined to be crushed. Their very joys appear designed to render subsequent pain more severe. How wretched is that man who is obliged to live from year to year upon the air-castle buildings of hope, amidst poverty and the fear of being unsuccessful in study. My heart is sometimes full and ready to burst, and yet I would not open my mouth in murmurings against God. I am tossed upon billows. Hope and fear alternate. Now I am exalted to heaven; now cast down to the very gate of hell. I am afraid I shall never get through the storm and enjoy the sun's bright radiance. I fear I shall never be where I can attempt any thing of importance in the kingdom of the Redeemer. How can one make progress when he sees nothing before him but threatening rocks, craggy mountains, and active volcanos? Help me, God of heaven, to meet the tempest and buffet the rough billows; help me to sail on alone and cheerless; help me to press forward, dreadful as the combat may be, and wait with patience for the openings of heaven.

"Despair with her dark clouds envelops me, and where can I find sympathy? God of heaven, only in thine eternal, thy changeless love."

The day after writing the preceding he says: —

"It will not answer to brood so much as I do over past disappointments. He who stands gazing back and constantly regretting that he must leave the landscape behind him will never enjoy the one before him. How unwise when I see such sources of consolation all around me, and so much to be done on every side, to suffer a little trifle to steal from me two or three days of study. Let misfortune incite me to new prayerfulness and spur me on in every duty."

A scene in West Newbury, Sept. 1833.

"I arose early this morning and took a walk. Well was I repaid for the effort, as I returned, with fresh vigor, to my room. What, however, made it particularly interesting was my visiting '*Archelaus' Hill*,' one of the highest points in this region and which commands one of the most beautiful prospects in New England, as I am informed Dr. Dwight remarks somewhere in his 'Travels.'

"A dark cloud was rising in the west, portending a shower, which ultimately overtook me and prevented my obtaining a distinct view of the landscape in that quarter; but the sun had arisen in the east, obscured by only a few clouds, while the sky was clear in the south. From this hill, therefore, I could see for many miles around me. West Newbury, first parish, lay at my feet on the east, and the second parish spread around me on the west. Villages and orchards and herds of cattle were to be seen on every side; while at a greater distance were other villages and the silently gliding but admirable Merrimack. All along the east the broad Atlantic opened to my view.

"I gave myself up to contemplation and consecratory prayer till voices at a distance indicated the coming thither of other persons, when I hastened down. My thoughts on this occasion have been similar to those which rushed into my mind about two weeks since, when with a beautiful sky above and balmy air around me, I beheld the sun rise as I stood on the hill east of West Newbury second parish meeting-house. Gazing upon the scenery, I then said to myself, all this had an *author*, and how great its author must be. Yet this is but a sample, a very minute sample of his works. Moreover, this Creator is my Father, and what an interest does he take in his children! He has promised them glories with which the objects by which I am surrounded bear no comparison.

"Under such circumstances as these, it is painful to be forced to remember that this world is filled with sin, misery, cruelty, and death. Shall not the day come when earth will be purified and enjoy a blissful millennium? Not so was this earth defiled when the sun first rose upon it, and yet the same sun now shining then shone.

"As I stood on the hill and caught glimpses of the distant ocean, majestic and inspiring, so shall I, if a Christian, often from the elevated scenes of my life catch a glimpse of eternity, as Bunyan's shepherds did of the celestial city from the top of the Delectable Mountains. Farewell, charming hill, what instruction I have derived from visiting thee!

"O beauteous world, on every side I see
My Maker's glory shining clear in thee.
These hills, and dales, and birds, and flowers, and streams,
Yon sun, those heavens, and their celestial beams,
All, all from him bright radiance on me pour,
While I afar both tremble and adore."

Sept., 1833. Having visited a menagerie of wild animals, he writes out a description of each, and then proceeds to moralize on the works of the Creator. "How truly may it be said that man alone is made in the image of God. How wonderfully diversified the works of Jehovah are — sometimes majestic and grand, sometimes playful, and sometimes terrific. Now God wields the thunder-bolt; now wheels the blazing comet through the wide fields of space, and now stoops to the control of a tiger, or a lion, or a worm. Who by searching can find out God? And yet, judging from what we see in his providential administration, are we not compelled to admit, that he will probably execute justice upon the finally impenitent even to the utmost?"

Sept., 1833. "Why should we in a world of sinners and imperfect Christians expect justice done us, or murmur because some of our fond anticipations in regard to life are not realized? Often do we find men acting year after year under the influence of prejudice. On the other hand, many persons look to individuals for patronage from whom they have no reason to expect it, and are unjustly displeased because they are disappointed." Having about this time been defeated in a plan on which he appears to have doted, he thus describes his emotions: "I walked in order to soothe my feelings, and retiring to a wood, threw myself upon the ground, and burst into a flood of tears, which, for some minutes, I could not suppress; but I endeavored to resign myself with calmness to the sovereign will of God, and to feel that he does all things well. I felt that I had been wronged and yet was not certain that I was in the right, and hence, however severely wounded I might be, I was afraid to complain."

"West Newbury, Sept., 1833. I have a fondness for little children and think I feel a ready sympathy with them in their pains, but I never before experienced those emotions under which Legh Richmond wrote on a certain occasion, (when he speaks of his children dying of the dropsy,) in so vivid a degree as today, when I saw a little boy threatened with a permanent lameness in the knee, trying to walk. I have a similar feeling whenever I think of a sister of mine, who has long been afflicted with illness. Her trials have so attached me to her that she is more in my mind than all the rest of my brothers and sisters. This is a kind provision of the God of nature, who has in some way or other provided wisely for all, according to their varied necessities."

In the last named month he made a visit to his mother. On his way he passed a night in Worcester. Waiting for the morning stage, he walked to the Insane Hospital. The hour being too early for him to gain admittance, he surveyed the premises for awhile and then took a position in the rear of the buildings near that part in which some of the inmates are kept in close confinement. There he remained some time listening to the various expressions of the insane. One class was singing merrily, another was uttering groans and curses. While he heard, he philosophized: "As I was coming away, said I, mentally, let me woo thee, Wisdom, wherever I wander, whether straying alone over fields, passing by gushing fountains, or along warbling streams, or climbing precipitous heights. Everywhere, let me watch for thy smiles and the opening of thy gates. I am a stranger and pilgrim here below, but would not be a stranger to thee, for thou criest without and utterest thy voice in the street. He that seeks for thee as for hid treasure, shall surely find thee. The righteous will soon be introduced to the fountain whence all true wisdom flows in a stream as clear as crystal. O may I sit upon the borders of that stream and gaze upon its purity. In its waters may I often lave myself and exult forever in the fruitions prepared for the truly wise."

The following was penned while on that visit to his mother: —

"How evident it is, that all things are under the control of God. Nothing is confused so far as physical nature is concerned, and even the disorders occasioned in our moral natures by sin, are made to turn to some good account. Yes, it is true, emphatically true, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. It is, indeed, sometimes difficult for us to trace the finger of Providence, and also to reconcile the divine agency with the free agency of man. This difficulty, however, arises from our shortsightedness. Could we look through a train of events at a single glance, we should be able to see the truth in regard to it with greater clearness than we do. Is God any the less the author of an event, because it seems to us to be the result of physical causes?

"I am fond of walking upon the sea-shore, especially where it is high and abounds with mossy rocks, and where the waves break furiously upon them, as is generally the case after a storm. Often, when I was residing at Gloucester, I walked down to the easterly extremity of the cape to witness such a scene. There the billows rise high and dash with fury upon the rocks or fall in foam at my feet. Occupying now in imagination such a position, I fancy to myself that I see a white speck in the horizon, which, however, proves to be a merchant vessel, containing many of my acquaintances, and among them, is my father. Inevitable destruction is before them. They see it, and cry for help, but all effort is in vain. The vessel is driven upon a rock, and is rent in pieces. I am almost petrified at the sight and know not what to think. Many wives are thus made widows and children fatherless. Some of the lost, were men of great and happy influence in society — others were miserable beings and utterly unprepared for death. The scene at first appears inexplicable, — but let me examine a little more closely and perhaps I shall perceive something which will lessen the difficulty of reconciling it with the Creator's benevolence.

" Here comes a person the only one who has escaped from the wreck. He tells me that my father, though sorry to leave his wife and children in a rude world, said he could willingly submit himself to the direction of Heaven. He triumphed in the dawning of immortality, his soul being fired with zeal to see his Saviour. His fellow passengers collected around him and he commended them all to the mercy of God. Nor was he alone in his benevolent efforts; for there were others on board who spoke of Jesus, and pointed the sinner to him as the Lamb of God. While some were stupid, and others were cursing and swearing, a number cried for mercy and appeared penitent. Says the rescued man, I was one of the latter and I hope I shall never forget that moment of anguish; nay, I hope hereafter to devote my life to Christ who redeemed my soul from hell and my body from a watery grave. Several of my companions seemed like myself, to have heard for the first time of a Saviour, and they were in a moment transferred from the depths of despair to ecstatic joy. One of these was just saying, *all is well*, *all is well*, when our ship was dashed in pieces. Myself escaped as by a miracle. I seemed lost in a dream until I found I was alive on the shore.

"Already I see much to quiet my mind and to convince me that this shipwreck is no accident. God has for a wise purpose permitted it. Righteous persons have indeed been swept away, but they were ripe for glory and their transit was safe, though sudden, from this world to that of bliss. Besides, their presence was necessary in that vessel for the sake of mutual comfort and edification, and also for the conversion of those who were brought to repentance.

"And let us indulge a little in imagining other effects. It is true these good men have been taken away from fields of usefulness, but the history of their death as related by him who escaped, may be the occasion of the salvation of some who shall become ministers of the gospel of Christ, and preach it to the distant heathen. The churches with which those wrecked Christians were united may be aroused by this loss from long continued stupidity. News of the death of those pious men may spread like a flame and prove a coal from God's altar, till revival be added to revival. Widows and orphans have, indeed, been made, but new streams of charity will consequently flow from the sympathetic and benevolent. I have lost a kind father, but the event will, I trust, lead me to seek more zealously the honor of my Father in heaven and his friendship. I smart beneath the rod, yet I hope to be made better by it. Moreover, I seem to see the saved young man becoming a herald of salvation and turning many to righteousness. Besides, he informs me that only the night previous to the wrecking of the ship, he and several associates had resolved to abandon themselves to the life of *pirates.* I can also see many other good results from what in itself seemed heart-rending."

A personal allegory, written probably not far from the time of the preceding.

"When I first entered actively on the scenes of life, I was sensible that my only patron was the God of heaven, and that a thousand dangers lay in my way. My first resolve was to remember the many precepts I had heard from my father, also the prayers and pious exhortations of my mother, and binding the Bible to my heart, to take it as my guide. I had professed the religion of Jesus, and theoretically knew what it is to be his disciple.

"It was a beautiful morning in spring; opening flowers and singing birds were adding charms to the season. Every thing seemed to invite me on, and with blithesome steps I hastened forward, forgetful of my resolve, and strayed from a safe course. Still I felt no alarm; objects about me appeared cheerful. My path, too, lay beside the one I had purposed to pursue and I imagined, as did 'Christian and Hopeful' once, under similar circumstances, that the two would soon run into one. I had not long travelled thus when Pleasure, gaily attired and of fascinating demeanor, offered herself as my companion. We strayed together. At length lightnings flashed around me and thunders broke in long and successive peals over my head. I looked around me for my companion, but she had vanished from my sight. Thinking I should quickly secure safety I rushed onward, but gloomy darkness came over me. I found myself in a dismal entangling forest filled with precipices, cataracts, wild beasts, and frightful serpents. Overcome with terrors I fainted and sunk down in despair. A storm in the soul ensued. Now I perceived myself on the verge of a volcano. The earth trembled and seemed sinking beneath me, clouds of smoke rolled over me, and flames of fire flashed in my face. Demons rushed toward me; I saw myself at the mouth of hell and beheld the yawning gulf just ready to receive me, but something seemed to whisper into my ear, '*Calvary*.' I thought of the thief on the cross, and breathed forth a prayer to the Saviour. Long had I forgotten him, but he had not forgotten me. I felt that my prayer was heard; I knew my deliverer, and knelt to give him thanks. Often since, when I have sought him he has concealed himself; yet I feel that he is my beloved. O, he will not leave me; my beloved will not leave me. But never can I forget how I then strayed from the path of duty; never shall I forget the coldness and indifference of heart which brought me so near the abyss, nor the moment when I awoke and found myself on the very border of the pit."

The visit to his mother already mentioned was made Sept. 20. He passed a few weeks with her, preaching at least once on each Sabbath; and several times at a *protracted meeting* held in the parish where she resided. People expressed the deepest interest in his discourses, and some it was believed became savingly acquainted with the truth as proclaimed by him. When the time arrived for his return to the seclusion of his Andover study, he seemed to go reluctantly. With what emotions he bade farewell to the maternal dwelling he has informed us.

"Toward night my mother proposed to accompany me as far as Rev. Mr. Grout's, and there pass the night. She set out on foot a little before sundown. I lingered awhile at home. Was pained at the thought of leaving; more so than ever before, for never have I had so sweet a visit as this last with my mother. I walked back and forth in the room where my sick sister sat upon the side of the bed. *Must I leave thee, dear mother? and thee, dear, dear, sacred spot, how can I leave thee?* My heart was full, and the tears started to my eyes, when, after having gazed around me upon every object, within and without the dwelling of my mother, I bade poor weeping Mary farewell, fearful that under such pleasant circumstances I should never see her again; nay, fearful that I should *no more* see her, as it is thought her complaint may shortly terminate her life.

"Slowly I climbed the hill, endeavoring to throw my sad feelings into a poetic form, and often turning to catch another and another glimpse of the widow's white cottage and little barn, till the final one had been taken, and the scene faded from my view. I spent the night in company with my mother, at Mr. Grout's. The next day being rainy, I did not leave there until three in the afternoon. We both shook hands with Mr. G., who wept, and remarked, he feared I should never see him again. On saluting him at my arrival, I had called him my father.

"Mother left for home, and I started on my journey. She had charged me not to say much to her, when we should take leave of each other. Often had we met and parted, but never before had I enjoyed so delightful a visit. Since our last interview, my three brothers had made a profession of religion, and two of them had entered college; the eldest and the youngest of my sisters had entered the marriage state. Having gone a little way with my mother, I left her to wend her way home, while the storm was beating upon her, and I pursued my journey in an opposite direction, offering up prayers on her behalf, that she might be blessed on earth, and find at length eternal peace, beyond the grave."

On his return journey he visited Amherst where his brothers T. and R. were members of college. By invitation he spent a Sabbath in the family of Dr. Humphrey, and preached in the chapel, on the afternoon of that day.

He also ascended Mount Holyoke and some of his reflections penned while on that celebrated resort are here subjoined. They bear date, Oct. 11, 1833.

"I have climbed Mount Holyoke with eagerness; thinking all the way up its steep ascent of my Creator's glory, and hoping on this summit to lose myself for a few moments in the grandeur and extent, as well as the brilliancy of the scene around me; to forget, while absorbed in contemplating it, the vileness of earth; and thus draw near to God! I am alone and wish to be, that I may give myself without interruption to the reflections proper for the occasion, and that the deep glowing thoughts excited within me, may be permitted to possess my soul, undisturbed by thoughtlessness and sinful frivolity without. I stand on the topmost rock. How the prospect has enlarged around me for miles on every side! The Connecticut, charming river! Like a serpent, it glides past the villages scattered along the plains! There it embraces Old Hadley in one of its folds; there Northampton in another; after rolling by the little village at my feet and winding around a large plain, it cuts Mount Tom and Holyoke asunder, and shoots off towards the south, stretching away for Springfield, Hartford, and the ocean, until my eye can trace it no longer. Then, how beautiful, how surpassingly beautiful are the meadows, through which it meanders, all checkered as they are, and delicately shaded like a vast painting; with cornfields, and mow-lands, and pastures, and gardens, and walks, and houses, and villages, and roads, and the overflowings of a freshet, and plains! I hear, too, the boat-wheel that plies the river, the sound of the distant drum and the roar of the military salute, while the world is busy all around me. Elevating my eyes a little, I behold Amherst, with its white dwellings, pointing spires, scientific establishments, and adjacent forests on the north-east; Northampton, with its churches, and villas, and Roundhill school, on the north-west; and Hatfield, Whateley, and Sugarloaf, on the north. How fascinating, how magnificent!"

"Andover, Nov. 13, 1833. *Meteoric shower.*— This morning at about twenty minutes past five, before I had lighted a lamp I was suddenly startled by a light flashing into my room; and supposing it to come from a bright meteor, I ran to my window to get sight of it, when I was struck with the appearance of one of the most splendid phenomena I ever beheld. The sky seemed full of meteors, blazing, streaming, and flashing in every direction. Some of them were small, like mere sparks of fire, yet they left a luminous line behind them. Others were large and brilliant, like sky-rockets, though somewhat in an inverted position.

"These meteors were so numerous that until I was satisfied they were accompanied with nothing solid, I was afraid to venture out into the street to take my customary walk. The first thing I did was to awake the gentleman in the room opposite to mine, in order that he also might enjoy this phenomenon. Soon after, I proceeded slowly on my accustomed round, watching the heavens as I went. The morning was clear and beautiful, accompanied by a moderate breeze; the air was slightly cool, though not uncomfortable even to one wearing no outside garment. The weather had somewhat changed during the preceding twenty-four hours, but I was in my study without fire, yesterday afternoon. The wind came from the west, as I supposed. Venus was to be seen brilliant in the east. Jupiter had, not long before, set in the west. Taurus and the neighboring constellations were visible between them, but rather nearest to the latter.

"I endeavored to decide upon the direction of the meteors, and soon found that the wind had nothing to do with them. The most prominent thought in my mind was that they all came from a southerly region and passed a little to the west of north. Sensible, however, that it is easy to be optically deluded in such a case, I varied my position and looked due west. I now saw some which seemed to dart from the zenith downwards, yet in general they appeared to bear away somewhat towards the north. Similar, too, was their aspect, as I faced the east, or looked upward. Some of them were very large and shot away in the form of a trumpet, ending in a bright blaze, and leaving a long, luminous train, which in some cases, lasted for nearly a minute, or till the meteor seemed gradually to have faded away. This train looked as if composed (after the disappearance of the principal flame) of a great quantity of extremely luminous dust, dispersed along the track of the meteor. In one instance, I thought I saw a brilliant train gradually bent from a straight line after the blaze had become extinct. In another case, a large proportion of the train which commenced with great brilliancy, consisted of a blue flame ending with a glowing red. Every thing, wind excepted, was perfectly still. No hissing and no heavy sound was at any time to be heard; nor was there anywhere the appearance of a cloud. Meteors continued to be visible, though to a less extent, till almost sunrise. Persons, whom I met in my ramble, were very much alarmed by the phenomenon, and asked me if it were not a fulfilment of Scripture."

For weeks subsequent to the occurrence of this meteoric shower, he watched the newspapers, copy-ing from them numerous accounts given of it, by writers in different parts of the country.

Journal. "Dec. 5, 1833. — I have received a *call*, or what amounts to one, to settle in Braintree. Answered it today in the negative. Feel very sad in view of the answer which I have been obliged, as I think, to send to B. O, how I should love to go there! How much violence have I done to my own feelings in rejecting the invitation!"

The above named *call* was repeated, and in declining it the second time, he says to the church and society, "I have dwelt upon the subject, revolved it, prayed over it, and hesitated, until I again find myself compelled to come to a definite decision, and I hope on the right side. I wish to accept of your invitation. Had I two minds and two bodies, you certainly should have one of each. I have now spent more than a year in preparing a History of the Pulpit, from the time of Christ down to the present day. Books, necessary for completing the work, at best somewhat rare, are in the library here. I must either give up this work altogether, or renounce for the present the idea of going to B. For the former, after so much labor, I do not feel prepared; therefore I am, of course, constrained to adopt the latter."

It is with sadness we state that the literary work which kept him from becoming a pastor in B. has never been published. It probably did not advance much in preparation for the press after this time. The author's plans were frustrated, as he informs us, by the death of Dr. Porter, which occurred only a few months later than the call to B.

CHAPTER VII.

LITERARY PURSUITS FROM JANUARY, 1834, TO THE AUTUMN OF 1838.

Though frequently invited to leave Andover to enter upon pastoral life, and urged by many judicious friends to make the change, he still regarded it as duty to continue his residence there. Perhaps no other person could judge so well as himself what was the proper course for him to pursue. His, however, may have been a case in which the individual who is the most deeply concerned, is the least qualified to act as umpire. The writer has never been able to read Mr. T.'s record of calls from churches and the declinatures affixed, without mental anguish. No man could be more in need of just the influences of a confiding people than was the subject of this memoir.

In January, 1834, he records the following reflections: "God's holy kingdom will be bound together by cords of love. The interests of the whole, will be the interests of each individual. Loveliness of character should be the aim of all persons on earth. I know not a better specimen of it among men than Legh Richmond and his family. I have just seen a letter evincing its existence in his household. Jesus was distinguished for loveliness.

"I was struck with the uniformity of nature's laws, when visiting the home of my childhood some months since. There I found an apple-tree, the fruit of which, in my younger years, I loved; and I remembered exactly how it then tasted. I plucked some of it and found its taste unchanged. An apple-seed never produces an oak; nor an acorn, the apple-tree. The oak has its particular height, size, and form."

Letter to Rev. J. F. Stearns, March, 1834.

"My dear brother Jonathan:—It is almost nine o'clock in the evening and I am sleepy, gloomy, and tired, having rode today from Charlestown on the very pinnacle of the stage with a north-easter beating right, or rather wrong, into my face and eyes. The horses walked all the way, and the stage vascillated like the mountains torn up by Satan and his army to be hurled at Gabriel and his hosts.

"But I am beginning to suspect that you will think I have but little of the *David* in me, when you hear that I have just visited Boston, without in any way hinting my purpose to *you;* especially as I have committed the offence several times before. I cannot sleep without beginning something like a letter to you. Perhaps I ought to say, I am in such an indolent mood, that I must write to you or do nothing. Brother, I will tell you that I feel as if I would like to annoy somebody this evening, therefore I have resolved to inflict a *letter* upon you."

Later date.

"My dear friend, I am resolved to let the beginning of this letter stand as it was commenced some time ago. I soon found myself too sleepy to proceed, and retired for the night. I feel *now* in quite a different mood, for a serious event has just occurred. Miss Irene Stone, Dr. Porter's adopted daughter, died last evening not far from nine. She had been sick only about a fortnight, and enjoyed but a few lucid intervals from the moment in which she was taken till her death. Her disorder was supposed to be a suffusion of water on the brain, and her sufferings were exceedingly great. The descent has been very sudden from the height of apparent health to the grave. The family will greatly feel the loss. Miss Stone was a Sabbath school teacher, and loved her employment. Once, when reason had returned, she spoke of her scholars, two of whom have recently deceased; I refer to children of Mr. Hall, who has another child at the point of death. The community in general, however, is in a healthful state.

"We had a curious temperance and anti-temperance town-meeting here last week. The temperance people tried to obtain a vote to instruct the selectmen not to approbate any persons to sell ardent spirits during the current year, and the anti-temperance class labored to throw the vote out of the warrant. A division of the house was called for, when the temperance party took the right and the antis the left. The temperance division passed out of the door first, being counted as they went out; and the antis followed. As soon as the former were out they formed themselves into a *file* each side of the door with just room enough to let the antis pass through, and through they did pass, for they must do it or fight their way out elsewhere; and such an exhibition of faces, forms, and attire you probably never saw. Some of them looked up and assumed an air of boldness; some wore a deeper crimson than before; others called the passage the narrow way; some of them cursed, and swore, and almost blasphemed, while a few of the more respectable crept into the temperance ranks. It was a curious scene, but to a reflecting mind a most solemn one. Temperance triumphed. Yours truly."

Journal. "April 11. — Have just come from the funeral of Dr. Porter. He died on the 8th, about two in the morning. How soon he has been called to follow his adopted daughter. A post mortem examination evinced the existence of a great amount of disease. It is now regarded as a wonder that he lived so long. It was by extreme care, that he was kept alive. He must have suffered greatly; and yet many, very many have had little charity for him as a sick man; they have been inclined to attribute his complaints to imagination, and to the excessive tenderness of his wife. She has, indeed, been a wonderful example of conjugal fidelity. The case of Dr. P. shows the need of charitableness towards the sick. My esteem for him has been great. I did not for a long time think him possessed of much eloquence, but my opinion changed by hearing him preach on the presumption of sceptical men. I saw then his oratorical power. He was beloved by all who knew him. It was through his advice in connection with that of others, that I decided to decline an inviting call from a church and society, and continue my 'History of the Pulpit.' He gave me a promise upon which I had great reason to place dependence, of pecuniary assistance in getting out the work, in case I should need it. The last time I saw him was one evening, just as the sun was setting, and I had called to make inquiry respecting Irene's sickness. I conversed with him several minutes. Our theme was, the benefits of affliction. I had no idea then, that this would be my last interview with the good man; but the next time I saw him he was lifeless.

"The Doctor's death was undoubtedly hastened by that of his daughter. He felt the loss very deeply. Though he was resigned, yet he knew not how to get along without her aid. She had been his amanuensis all winter. Poor, yet blessed man!

"Andover, May 5, quarter to five, P. M. — The bell is tolling, and persons are just bearing to her last resting-place, Myra, aged 34, a colored girl, who had lived in the family of Dr. Porter. How modest, amiable, and pious she was! She died in the triumphs of faith. She was faithful at meeting. She had a seat behind the singers, and used to stand up with her face toward the wall until the choir had left the gallery. I shall not soon forget her, colored as she was! No, nor the last time I heard her feeble voice. It was only a few days ago; I had kneeled in prayer with the bereaved family, and was coming away, but inquired for her health as she sat in a little back room. Her voice, though faint, betokened resignation. How soon she has wasted away. There, the bell ceases to toll. She is in her narrow house, by the side of her beloved master and friend. Yes, she is placed beside the grave of Dr. P. and Irene. Who can doubt that her *spirit* is now with theirs, for color is not known in heaven. But in this world Myra's condition was a highly favored one for her race. O, I am affected; I weep as her image starts up before me — being associated with the wrongs her sable brethren have so long endured! God will avenge those wrongs, and how dreadful must be his vengeance!"

Having heard, June 4, of the death at the South, of a clergyman with whom he had been acquainted, Mr. T. observes: "I have reason to note this man's death. For more than three years I sat under his ministry in Schenectady, and was regarded as it were a member of his church. I became acquainted with him soon after my arrival in S., and loved to hear him preach. He was deeply solemn and impressive. There was an air of holiness about him. His form, motions, and expressions of countenance, are vividly before me; his very tones of voice seem now to be sounding in my ears. A course of sermons which he preached on the *family*, and which I have by me taken in *short hand*, was the best on that subject I have ever heard. I took tea at his house on the evening of my graduation, or soon after. Among other things I call to mind what he said about *revivals*. He was afraid of flashy ones; his own views of that subject were solid; he was opposed to interfering with God's work. Excellent man. By his death I have lost a friend. I never shall, I *cannot* forget him."

A summer morning contemplation. Plaistow, New Hampshire.

"I find nothing so soothing to my mind, as to rise early and take a contemplative walk, on a calm summer morning. The bustling and sinful world may be wrapped up in slumber, but nature is in tune to animate, elevate, and fill me with religious emotion. I have enjoyed such a season this morn. I had arisen weary, yet my walk in a retired valley between five and six, (I rose, indeed, considerably before five,) soon operated as a cordial; and it was with deep regret that I found myself necessitated to return. In retracing my steps I could not help thinking how few there are who know any thing about such pleasures. Nature, thought I, has long been one of my best friends. In the darkest hours, if she smile upon me, and especially if the sun shine clearly, provided I am not haunted by the terrors of a guilty conscience, I feel a calm resignation gently distilling into my soul. It is as if the zephyrs of heaven themselves were fanning me; and celestial spirits had come down, perching upon every green twig, singing from every bough, scattering perfumes around and lighting up all nature with smiles on purpose to cheer me. O, said I, mentally, and I had often said it before,—here is something like heaven. When the departed spirit first experiences the influence of the world of glory and love, it most assuredly feels something like this, only it is free from all the pangs of guilt and the liabilities of a depraved heart. Truly it seemed to me, as though I heard the very voices of good beings saying to me, 'Fear not. Trample down discouragement and despondency; for the universe is full of God's goodness, and you too may be happy.' Blessed, blessed privilege of holding converse with my Creator and with my own spirit at such an hour!"

Early in August he visited Bedford and preached for Rev. Samuel Stearns, a distant relative of his mother, and a college class mate of his uncle T. Alden.

During this summer he supplied a pulpit in Kingston, New Hampshire, for a number of Sabbaths. August was principally passed in New Bedford.

A brother of his in college, having sent him a letter evincing great despondency, and perhaps a disposition to berate a little his paternal ancestry so far as intellect is concerned, he replied as follows. The letter was written from New Bedford, August 11, 1834.

"Some days, my dear brother, have elapsed since I received your TIRADE against the Taylors. I am very sorry that you have such poor blood running in your veins, and that you were born under the influence of such a *malignant star*. For my part I have never studied astrology, and I am rather inimical to the science. As to the Taylors I think there have been some pretty likely fellows among them, all you say to the contrary notwithstanding. To be sure, since they have been in this country, they have more generally been nothing more than honest deacons, esquires, yeomen, fishermen, and Christians; but then we can point back to a host of them in England of more than ordinary intellect, and some of them certainly our ancestors. I suspect you have made two mistakes. In the first place, you have mistaken the Taylor for the *Joyce* blood in *us*. In the second place, you have in part attributed some of our defects to the Taylor blood, when you ought to have referred them to the *Adam* blood in us. You do not forget, I hope, that old Adam was a sinner; that we all descended from him, and that all his children are defective, especially about the *heart.* Though the intellect is supposed to be not *directly* affected by sin, it is *indirectly;* the heart producing great disorder in the mind. Strive, then, to get a right view of yourself in this respect, and see if grace be not adapted to work a proper cure. The grand reason why there are no more philosophers is because there are no more good men. I take it for granted that every thing in *me* is wrong, and that it is my duty to set every thing right. I hope the next time I hear from you, it will appear that you have ceased to be at war with your own head."

"New Bedford, Aug. 18, 1834. — Am this day thirty-three years of age. A birthday should not pass unnoticed. I see by the papers that Bro. ——, of ——, has just accepted a call to become Professor of Sacred Literature in ——. I was recommended by friends to that professorship. He is an amiable and pious man.

"Resigned — my soul shall meet thy will."

On the 23d he says: "Walked yesterday through an opening wood, towards the ocean. The sun was just rising upon the water; here and there a sail was passing, birds were chirping around me, and herds of cattle were wending their way along footpaths to their wonted pastures. And I am then drawing near to the ocean, I thought, as I looked down upon its shore and saw the billows rolling there. Thus soon, perhaps very soon, shall I arrive at the broad ocean of eternity, and from the last promontory of life take leave of terrestrial things. May it be my happy lot, then, to behold a far more glorious sun, and to feel that its light and warmth are mine, forever mine! During that walk I said to myself how pleasant it would be to surrender up my spirit to God and go home; I am but a stranger and pilgrim here below. This world contains nothing sufficiently attractive to detain me except the glory of God and the smiles of his children. *There* I should be absorbed in his everlasting love. While thus meditating, these words of Watts occurred to me:—

"'Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried;
Climb up the mount, says God, and die,
The prophet climbed and died.
Safely his gentle head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast,
His Maker kissed his soul away
And laid his flesh to rest.'

Also those of Pollock in which he speaks of the star that goes not out, but melts away in the light of heaven. O, it would be pleasant to lay one's head upon the Saviour's breast and breathe out the spirit there. But why should I *now* be permitted to pass into the celestial realm. Christ says his followers enter it through much tribulation, and through what have I passed? Surely, there are foes for me to face. Verily I must fight. The joy that I now feel is but an Elijah's repast under the Juniper tree to strengthen me for coming struggles; and the pleasures of Christian intercourse are sent only as cordials. Rise, my soul; this is not the place of thy rest. The journey, the desert, the fierce combat are before thee."

August 28 he says: "Mrs. C. has a very fine collection of shells. She spares no expense to obtain them. I called in company with a friend today to see that collection. Mrs. C. was not at home, but her little granddaughter opened the cases for us. The shells are arranged in families, or genera. First came, according to the Linnæan system, the Cornus, then the Nerita, etc. The little girl knew all their generic names and many of the specific."

"Berkley, Massachusetts, Aug. 30. — Came here yesterday, calling first upon Rev. Mr. A., author of the 'Old Jersey Captive,' if I rightly remember the title of the work. He was a prisoner for some time, and at length made his escape through Long Island. He has lately been dismissed from his pastoral charge here. I expect to supply the pulpit but one Sabbath. 31. — I have just been watching the last setting sun of summer till the very final ray has disappeared. And shall I ever see another summer? What changes must I pass through before this can be the case? The cold and chills of winter must first be experienced. Arduous studies, too, are before me."

Andover, September. After quoting lines from Cowper in which that poet utters his detestation of affectation in any person, especially in a minister of the gospel, Mr. T. says: "And ready as I am to subscribe to the above lines of Cowper, and as much as I hate affectation, it is my lot to be accused of it. I am charged with exhibiting it in singing. This I should not so much regard, since I abominate most of the singing, so deficient in animation, which I hear. But I was accused of it in preaching also. This was shocking to my sensibilities; inexpressibly shocking! Well, what is to be done? Let me become as *cold* as Greenland and I shall not be accused of affectation in preaching!

Thunderstorm, Sept. 15, 1834.

"Last week Tuesday commenced with remarkably sultry weather. The air seemed to come from a heated furnace. Hence it was no more than I anticipated, that a thunderstorm should occur. About ten, A. M., I saw clouds rising rapidly in the west, or north-west. They appeared very angry, and thunder rolled furiously in the heavens. My expectations of a hurricane were strong, especially as there have been many in different parts of the country the year past, and as we here have had much high wind. A tempest did, indeed, drive rapidly through the sky; still we had no hurricane. But toward the close of the storm there occurred a tremendously crashing clap of thunder, accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning. I started for my window supposing that one of the seminary buildings had been struck; yet no indications of such a nature appeared. The clouds soon passed off, and I walked down by Mr. Badger's meeting-house, toward the post-office. On the way I saw a collection of people about Dr. Edwards' house, on the other street, at my right hand, and at once I suspected it had been struck, though the clap had not seemed to me to be in that direction. I visited the post-office, and on coming up toward Dr. E.'s kitchen window, I saw it open and a lady sitting by it leaning her head on her hand in a solemn posture, (Mrs. E., I doubt not, was returning thanks to God for protection). On coming around to the other side of the house I saw that it had, indeed, been struck. It has a lightning rod on its west side. The sitting room is at the south-west half of the west end, and the kitchen is at the north-west half. South of the house there are several poplar trees, on the westernmost of which, for some purpose of convenience, had been nailed a horse-shoe. The house has shutters and blinds. I found the south part of it, in appearance, a perfect skeleton. Every pane of glass had been broken out. The lightning had descended the *rod* to the ground, turned this up around the rod, struck a piece of iron lying at a short distance from the rod, attacked the westernmost poplar opposite the horseshoe, and had passed under a door-step, about midway in the south front of the building. The sitting room was full of ladies, yet no one had been injured. One of them, however, in attempting to stand, felt the effect of the lightning a little in her foot. Mrs. E. was in her kitchen, the Dr. was at the seminary. I have not been able to ascertain what was the sensation of the moment among the ladies, though one of them says that the building seemed to be all on fire. I learn that a hurricane did occur at Belchertown the same day.

"Seasons, years, centuries, and other periods of time have each their peculiar characteristics. This year has thus far been marked by violent heat, thunderstorms, and tornadoes.

"I would add, that a part of the poplar struck, was shivered off and sent through a window in the second story of the house. The sound of the thunder most evidently came to me by reflection, as a line drawn from Dr. Edwards' house to the seminary, thence to my room, (Esquire Farrar's office,) would authorize me to believe."

January, 1835, he published a duodecimo volume of two hundred and sixty pages, entitled "Brief views of the Saviour, with reflections on his doctrines, parables, etc., designed chiefly for the young." It was in part a translation of a German work. Sending it forth, he says to it, "Go now, seek thy fortune as thou canst. I commit thee to the tide of public opinion." He was likewise at this time translating and preparing for the press a German treatise of Pfeiffer on the Music of the ancient Hebrews.

Near the commencement of the year just named, Mr. T.'s sister Martha was visited with sudden and alarming sickness. She had, doubtless, prostrated herself by excessive exertions while teaching a winter school in Whateley. Having been conveyed to her sister's, in South Deerfield, she was considered in a very critical state for several weeks. These statements will explain various allusions in the letters immediately succeeding.

"Andover, Feb. 4, 1835.

"My dear Brother T.: — Your letter, filled with sorrows and joys, reached me yesterday. I am glad you were able to assist your sister, and thank you for the kind manner in which you dealt with me. It was prudent not to inform me of my sister's sickness, inasmuch as I could not have relieved her and could not very well have visited her. The objections to the course you pursued might be, first, that you thus deprive me of the privilege of sympathizing with, and praying for, my afflicted friends; and, secondly, that you will be in danger perhaps of doing the same thing in cases where you ought not. In this, however, I leave you to the exercise of your own judgment.

"My 'History of the Pulpit' is yet a serious task. It is poverty that has prevented me from finishing it before now, as I am obliged to struggle in every way and turn my hands to other employments to obtain money. Nothing but this, too, deters me from sending Martha at once, twenty or thirty dollars, and Mary and mother as much more. For the same reason, I shall have for the present to excuse myself from forwarding either to you or Rufus, a copy of my 'Views of the Saviour.' Scholars, you know, even the greatest and the best of them, have been proverbially poor, in every age. You will recall to mind, at once, Milton, Pythagoras, etc. As soon as I am able, Martha shall have a handsome present. I shall write her soon. Did you find mother in comfortable circumstances? I do not wish at present to part with more money than is absolutely needful; and yet I shall do any thing, even hire it, if she or others of the family are in want of it. I lately sent Mary five dollars, and shall still pay her physician's bill. I have much to say, but cannot. I write early in the morning, and with cold fingers — must be brief. But the sickness of Martha is a new development in our family history. It is well for us children all to remember with a particular reference to ourselves, our father's constitution, in order that by prayer, constant exercise, and, above all, by that calmness of mind which can come only from confidence in God and resignation to his holy will, we may guard ourselves, as much as possible, against one of the most grievous calamities with which humanity can be afflicted."

"February 5, 1835.

"MY DEAR SISTER MARTHA: — I had just written a letter to mother, and was about to drop it into the post-office, when I saw one for me from T. I was in a sorrowful mood, from various perplexities naturally attendant on the issuing of a book from the press, and said to myself, perhaps it brings *sad news.* I will not, therefore, read it until I have dined, and, having become more at ease in mind, feel better prepared for whatever the letter may contain. I did delay, and when I opened it, found an account of your late and dangerous illness. I need not tell you I was deeply affected, as I imagined what you all must have suffered, and that I felt the duty very incumbent upon me to give thanks to God for having restored you in a measure to health. Ever since reading the letter, my mind has been dwelling upon you, and especially upon mother. It is true my letters to her are not very frequent. I plunge into my books, and am drowned in thought, until a message from her, or from my brothers, sets me to calculating how long it has been since I wrote, and then my remissness fills me with regret. I think of her often, and fear lest she may lack things needful to her comfort. Oh, that it might be well with her; that the candle of the Lord might shine upon her head; that she might have a peaceful and happy old age; but, above all things, that she may enter at last into the haven of eternal rest. My painful regret is that I cannot send you each a fifty dollar bill, but this I *cannot*, and it becomes us to submit to the will of God. Have you sufficient means to defray the expenses of your sickness? How is it with mother? Are her wants at this time supplied? Does she enjoy good health? Is her mind calm? Be kind, *very kind*, to our dear mother. Money comes hard with me at present, but she, and the rest of you, if in want, shall share what I have. The Lord bless you, my dear sister. My prayer is, that the chastisement you have lately received from his hand, may prove for your good, serving to wean you from the world, and aiding you to live well while you are in it. Take every wise precaution to preserve your health."

To his sister Sarah, same month.

"My dear Sister: — The sickness of M. in your family, has brought yourself, husband, and babe before me, and reminds me of my negligence in not writing you of late. I am grateful to God that she had a home under your roof. I hope the event will prove salutary to us all. May it not be lost upon yourself and husband. Oh, that your hearts might be united in the service of God — that I could be informed the family altar had been erected by you. I cannot but hope that you do read the Bible together, and converse often about the value of the soul, and the importance of being prepared for death.

Believe me, my dear sister, our time at the longest will be short. We shall soon stand before God, and there give an account of our past lives. We must soon, very soon, enter upon an eternal state of existence, and where? I think of you often, though I do not write to you, and my neglect in this respect arises in part from the fact that you have a tender husband to take care of you, while I feel in a measure like a guardian or protector of your sisters.

"Let the spirit of love guide you in all your domestic duties. A kind and affectionate wife, I know, unmarried though I am, to be the greatest of earthly blessings. She can counsel her husband in trial, and often sustain him when ready to sink under the pressure of sorrow. In the world without, he may find all cold and friendless, but at home there will be at least one to bless and comfort. Ah, what would our poor father have done, had it not been for the kindness, the affection, and the ceaseless conjugal fidelity of our dear mother? My best regards to your husband."

Writing about this time to his brother R. in Amherst College, he observes: "We brothers have had to struggle, and even now the hard hand of poverty presses heavily upon us. We are deprived of many good things of which others have the enjoyment; and have to press our way up from the dust. But we have had many favors. The Lord has done much for us and he has promised to do more. Let us look to him and lean upon him. That we meet with difficulties does not prove that we are not in the path of duty. Bunyan very beautifully tells us this, when he represents Christian as clambering up the hill '*Difficulty*.' And how improving to pass through trials. It gives the soul firmness. Read the memoirs of any great general, and see what trials he had to pass through before he attained to eminence. I have fondly looked forward to the time when we shall find ourselves more independent of the world and possessed of enough to show ourselves generous; yet this, I fear, is a fairy dream. Let us not, however, murmur, my dear brother; there is rest in heaven for the weary pilgrim. Live continually at the foot of the cross. May we, as a family, ever remember each other in our daily prayers. Prayer constitutes one of the best bonds of union. Whatever others do, may we always show ourselves on the Lord's side and be firmly united by a two, nay, by a threefold cord which cannot easily be broken, viz., by the ties of nature, of professional duty, and of grace."

Extracts from a letter to a friend, April 4, 1835.

"I purpose to content myself with moving along the shore of the great ocean of truth and picking up the gems there to be found, until clad in immortality. I dare not do otherwise. Humility seems to require this; and most of those who venture out far, are caught away from their fastenings, and to their utter destruction, submerged beneath the billows.

"The only important question is, whether the *system* to which you refer contains the essence of Christianity. To me its view of redemption seems to be a high-wrought speculation. I could converse long with you upon this subject, but to write out my thoughts would be a tedious effort. There is one —

Jesus Christ — who has never been known to deceive. I have his very words, and so have you. He says, 'Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out.' I place myself at his feet, willing to hear all he says. He is a teacher that commands my highest confidence. He tells me he is the way, the truth, and the life. I am afraid of dishonoring, or appearing to distrust him in seeking other teachers. I have also the teachings of the apostles, who, to a greater or less extent, were associated with him. Besides the great principles of truth are everywhere to be recognized by their permanency.

"Let us hold on to the gospel. Its *plain*, *obvious* instructions contain truth enough for children; *I* am certainly nothing more than a child in the school of Christ, and I suspect that in this life, we shall none of us pass much beyond our minority."

April 25 he speaks of receiving a very kind and comforting letter from his mother, in which she had noticed his book, "Views of the Saviour." He adds: "The favor of no other human being do I value as highly as hers."

May 6 he received a very pleasing visit from his brother R. who was making a vacation tour.

Near the first of July he entered into an engagement to prepare a Catalogue of the Seminary Library. This work occupied him, as we shall see, much of the time for the next succeeding three years.

The two letters immediately ensuing were written in the summer of 1835.

"My dear Sister Mary: — Your letter fills me with inexpressible anxiety. You seem to be in want of something which I cannot give you. I know not what I can do but kneel, and weep and pray, that though you have a diseased body your soul may be cured of the malady of sin which is an evil infinitely dreadful. I have had feelings this evening in regard to you which I have seldom had before. Why can you not give up all to the Saviour? He left the heavens to die for sinners. He always sympathized with the sorrowful — he healed diseased bodies. He died on Calvary; his love admits of no reasonable doubt. Come, my dear, dear sister, I too am poor, and vile, and wretched; let us go to the cross together. It will be pleasant to weep there and see the vast burden of our sins roll into his tomb. I know that relief awaits us there."

To his youngest sister, wife of Mr. Joseph W. Russell, Windsor, Massachusetts.

" You have changed your name; but without forgetting your brother who, be assured, has not forgotten you, nor ceased to love you, and who would delight even now to impress a kiss upon your cheek. I can scarcely think of you except as the same little light-haired girl whom I once left at the foot of the 'Sugar Loaf,' with the tear trickling down her face. God has, I hear, been gracious to you. One thing I fear is wanting. Have you a lightning rod on your house? You can, perhaps, get along without it in fair weather, but when the fiery cloud shall arise over your habitation, you will need it. *Prayer* offered up on a family altar draws down mercies and dispels gathered wrath. Without such an altar you will find some of the storms of life most terrific; and you may be dashed in pieces by thunderbolts which break over your head. Should you and Mr. R. be united in the love of Jesus, as well as in the bonds of conjugal affection, happy would you be. Why not make God your Father, and now lay up treasure in the world where he dwells?"

Mr. T. occasionally wrote in Latin to his brothers in college. Once they intimated to him that his chirography was obscure and that their patience was somewhat tried in efforts to decipher his meaning. Furthermore, they expressed a desire that his letters might be so legible as to be perused while they should be walking for exercise, etc. He replied as follows:—

"August 21, 1835.

"FRATER TIMOTHEE CARISSIME:—Mihi summo dolori est, te meas epistolas lectu perdifficiles invenire. Meam chirographiam, frequenter subobscuram esse, concedo. Mala, aliquando, quoque, sine dubio, est mea Latinitas, et inelegans involutaque, periodorum constructio. Recte præterea dicis, ut genus dicendi epistolare simplicitatem postulet. Et tamen tibi Anglice scribere assentire non possum. Quamobrem, tantum laborem, in tibi scribendo, suscipio, si tempus fuit, exquisitis argumentis, exponerem. Rei hanc summam recipe; sermonis Latini scientiam meam augere. Ita tibi declaravi in mea Latine scriptâ epistolâ primâ. Sed eheu! meas hujuscemodi literas non legisti! Multum tamen erro, si in deteriorem partem, consilii mei motus, detorqueret, meus frater Timotheus. Avunculus meus, literas a me, tirone, recipere, cum Latine barbarissime scriptas,

assentiebat; immo, Latiné, suo rogatu scripsi. Ego ipse, literas, a amicis meis, vel Latine, vel Germanice, vel Gallice, scriptas, recipere gaudeo. Sed nunc satis. . . . Ex minimâ parte, hujus rei imaginem animo in concipiendo, de te et Rufo, in meas literas frustra legere conando, risu quassus sum . . . Tuum adventum in Andoveriam, gaudio multo, expectabo. Epistolam a matrâ nostra bona, suavissimam, nuper recepi. Illa et Maria sese bene habent. Excerptum pulchrum, tibi dabo. (*He quotes from his mother.*)

"My dear son, as I sit at my window viewing the red tinge of the azure sky, and the setting sun, my thoughts often extend beyond the delightful sky, to that happy world where the inhabitants are beyond the reach of Satan's power. O, what peace and delight must fill their souls! Now and then, as I sit looking at the sky, a black cloud passes along and intercepts the rays of the setting sun. So sin often hides the Sun of Righteousness from our view, and dark, heavy hours hang over our minds. O, how I long to possess that calm and heavenly temper which the dear Saviour had, while here on earth, so that my mind might always be like the clear azure sky, or as Dr. Watts expresses it,

"'Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.'

"Hanc meam epistolam, in portam, caudicem vel arboris truncum insidens vel incumbens, legere poteris, ut mihi videtur. Deus te cum in secula seculorum. Vale."

To his youngest brother, then at Hawley. Written at Dracut, November, 1835.

"My dear Jeremiah: — Mary, I think, is entitled to the longest letter, as she has recently written me and you have not. I purposed some time since to write you about your studies, but on being informed by T. of what he had said to you, I found it to be essentially the same with what I had thought of saying.

"You are to make preparation for college as rapidly as possible and to aim at becoming fitted to enter in a year from next autumn. Study all the next summer, if you can, and then teach school the following winter. Still I know not but it will be necessary for you to engage in manual labor to some extent another summer. Whatever course you take in this respect, endeavor so to *review* your studies as never to forget what you have at any time learned. Frequent reviews are essential to accomplish this.

"I hear from R., and he seems to enjoy himself well at present. At least he writes in fine spirits. You know, I presume, that he has made me a visit. It was a charming one. Do you grow in grace and in the knowledge of the word of God? With T.'s love and mine to all, farewell."

Mr. T. regularly supplied a pulpit in Dracut for several months during the latter half of 1835. His labors were much blessed in elevating the church and society from a depressed condition and in procuring the settlement of a pastor.

By way of explanation it should be here stated that Mr. T.'s eldest brother having graduated at Amherst College in August, 1835, entered the seminary at Andover in the autumn of the same year.

To his brother R. Written at Andover, Dec. 31, 1835.

"My dear Brother: — When I think every thing is going on well with you, being myself somewhat pressed for time, I postpone writing. Yet it is not because I am indifferent to your welfare, for I am deeply interested in it. Brother Jeremiah informs me that you are teaching in Northampton. I wish to inquire how this has come to pass. If you left college during the latter part of one term, and are to return punctually at the commencement of another, why, it will do; that is, for once. But if you are to be absent from college more than this, I shall regret it exceedingly. Rather should you get even six hundred dollars in debt than do thus. I was almost persuaded to leave college for the purpose of teaching one winter, but Providence prevented, and I have felt truly thankful for it ever since. Brother T. says the same in regard to himself. Do write us how it is that you are away from your studies. This is the last day of the old year, which by me has been poorly spent. A new one I would fain hope will be better improved."

To the same, a few days later.

"Your letter greatly relieves, not only *my* mind, but T.'s also, as both of us were almost agonized to think that you had left college for even a single quarter. If, however, as I told you in my last, you get back at the beginning of the next term, you may be able to come off tolerably well. Scarcely for ten thousand dollars a year would I have you leave now, or break in upon your studies to any considerable extent. Were there the least danger of your not returning immediately to college at the close of your quarter, I should feel that I must make a journey on purpose to converse with you about it. Finish your college course with honor to yourself. Stand, if possible, among the first of your class. At least, maintain the rank you have begun to hold. Should you leave for six months, you must for a year. If you should be absent a year you would probably become discouraged and never return. Then you can at best be only a mere preceptor, and such an office soon reduces a man, *if he be not greatly on his guard*, to mental nothingness. To teach an academy, or something of the kind, will do for awhile, but not often for life. An old man is usually a miserable teacher. Go through college; get a profession, and then, if you please, you can teach; but see to it that you get the profession. I write briefly because I have not time to write more at length. I write frankly because I love you. If you love me you will follow my advice."

Journal. "Jan. 12, 1836.— Again has come and gone a new year's day, and also the anniversary of my father's death. The Lord has been very gracious to me the year past. I fear he will take me out of the ministry as I have shown myself so unworthy of the office. Prayer, more prayer is necessary."

Feb. 13. — To a friend he says: "I have almost ceased to correspond with any one, having for months been engaged in making out a Catalogue of the Theological Seminary Library here; a piece of work which Dr. Robinson commenced, but left unfinished. It has occupied me for months, and will continue to do so for months to come. I arise uniformly at five, exercise till six, then attend to devotion and breakfast. From seven to half past eleven I work in the library. At one I return again to the library and remain in it till five. This is my general course, with some slight variations. I have then only the evenings to myself. In which time I have a sermon a week to prepare for the people to whom I am preaching. Besides, I have translations, and original articles in abundance, planned or commenced; so that, as you see, I have scarcely a nook of time left. I have been thus particular for the purpose of explaining and exculpating my silence.

"Whether I shall get paid for my labor I know not. It is the fate of the scholar to consume himself in laboring for others, according to the motto of a certain distinguished man, 'In aliis inserviendo, consumor,' (in serving others I am consumed). It would be easy to adduce instances illustrative of this motto. The case of Walton is in point. After laboring seventeen years upon a Lexicon, pronounced even now one of the first of the kind, he was obliged to allow the mice to devour five hundred copies. He died in poverty. Henry Albert Schultens might also be mentioned. In a letter to Sir Wm. Jones he apologizes for not visiting him while having *time* enough to do it, and says in the words of an Arabian proverb, 'When my purse is heavier I shall find the journey to you lighter.' In like manner Jay may be named, who, by editing his celebrated Polyglot, reduced himself to penury. I am, you see, giving you a bibliographical letter, not very interesting to be sure, but I am surrounded with books all the time, and it is nothing remarkable that some of them should haunt my brain. I see the P—s often, not so often, however, I suppose, as they do me, as I walk rapidly, and frequently without noticing those whom I meet. This mortifies me sometimes, but so it is."

"April, 1836.

"My dear Sister Mary: — The past year, which I have just been looking at, as on a fast-day it is proper to do, has, on the part of God, been a year of mercies; on mine of imperfectly performed duties, and heinous sins; and yet I find myself still surrounded with blessings, and I would fain hope not without some beamings from that world where all is sinless and painless forever and ever. Religion is, indeed, a very sacred thing in its internal experiences. The choicest hours of the child of God must be unknown to the world. He cannot, if he would, reveal the joys of his communion with the Eternal. It is with him, in this respect, as with Moses of old whom the people saw enter the tabernacle, and knew that he there conversed with God. They saw him come out of it, and beheld his face shining. They stood in awe of him, but knew not of his communings with Jehovah.

"What inexpressible present bliss do those lose who live only for this world! My eyes, my ears, my whole soul seem often to be just opening upon this great, this hallowed subject. I have known the truth long, and felt it some, I hope, but oh, how feebly! Still, heaven appears at times to beam around and upon me with radiant glory. And it is enough. No matter where, or what we are, whether in sickness or health, in prosperity or adversity, in Christian lands or heathen, in honor or dishonor, in life or death, if we are where God is, and his favor is with us — we rejoice in affliction, yea, in prison. Though our heads sink in deep waters, if the love of God be shed abroad in our souls, with the Psalmist we can sing, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' O, my poor famishing sister, how long will you seek for that which is not bread, and lie dying of thirst hard by the river of life? I have prayed and wept for you; shall I, must I give you up? What will become of you? God holds his chastening rod over you. You can fly from me and from Jesus, but I will not forsake you; I will follow you still, and cease not to remind you that the Spirit and the Bride say come, and that whosoever will, may take the water of life freely."

Some time in the summer of 1836, a discourse delivered by Mr. T. in Lowell, Sabbath evening, from the words, "To the one we are the savor of death unto death, etc.," was blessed to the conversion of a man notorious for wickedness in general and as being one of the leaders of an infidel club. This man had *strayed* into the place of worship, and was brought, while hearing the sermon, into great agony on account of his sins, which continued till he became hopefully a renewed person.

To a friend, August 9.

"I am glad you remember me, although for a long time I have apparently forgotten you. I am still in all the entanglements of my Catalogue, and feel the effects of such continued, unvaried labor, on my health, spirits, and nerves. I hope in a few weeks to be able to break away and visit my mother."

August 24 he left Andover for Hawley, where he spent a few weeks, supplying on the Sabbath the west parish pulpit. During this time he and his mother made a visit to his sister Russell, then residing in Windsor, Massachusetts. On his way he called upon Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield, with whom, as usual, he enjoyed a delightful interview. It proved their last meeting on earth. The venerable man died the next July.

From H. he wrote, August 27, to his brother T. at Andover.

"My dear T.: — After having been closeted for months, I might say even for years, I find it very exhilarating to travel. Nature seems to stand ready to meet me and conduct me about to witness her objects of interest. My thoughts are turned at such times out of their ordinary course, and flow forth sometimes through winning fields and down into sweet vales; at others rush over rocks and mountains. Not the proud eagle himself feels more gladsome, or wings his way over wide-spreading landscapes with greater eagerness. I have, however, felt during this tour less exhilarated than formerly, owing in part to the fact that the route is an old one. I am afraid that my own sensibility to nature and to whatever else should interest me, has been blunted by nearly fifteen months of confinement upon the catalogue, at which I at first looked with a kind of horror, but to which by habit I have now, as I find, become quite reconciled. I never was — at least, I have not been of late years — so vain as to suppose myself a great favorite of the Muses. Yet I do firmly believe they have occasionally condescended to favor me with visits. These visits, however, have been solicited on my part rather than made voluntarily; I fear I shall receive no more. Having been sadly grieved away, these goddesses are not easily wooed back again. As a nation, I doubt whether we ever produce many poets. But you must not suppose that my journey from A. to this place was without real interest. I was, indeed, considerably annoyed between Worcester and Petersham by the profane language of a young man who rode with me on the outside of the stage. At the first convenient stopping place, however, I made an effort to reform him. Taking him aside I had several minutes' conversation with him on this subject, also in reference to his abuse of a colored person who was riding in an extra behind the stage. He swore no more while he continued on the route with us. Before reaching Greenfield another man mounted the box and swore more horribly than any one I ever before heard. Soon learning that his name was ——, I reproved him most severely from time to time as in the course of the journey he was guilty of his besetting sin."

Writing to his youngest sister in the autumn of 1836, he says: "I am rejoiced to find you remember me. I love to hear from you often, and love to write you when I can, only you must let me have my own image of you still — that of the little girl that you were. But my dear sister, there is one painful thought which comes up when I write to you. As yet you have not given me any reason to believe you are a Christian, and what will you do without a Saviour? And then how ungrateful you are to his love. Well, dear sister, I will pray for you and your husband. Why should either of you be lost?"

To a friend.

"Andover, Dec. 10, 1836.

"Your remarks on charity I think correct, if accompanied with suitable caution. I would have *such* charity cultivated in one denomination for every other soul embracing the fundamentals of the gospel of Jesus Christ, that if there were a small country village just able to support one minister, we might say to its inhabitants, take a vote among yourselves whether you will have an Episcopalian society, or a Baptist, or a Congregational, or a Methodist. The majority should rule, and the minority cheerfully submit. In cities each can resort to his own denominational place of worship. We may exchange pulpits, but cannot intermingle services until charity becomes all-pervading. I would read prayers for the Episcopalian; he should in prayer extemporize for me. Whether such a time of charity will ever come, I know not.

"I have preached for the Baptists and expect to preach for them to-morrow; also for the Methodists;

and two Sabbaths of late for the Episcopalians. Believe me, my friend, these earthly distinctions will seem very insignificant in heaven. I have bought Mr. Van Dyck's book on Christian union, for the purpose of reading it, and perhaps, if I can get time, I may enlarge upon some of its topics, or draw up a distinct treatise upon the subject myself. But alas! months have elapsed, since I have composed even a sermon. My time has been spent in the dryest studies. I am withering. The wings of my imagination are clipped; rhetorical fire has nearly gone out, if ever I had any. I am scarcely capable of writing a letter; know not when I shall be able to invite back gentle emotion, glowing thought, or lay my soul open to any thing like inspiration. I murmur not at my lot. It has its blessings, and for these I would be grateful."

In the autumn of 1836 Mr. T. was elected assistant teacher of biblical literature for the ensuing seminary year, and entered upon the service at the commencement of the term.

Journal. "Jan. 25, 1837. — Professor Stuart's illness places me in a very trying situation. I see that I must live by prayer. Have been more interested than ever before in reading and examining the first chapter of Genesis in the original.

"April 18. — Had my class examined in Hebrew. Every thing went off well. Have great reason to bless God, who out of weakness in my case has ordained strength; for I have served in troublous times, owing to the sickness of Professor S. Many prejudices were also arrayed against me, at the outset, but all has ended well, and the end crowns the work. What more is before me I know not. Dr. Robinson has made inquiries about me to fill his place at New York, while he goes to Germany and Palestine. I am now entering upon the printing of my catalogue."

Writing to his mother, May 13, Mr. T. unbosoms to her his grief on the death of Mr. Johnson, Preceptor of Phillips Academy. "He has been to me a near and dear friend. I have always found him having a warm hand and a warm heart. Often has he lighted up his countenance for my sake. It has been as an adviser in my hours of despondency that I have found him particularly valuable. He has often stood by me and sustained my almost sinking heart. I have lost a friend, and in this cold-hearted world such a loss is great. But he is now, I doubt not, singing praises to his Redeemer in a better world."

In a letter to a friend, June 9, he says: "I am so incessantly occupied in printing my catalogue, that I have neglected and continue to neglect all else, mother, brothers, sisters, and every friend. I hoped to see you in Boston, where I spent two days, though at the expense, on my return, of bringing down upon me a mountain of toil. I had purposed to visit New York about this time, but have been obliged to forego the anticipated pleasure. I have been invited to attend a protracted meeting in Dracut this week, but cannot leave my catalogue. Of course a compliance with your request was out of the question, however gratifying it would have been to my own feelings."

The following letter will explain itself: —

"Theological Seminary, N. Y., June 19, 1837.

"Rev. Oliver A. Taylor. Dear Sir: — You are aware, perhaps, that we are desirous of obtaining some person to occupy my place as instructor in Hebrew and Greek, during the year of my absence in Europe and Palestine. My thoughts were early directed to yourself, and I made inquiries of Prof. Stuart several months since, whether you could probably be obtained. His reply was that you would be wanted at Andover. For this reason I have been making inquiries in other quarters, but find no other person who would be so acceptable to the faculty and directors. I am, therefore, induced to make the inquiry of yourself, whether your engagements are such as would permit you to take charge of my department for the next seminary year. It is also not very improbable that I may be detained in Europe for a second winter; in that case it would be desirable that you should continue. Please let me hear from you at the earliest moment.

"Yours sincerely,
"Edward Robinson."

This invitation Mr. T. declined, as it was difficult for him to leave A. while his catalogue was in press; besides, Prof. Stuart advised him not to accept it, saying that he would probably be wanted to teach in the seminary at Andover.

To his youngest sister on the death of a child. The letter was written in July.

"I pretend not to parental sensibility. Fraternal, however, I may justly claim, and though I have delayed writing to you, I have not failed to bear your case on my mind and heart. I hope the loss of your dear child will lead you and your husband to reflect on your ways, to loosen your hold of earthly things and fasten your hand on the skies. Only in this way can you secure permanent satisfaction. There is something inexpressibly delightful in having a Father to whom we may go — a heavenly Father; an immutable friend. On the other hand, there is something dark and gloomy in having one's hopes centred on this world; confined to earth. It is to be like the poor inhabitant of some island, who sees the waters rising higher and higher around him, the soil disappearing on every side, while himself is wholly without security or retreat. The worldly see the storm beating upon their habitations; the floods arising which must surely sweep them away. My dear sister, how kind has God been to our family! Will you requite this kindness with ingratitude? Will you reject the Saviour who has exhibited such love for you? Go to him in all your sorrows; in all your joys let him have your heart, your soul, your all."

To his mother, the same month.

"I love to think of you; I love to write you letters; I love to converse with friends about you; I love to send you money; I love to visit you. From almost all these pleasures I am, however, at present cut off. I look forward to the time when my present slavish task will be performed, and I hope it will be, though *indirectly*, a mite for the kingdom of Christ. Mrs. Johnson was highly gratified with your letter of sympathy, and I doubt not much comforted by it.

"I presume you feel for the *heathen* in the embarrassment of the Board. I hope that in proportion as human means fail, the divine will increase; that as the missionaries find themselves forsaken at home, they will rest more upon God; that though they may be unable to do so much, by translating, printing, and educating, they will preach more. Good old Mr. Hallock I see has gone to his rest. My dear mother, let us hunger and thirst after righteousness; let us agonize for a preparation to follow him."

To a friend.

"Newburyport, Oct. 1, 1837.

"I am at present peculiarly reduced by long and severe application. My nervous system is sadly out of tune. A vacation of six weeks would again set me up, but my long expected catalogue is in the press and anxiously looked for, and thus is completely in the way, not only of rest and relaxation, but of every other pursuit or situation.

"You will perceive that I write in a desponding frame. As a key to it, I ought perhaps to tell you frankly that I am laboring under worldly disappointments — that in other respects, too, the hand of the Lord seems to be upon me, while I am conscious of not having lived as near to him as I ought, — and that I have felt and now feel great strugglings between being wholly satisfied with the Lord's will, and choosing for myself. Alas, the poison of sin is everywhere raging in the human heart. I feel it myself. Though I see that a holy elevation of soul is attainable, yet oh the effort to obtain it! I catch a few glimmering rays and am satisfied that they come from a place of infinite glories, but how shall I possess myself more fully of those glories? By prayer and fasting? Yes, but the flesh is weak and the spirit easily despairs."

Journal. "Oct. 2.—This day is long to be remembered as one of high religious exercises. As I was returning from Newburyport, where I preached on the Sabbath, I felt that God is right, and could say with an overflowing heart, amen to his will in all the disappointments I have of late experienced."

"North Andover, Oct. 8, 1837.

"DEAR MOTHER:—I write you from the residence of Mrs. Barker, the mother of Mrs. Dwight, who recently died of the plague at Constantinople. I became acquainted with this family a number of years since. The room in which I now am was Mrs. D.'s. Here she was under conviction of sin; here, as I have every reason to believe, she prayed over the subject of missions, and decided to become a missionary. In the room directly below me she was married. Mr. Schauffler was present, and I think brother Emerson, also, now at the Sandwich Islands. It seems but yesterday that we expressed our congratulations, as usual on such occasions, and gave the parting hand. Of course I find the mother in affliction, yet she is calm; she says it is difficult to realize that she can see her daughter no more on earth. Mrs. B. has given me a detailed account of this daughter's trials in coming out from a non-evangelical church in this place. I think I could deeply sympathize with brother Dwight were I with him, for, as you hint, I too have had trials! Yet what have mine been? I have been struck by the archer, and his poisoned arrow has quivered for days and weeks in my very heart; but the wound I have borne in silence. I could roll and toss on my couch, yea, with Jonah declare it better to die than to live; still only to my God might I utter the anguish of my soul. Yet again I ask, what have my trials been? Not many or great, perhaps, to a soul stayed on God; not many or great, perhaps, to a less sensitive nature than mine, but *to me great.* I am too delicately strung, too easily bruised to come in contact with so rude a world. But what have my trials been? My health is generally good; I have been successful, too, in my studies. As teacher of Hebrew I am admitted by the officers to have excelled. My catalogue, also, is in a fair way to be completed, and will, as I am told, prove a monument of industry and scholastic skill. Yet, I have trials. Perhaps they originate in the imagination, but to me they are real. To me the cup is bitter, but thanks to God, I have my joys, my visits of consolation from the Holy One. I have known it to be good to have the last fibre of the heart severed from earth; to sit down at the foot of the cross and to lose one's own will in that of the Deity. I have again and again felt that the sun's brightness is but a faint emblem of the glories of the upper world, and have longed for such a heavenward elevation that I might behold this globe lying far beneath my feet. I have said that I was the Lord's, and like Baxter have thought I had nothing for which to live but his glory. I have felt that whether sick or well, honored or dishonored, useful or useless, I had nothing to do but to acquiesce in the divine will, and now God is taking me at my word. He tears up the gourd I have planted, and leaves me fainting. But then, there are times when I feel his hand under me, and I can sing 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;' also with delight, 'Thou hast searched me and known me.' I can likewise appropriate to myself the words of the thirty-seventh Psalm, — I have streams of consolation flowing into my soul; I am overwhelmed with joy; I soar on wings of celestial love. I am ashamed of my murmurings; I forgive all my enemies; I ask forgiveness. I burst into tears of delight. I am swallowed up in unutterable bliss. It is good to be in the hands of God. I am a little child in a vast wilderness, and know not the way any whither. But my Father will make a path plain before me and lead me in the way of duty. All events are in the hands of God; he appoints, directs, and controls. Thus, dear mother, agreeably to your wishes, have I given you a faint transcript of my own mind. I have hesitated to do so, but then I hope it will insure me an interest in your prayers."

In a letter to a correspondent, dated Andover, Jan. 14, 1838, he says: "I have heard from you twice since I last wrote, but my catalogue is still in press, and I have also, for about five weeks past, been taking lessons in Arabic of Mr. Bird, all which, in addition to an exercise in an interesting Shakspearean club at Prof. P.'s, keep me very much occupied."

January 23, 1838, he makes this record in his journal: "We have just laid in the graveyard of the Theological Seminary, Mrs. Cowles, wife of the Rev. Mr. C., late pastor in Danvers. They both perished a few months since, by the wrecking of the steamboat Home. The body of her husband has not been found. A multitude of thoughts rushed into my mind as I stood looking into the grave. I have preached for her husband. I saw them both at the hotel in this place on the evening of the last Anniversary.

"Feb. 21. — Put the last stroke to my catalogue and saw the final sheet struck off. More than two years and seven months have elapsed since I commenced this work."

It would be easy to multiply testimonials to the fidelity and scholarship with which this work was executed. Only one, however, will be adduced in this connection; others may be subsequently. Professor Jewett, in the Preface to his Catalogue of the Library of Brown University, says: "In the arrangement of the Catalogue, I have followed the plan of Mr. O. A. Taylor's Catalogue of the Library of the Theological Seminary in Andover, Massachusetts; a work far superior to all others of the kind which have been published in this country, and which has been pronounced in Germany a *model for a Catalogue.* I have found my labors considerably abridged by the use of this accurate work."

To his brother Jeremiah, at Cummington, Massachusetts, March 15, 1838.

"My dear J.: — Mother intimates to me that you sometimes feel discouraged. You should not; there is no occasion for it. If you are on the Lord's side he will be on yours. I am chiefly anxious that you should be found faithful in the path of duty, that you should be guarded against all besetting sins, and be wholly devoted to God. If this be the case every thing will go well with you as a matter of course. You must learn to be patient in labors, for the bitter comes before the sweet. If poor and destitute, you must bear meekly your poverty, looking to God for a supply of your wants.

"Let me urge you to the most faithful improvement of your time. You are advancing in life, and as a scholar you have not a minute to lose. Study, study, study should be your constant employment. You should enter college without a *moment's* delay when once well prepared. Aim at the highest point of scholarship, not allowing yourself to stumble in the recitation-room. Practise rigid economy. The wearing of old clothes may occasion you unpleasant feelings for the time being, but if you improve faithfully your mind, you will ere long rise above them."

Journal. "April 12. — If I know my own heart, its language is, *Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?* If I am not mistaken, there is a secret resolve in me to struggle on towards the cross. While hope, however, delays, the arrows of the Almighty drink up my spirit. I sink in deep waters. The waves and the billows roll over me.

"May 1. — No change has yet taken place in my situation or prospects. What absolutely overwhelms me at times, is the rise of dark clouds of sin between me and my God. I know not what to do. Indeed, it seems impossible for me to do any thing except stand still and call upon the Lord. Shall I go on a mission to the East? I am far advanced in life; have a diseased body; am full of nervous tendencies and complaints. Yet perhaps the Lord would have me go. The subject has been for years before my mind and now weighs upon it from day to day. The prominent reason why it has not hitherto been decided is that I am obliged to provide for my mother. It would seem that some of her four sons ought to be missionaries." The other three were at this time preparing for the ministry.

Extracts from a letter to a friend. It was written at Amesbury, June 9, 1838.

"On leaving Andover I attended the anniversaries in Boston, and have since preached in Marblehead and Amesbury (where I also preach to-morrow), and have been as far as Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I have also preached several times for Rev. Mr. Eldridge at Hampton, and likewise visited several families there. Mr. E. has a very encouraging revival. Sinners are coming to the cross; young converts are rejoicing in hope; hard drinkers are signing the temperance pledge; and Christians are struggling in prayer to God. It is delightful to see the Saviour thus honored.

"With regard to myself, my health is poor. I hoped a little journeying would recruit me. Health I have always imagined to be a beautiful fairy-like nymph residing among the rocks and hills, musing on the brinks of precipices, or skipping over the mountain top, and occasionally descending to bathe in the limpid streams of the vale. I have sought for her, but found her not. She is offended with me, and eludes my pursuit. My letter will show you that I am very languid.

"I would fain be active and useful, but know not that I shall ever accomplish much. I think, however, of the individual spoken of in Scripture, who did what she could, and pray that I may inherit her blessing."

Journal. "June 19. — I know, O Lord, that if thou remove thy frown, all will go well. Let thy light shine upon my path. I hang upon thy smiles. Grant that I may not murmur against thee. Give me energy to do something while life passes. — I try to crawl, broken, maimed, mangled as I am, up Calvary, in order to lay all my burdens and to present my complaints before the cross. And yet I tremble lest, as the Israelites had quails sent to them in anger, I shall also in anger receive from the hand of God. — A letter from my mother yesterday; good news in it; my youngest sister and her husband it is hoped have become Christians.

"Aug. 18. — My birthday; am thirty-seven. Devoted more than usual time to reflection in the morning until 10 o'clock. Was then interrupted. I wish to be lost in the glory of God."

Not far from this time, by special request, he published in the American Quarterly Register, a statistical history of the Andover Theological Seminary. He likewise prepared an edition for the press, of a small English book, called "The Mourner;" a very good work. It was issued by Messrs. Gould and Newman, of Andover.

CHAPTER VIII.

DEVOTES HIMSELF TO PREACHING — SETTLEMENT AT MANCHESTER.

As the summer of 1838 closed, a variety of circumstances seemed to indicate to Mr. T. that the time of his sojourn at Andover should be terminated. Indeed, he became convinced that God was calling him away from that hill of sacred science, on which he had dwelt for so many years.

October 16 he wrote the following letter from Dracut, where he was supplying a pulpit, to his brother T. then preaching in Londonderry, New Hampshire.

"Two deaths were announced to me last Sabbath, just as I was preparing for meeting, one of a child less than a year old, and the other of a young married woman. The funeral of each I am to attend this day. The last death has taken a strong hold upon my feelings; and even now while I am writing, though twenty-four hours have elapsed since I heard of the event, I can scarcely refrain from weeping. I feel as if an own sister had been cut down. Her calm countenance, her gentle and almost dying whisper of inquiry and assent, also the glassy and fixed gaze of her eye, united with her breathings for pardon; her joyful yet trembling expressions of hope in the Redeemer, are all continually present with me. Yesterday, when in the pulpit, especially in my first morning prayer, I was almost suffocated with emotion. This woman was probably not much above twenty years of age. She lived about three and a half miles from the house in which I board. She belonged to an intelligent and good family, though her own mother is not a professor of religion. Her husband, a young mechanic, is a lovely man, though not a professor, and *his* mother is an excellent woman, a professor, and was almost always with her daughter-in-law, fanning her, attending to her inquiries, and praying at her side. The deceased and her husband had been acquainted with each other from their childhood, and their mutual attachment was exceedingly strong.

" About ten months since, they were married. A handsome house was finished off for them. She went into it, made up a fire, and spent some hours in papering the walls. Articles of furniture had also been carried into it. The house stands there, with every thing around it to make life desirable; the embers and firebrands remain just as she left them, while her husband weeps in brokenness of heart, and she lies attired for the grave, a victim of a long and flattering consumption. Early in her sickness I began to visit her, and always found her tender-hearted, inquiring, and ready to weep; nor could I on visiting her, and praying with her, refrain from weeping myself. She seemed to wish to see me, particularly in her closing days. Last week, Thursday, I was sent for in much haste to see her. She was drawing near life's close, and in great anxiety of mind. She had been listening to a prayer of her mother-in-law, and also had often engaged in prayer herself. I prayed with her three times, and when I told her I must go, she said, *do not go yet*, and then I lingered and answered other inquiries. I visited her again on Friday, prayed with her, and bent long over her couch to catch her whispers. I told her of the cross of Christ; repeated 'There is a fountain;' 'Behold a stranger at the door;' 'Ho! all ye hungry;' 'Ho! every one that thirsteth,' etc.; spoke of the sin of having put off repentance, of the justice of God; repeating 'whate'er God does is kindly done,' telling her she must be passive in his hands; that she must believe in Jesus, and rejoice in him, whatever he should please to do with her; charged her not to lean on me. She listened, inquired, whispered assent, expressed fears, reached after the plank of salvation, took the words often out of my mouth, thanked me again and again for my kindness, and gave me a parting message to her Sabbath school companions, telling them not to defer repentance as she had done; a message which I gave them yesterday. She died Saturday about eight, A. M., praying for the last two hours, *Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.* O, it has been to me a solemn and heart-rending scene."

November 14, 1838, Mr. Taylor was ordained as an evangelist at Newburyport, by the Presbytery of that place.

Journal. "Dec. 1. — Prayed, I hope sincerely, that as external light is diminished, internal light may be increased. 5. — Am today in my room at Andover, endeavoring to bow to the will of God, though I often feel almost crushed. Received a cheering letter from mother last Monday. 12. — Set out tomorrow for Greenfield in order to preach there six Sabbaths for Rev. Mr. W. who is to be absent during the time."

To his brother T. at Slatersville, Rhode Island.

"Greenfield, Mass., Dec. 17, 1838.

"I arrived here last week Friday evening. It was with peculiar emotions and under a very trying state of feeling that I thought of preaching here yesterday. About twenty years since I was a poor farmer's boy in this vicinity. This was the first place of any note that I ever saw. It then dazzled me with its greatness. It contained a printing-office, and I believed that every place thus endowed must be great. It was here that I then exchanged a Bridgewater Collection of Music for a Bible, which was my first and present one. I hesitated and hesitated whether to preach extempore or not, but at last brought myself to the effort. I had fixed attention given me, only my sermons were too long, unless I may conclude that the people here are accustomed to those which are not long enough. I think I am coming more and more to leave matters with God, aiming only at duty, and yet this term *duty* often becomes cold and formal, and under its inflnence we degenerate into a state of lethargy."

To the same, December 31.

"The gospel of Christ increases in its preciousness to me, yet I tremble lest I shall be led away by the phantasies of the brain, or by a belief in an imaginary Saviour. I can only take refuge in the prayer of the Psalmist,—'Search me, O God, and know my heart.' Yesterday was an interesting day with me. There had been a death during the week, that of a merchant in this village, and father of a Unitarian clergyman in Boston. In the evening I attended a meeting four miles distant from the village. Great spiritual coldness prevails in this region, though there are here some warm-hearted Christians. In order to do good, a minister must be free and bold in preaching, not aiming to tickle the ears of men, who imagine themselves possessed of critical acumen, but to please God. I am sensible that the Lord must open the eyes of sinners or they will always remain blind. I have Hebrew, German, Greek, Arabic, and Latin books with me, but I am not in very good health."

In his journal, December 25, he says: "Am not without strong desires for usefulness and heavenly attainments. Long much to visit Palestine.

"Jan. 1, 1839.—Entering upon another year I wish to draw near to the mercy-seat and throw myself wholly into the arms of Divine Providence, and while endeavoring to perform my duty, leave every result with God."

To his brother T.

"Greenfield, Jan. 8, 1839.

"Last Sabbath was sacramental here, and I for the first time administered the Lord's Supper in full.

I felt solemn, and saw evidences of deep emotion all around me. Have been assured by the people that the occasion was one of very great interest. I have sufficient proof that the pious members of the congregation enjoy my ministrations. For the majority, however, I doubt whether I am not too pointed, and yet I have used no severity, nor have I preached my most searching discourses. I was tried New Year's day. A *ball* had been appointed which the children of some professors attended. How could I forbear saying on the following Sabbath that the most proper way to spend new year's day is in prayer in our closets, on our knees. How many parents forget the case of Eli and his sons. From time to time I am troubled somewhat with despondency, which arises, I presume, chiefly from ill health. In the main I become more and more interested in my work as a minister, nor am I altogether without the presence of the Saviour. His love is at times inexpressibly sweet. I feel that I shall get the victory over sin and death. I sat down under the Saviour's shadow the last Sabbath, and his banner over me was love. I long, however, for more obvious success, for the overwhelming accompanying influences of the Holy Spirit. This, after all, may result from vanity. O the sweet wonders of the cross of Christ. O the floods of glory soon to break upon the Christian. My dear brother, I pray for you, that you may be wrapped up in the love of the Redeemer, and then burn like a fire in your ministerial course. The day of trial is waning, is waning, — the day of glorious reward is coming, is coming, and then if we endure unto the end, we shall enter into the joy of our Lord. I often call to mind the words with which Mr. Withington commenced his charge to me: 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' I have much to say, much to write, but must forbear. The dignity of the kingdom of God almost overwhelms me; the elevation of soul to be derived from the gospel, far surpasses all that the earth can exhibit. Two Sabbaths more and then again I am afloat, but I may trust in the Redeemer; I shall, in proportion to the perfection of my love for him."

To the same, from the same place, January 16.

"Yours of the 14th inst., together with the letter *missive* of the church, came to hand last evening. I have read them with great interest; thought again and again of the invitation, and long to be present, in order to give you the *right hand* of fellowship. Indeed, I feel as though I could not be denied; there would be something so pleasing and interesting, as well as solemn, in the service; one brother, an elder, giving the *right hand* of ministerial fellowship to another, and this under all the circumstances of our past history! Were I about returning to Andover, it would not be much out of my way to visit you. True, the next Sabbath completes the six for which I was engaged here, and Mr. Washburn returns in the course of the following week, to remain awhile with his people. In the mean time, however, I have promised to preach for the people in Hatfield five Sabbaths, beginning with the one immediately after I get through here. I must, therefore, be in this region to preach on the 27th inst. Besides, the expense of a visit to you would be about twelve dollars, and this sum I wish for mother and sister Mary. Moreover, I am sick in a sleigh-stage nearly all the time, or liable to be. I should also find it a hurrying ride to reach you in season, and return to this place at the close of the week, and thence to Hawley; and besides, in doing so, I should endanger my health, by exposure to cold. Still further, mother and Mary have already received a promise from me of a visit during the week of your ordination. All things considered, therefore, I presume you will think with me, that duty clearly forbids my attempting to be present with you. In the mean time, I trust my heart will be with you, and if the Lord permit, mother, Mary, and myself, will then, Wednesday eve, at six o'clock, be engaged in conversing about you; and just at the time of the ordaining services, we will, God permitting, kneel around the family altar, in their new habitation, and remember you there. And may that Saviour, from whom all true authority for preaching must spring, be with you, bless you in your new relations, and endow you plenteously with his grace, making your path shine brighter and brighter, unto the perfect day. One thing I wish you particularly to aim at, on the occasion; *humility*. Dedicate yourself wholly to Jesus Christ. Lie down at the foot of the cross.

"With regard to myself, I am following, I hope, where God leads. He will bring me out, I trust, in the end, to the light of heaven. My labors here have had cheering marks of usefulness. Some Christians have been deeply affected, and confessed themselves instructed. There has been solemnity, too, in the congregation generally. I have visited the people regularly, and have had a biblical lecture every Wednesday evening, — have one to-night, in prospect. I have, besides, formed several interesting acquaintances.

"In conclusion, I cannot forbear repeating how deeply I am grieved, not to have the prospect of being with you, on the interesting occasion you have before you; but I must deny myself. In the mean time, thanks to you and to the church for the invitation you have given me.

"The Lord be with you, and bless you with a double portion of his spirit. Let neither of us forget our consecration to his service."

"Hatfield, January 28.

"Dear Brother T.: — I left Greenfield a week ago last evening, for Dr. Packard's, Shelburne, where I passed the night, and had an agreeable time. The next morning, Rev. T. P., Jr., conveyed me to the Falls. Thence I proceeded on foot, by way of Charlemont. On the road, a mile or so beyond Shelburne, I was struck with the appearance of the rocks. The Deerfield river once evidently ran over them; and if so, there must have then been quite a lake above them. Where I called in C., I found preparations making to attend a funeral at the public house of the village. Mr. A. was to preach a sermon. I went; found a full house, and was invited to take a part. Read selections from the Scripture, and at the close of the sermon, made an address. Here I met with former acquaintances from Hawley, who kindly conveyed me to their own home, where I was refreshed and religiously entertained till the approach of night, when I was carried to the foot of that last long mountain, which we used to ascend on our way to the house of God. This I climbed on foot and alone. I found the route quite slippery; besides, I was very weary; otherwise, I enjoyed the walk exceedingly. The ground was all covered with snow, while at the same time the moon, nearly full, shone clearly in the heavens — a few passing clouds excepted. Every thing seemed to add to the sublimity of the scene. It appeared to me to surpass any thing of the kind that I had ever beheld. I walked a little way; then paused; looked around; admired the works of God, adored his majesty, and bowed in reverence before him; then proceeded onward a little, stopped again, and gazed and adored as before. What, doubtless, added to the interest of the whole, were the recollections associated with each step. Here I had walked with my father, hundreds of times, as we went up unto the house of God. Here I was ridiculed by the wicked young men, who were always a terror to me; and here I had sweet and heavenly intercourse with young converts, my companions.

"I found mother and Mary looking out for me, as I had dropped a line to them, some days before — intimating my visit. Mother's habitation is comfortable. All things considered, she is probably now as well off as we can make her, so far as situation is concerned. The spot is quite interesting to me, on another account. I look out, and to the east see hard by, the window of *that* pulpit from which, year after year, I heard the words of life, spoken by Mr.

Grout. There is the meeting-house, in which I witnessed many solemn scenes. We thought of you on the evening of your ordination."

Deacon Samuel Hall was the gentleman at whose house he was entertained as above stated, and by whom he was conveyed to the foot of the mountain.

"Hatfield, Mass., March 4.

"My dear Brother T.: — I suppose you have not time to write me once a week, since you have become a pastor; and yet no one would be gladder to receive your letters than myself, even though they should be short. Yesterday was the last of my six Sabbaths here. It was a solemn day. Nineteen were taken into the church; eleven of whom received the ordinance of baptism. These, coming forward as I called out their names, knelt at the font, when I poured the water on their heads, with my hand. As to the baptismal formula, I altered the word *in* to *into*, according to its true import, and the frequent usages of the Presbyterian church, to which I have been accustomed.

"Week before last, after about four years' destitution of a pastor, the people gave me an invitation to settle with them in the ministry, salary $800. The invitation was unanimous, I heard. There was not, I am told, either in church or society, a single dissenting voice. Every thing about the call is agreeable to me, and it was given after I had preached four Sabbaths instead of six. You will expect me, perhaps, to decide at once. The probabilities are very strong, that I shall ultimately accept of it; and yet, not long since, and before I had any prospect of receiving a call from the people here, I had received a request to preach in Danvers. It came through Rev. Mr. B. By means of the same individual, I had stated the terms upon which I would do it, so that, the people in D. signifying their acceptance of my terms, I am under a pledge to comply with their request. I leave this evening and go to Northampton, where I shall take the stage for Boston to-morrow. I feel many misgivings, in view of the great work of the ministry; think much of the missionary field, and often long ardently to be among the Mohammedans of Palestine, but ill health makes me hesitate."

Journal. "Danvers, March 19. — My way, since a professor of religion, has lain mostly over the mountains, through the valleys, and among the entanglements of the wilderness. Of late, however, though sometimes in deep sorrow on account of my sins, I have struck from time to time upon the river of God, and been permitted for some space to walk along its banks, and often to stoop down and drink of its waters, yea, even to bathe in its delightful stream."

The following was written in reply to a letter from his mother, received early in March. The state of his sister's mind was represented as exceedingly dejected. On the 28th he says: "Finished this morning a few verses for the comfort of sister Mary. Her spiritual state lies with much weight on my mind."

"Mary, my dear, you do not *hear* me,
For hills divide and many a care;
Yet I am often sighing near thee,
And weeping for thee fast in prayer;
O, surely you might feel me there.

"But late my closing eyes espied thee
In anguish sore; much gone to waste;
I rose and ran and knelt beside thee,
And called salvation's cup in haste;—
Methinks my sister would not taste.

"Just laid upon my anxious pillow,
That oft for thee with tears I lave,
I saw thee on a broken billow,
And a life-boat gliding near to save;
Yet Mary struggled with the wave.

"I've borne thee oft to Zion's mountain,
And walked with thee around the brink
Of Calvary's gushing, healing fountain,
Where I was cured; yet hard to think
My sister would not stoop to drink.

"I see it all around me flowing—
God's love—an ocean deep and wide,
I feel its raptures through me glowing,
And fain would sail along the tide,
With Mary smiling at my side.

"O come, my sister, cease thy weeping,
A brighter day must sure be nigh—
The star of morn I feel is sleeping
For thee in yonder cloudless sky;
Come, yield thy heart and wipe thine eye.

"What though no more the spring delight thee,
And flow'rets vainly strew thy way,—
Eternity is dawning brightly,
How lovely is the opening day!
While angels whisper, 'Come away.'"

Journal. "March 28. — Have promised to preach in Manchester this evening. I think much about Hatfield. The thought of it oppresses me. It seems much entwined about my heart. Lord, guide me. I must soon determine. 31. — Have been to Manchester, also to Gloucester. Many interesting associations are connected in my mind with G."

Near this time, in travelling, he had occasion to stop a few hours in Natick. Some of the exercises of his mind while there are thus described: "I surveyed the place all around, walking some distance to the north. I then took a retired road, and turned towards the south. I was still depressed, and sought refuge in prayer. I took a seat by the side of the road in a sunny place, and wrapping my cloak carefully around me, continued there a long time in prayer. I then walked in another direction over the fields, and through the snow, securing the south side of a rocky hill, and there again vented my sighs, tears, and complaints to God. I prayed that if it were possible, the dark cloud that was enveloping me, might roll off; repeating the expression again and again, with sighs and flowing tears, but begging at the same time, with all earnestness, for perfect resignation to the will of God."

The following is extracted from a letter written to his brother T., in the latter part of March, at Danvers.

"Whatever be the result of my labors among this people, I must say that yesterday we had a most intensely interesting day. The house was overflowing. In the evening also we were unusually crowded. During the whole day, though I was much troubled with ill health, I enjoyed great freedom in the services. Nor was it less so the previous Sabbath. An angel seemed to come early in the morning and awake me to its duties, and to watch all day at my side. I have, however, never been very sanguine as to receiving *a call* here. I have met with kind hearts and voices. If the people should give me a call, I am doubtful whether I could accept of it. The Lord may settle things for me."

Letter to Mrs. Graves, of Hatfield, written at Andover, April 8, 1839.

"DEAR MADAM:—In a letter that I wrote lately to Deacon B., I requested him to say something to you about my rooms, etc. I felt it necessary then, to retain an undecided state of mind; but now feel it to be so no longer, and therefore say, that you may expect me the next week. I have thought it no more than fair to give you this notice beforehand.

"From the first moment of receiving a call to Hatfield, I have felt a strong inclination to accept of it; and I can truly say, that my feelings have been with that church and congregation, with whom I had such a number of interesting meetings. Circumstances, however, over which I seemed to have no control, have detained my answer beyond what would be the proper time in most cases. Indeed, had I not been importuned beyond measure to delay, and even to negative my Hatfield call, and at the same time, had I not seen evidence, that by this delay, I was doing something to harmonize here a hitherto unfortunate and greatly divided people, you should have heard from me long before this. I trust the letters I have written from time to time to one near you have been received. I wrote a few days since to Deacon B., stating to him the inclination of my thoughts. I had then, — considering it would take me all this week to pack my books, and arrange other matters, and hence that it would be impossible for me to reach Hatfield so as to supply the desk next Sabbath, — consented to remain at Danvers another week. You are at liberty to say, that I anticipate with pleasure, reaching my Hatfield friends, in season to supply their pulpit by exchange, a week from next Sabbath, and to give my answer in due form. I have been hard at work all the week in settling up accounts, making purchases, packing books, etc. I am not certain at what time I shall reach Northampton; perhaps I may stop at Hadley, and cross the ferry. I shall wait to see my books transported to Worcester, and this may delay me until the latter part of the week. I should like an exchange arranged with the Rev. Mr. ——, preferring to supply you in this way until after my installation. May the Lord make the contemplated relation into which, as pastor and people, we propose to enter, mutually beneficial. I am now in haste.

"I have not forgotten the afflicted family of Dr. B. With all due remembrances, I remain your friend."

Just as Mr. T. seemed on the point of deciding to accept the *Hatfield call*, he received a letter from that place, which he denominated *dreadful.* Some of the people were becoming impatient of his delay.

Candidates had passed that way. To this letter he thus alludes: "I never before suffered such a night as was the one after its receipt. For a long time it seemed to me that my reason reeled. I felt afraid of insanity. It was Saturday night, yet I preached three times the next day, and in the afternoon the love, the overwhelming love of God, came gushing up all around me, and brought relief."

"Danvers, April 15. — In my pulpit in the morning, I found this quotation, signed *St. Paul*, 'Now he that ministereth seed to the sower,' etc., accompanied with a ten dollar bill. At the close of my services last evening, I received a note from a member of the congregation, with grateful expressions for what I had been instrumental in doing for the writer's soul, in bringing it off from a false hope, etc. 30. — The Lord is giving me full opportunity to bring all my Christian graces into exercise. Oh, for faith! Now I feel how very weak my faith is. It is good to be in the hands of God. Amen and amen."

About the first of May Mr. T. visited Hatfield, and the *call* to settle there was repeated, but not with the unanimity which at first characterized it. Extracts from his reply to it are here inserted.

"At the very outset, I must say, that, owing to the division I have thus unintentionally occasioned among you, I feel very solicitous, so to approach the subject and decide respecting it, as shall do away, as far as possible, with any present or future evil which might thence result. It is very painful to be even innocently the occasion of division, — of unhappy dissension in the church of Christ, and especially among attached and esteemed friends. Could I hope therefore to unite you again, I should have no doubt what course to pursue. Strong as is the minority that opposes me, were the division about the principles of eternal truth, I should not have any hesitation in regard to deciding in the affirmative. The Lord would, perhaps, absolutely require it of me. This, however, is not the case. I not only find a strong minority against me, but I discover more than one in it with whom, during my short sojourn with you last winter, I took sweet counsel, and with whom I should wish often to consult again. It seems that my explanations have not been satisfactory. It is thought that I am guilty of Christian obliquity in the case. This is painful to me. I have made a statement of facts which ought, as I suppose, to be deemed truthful; but it is not approved. Were I then to accept of your call, I should have to stand continually on the *defensive*, and at the same time, at least in respect to some of you, be deprived of that most important source of influence, the confidence which arises from a belief in one's Christian integrity. Should I be able soon to do away with a feeling which would result from a want of such confidence? I fear not. Having a strong prejudice arrayed against me in the church and society, I might often find it peculiarly difficult, so to present those truths against which the human heart naturally revolts, as even to obtain a patient hearing. I, therefore, feel constrained to return an answer in the negative. It is in many respects a very painful step for me, but I hope it will be the most harmonious for you. I should deeply regret any dissensions among you; and of my more attached friends, in particular, I beg it as a great favor that they would always conduct as becomes the Christian character, showing themselves full of that charity which suffereth long and is kind. Such a course will be their best token of friendship for me. I should be very much grieved by the opposite. Wishing you grace, mercy, and peace from the Lord Jesus Christ, and praying that brotherly love may be restored where it is wanting and always abound, I subscribe myself, yours truly."

With reference to the termination of the scenes at Hatfield, he thus speaks in a letter to his brother T., May 22.

"My gourd is at length wholly gone. It withered entirely away last Saturday morning. Of course you will see that I have been called to pass through a fiery trial. The shock for awhile was fearful, but I have now somewhat calmed down, with the thought that the Lord reigns; and I feel that nothing remains but for me to make a moral and religious use of the trial as the means of probing my heart the more thoroughly, and of preparing me for a higher and better world. I think I have no disposition to murmur at God; on the other hand, at times I experience a soul-acquiescence in his will. All things must come out right, if he be my guide. I shall endeavor hereafter to be more prayerful in seeking his direction. It is on this point, more than on any other, I feel that I have failed in duty, though I have at all times *aimed* faithfully to seek divine guidance. God's bosom is calm and serene — not a wave of trouble ruffles the surface of the vast ocean of his love."

It should, perhaps, be stated in this connection, that during the exciting scenes just brought to view Mr. T. received two urgent calls to preach as a candidate in places not named in these pages.

It was some time in July, 1839, that he began to preach in Manchester as a candidate.

Journal. "July 12. — Am in very poor health and almost ready to give up all exertions. The Lord uphold me and guide me. I cannot forget the missionary field. *Shall I go on a mission*, are words continually occurring to me. Indeed, last week I commenced a letter to the American Board on the subject, but did not finish it. 15. — All things on earth are uncertain. Heaven seems glorious. Blessed are its inhabitants; sweet is the work there. O let me hunger and thirst after righteousness and long for the image of my Redeemer to be formed in my soul more perfectly. Let me struggle onward toward the cross. My all, Jesus, I would again and again dedicate to thee. 18. — Arose early this morning and walked until I secured a place for retirement. I was almost in despair, but at the mercy-seat I found the Lord. His promises appeared precious. I became indifferent to every thing except his will. And now with much cheerfulness I see the duties of the Sabbath before me. 19. — Was carried happily through yesterday. The sweet savor of the morning endured till evening, as the taste of delicious fruit long remains on the tongue; and as Milton makes

Adam continue *attent* as if still hearing long after the angel had ceased to speak — so delightful were his words. This morning I was troubled with almost irresistible desires for my old studies. In prayer, however, relief flowed into my soul. The love of God was all in all. I longed to be a missionary and felt that I must give myself away to the American Board whether I should be accepted or not, while at the same time I was willing to labor anywhere. The words, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain,' came over me with great force. I desired more of those *chastisements* that should draw me nearer to the Lord. I prayed for the continued presence of my Saviour. 22. — Feel very anxious to visit Palestine, also have pantings after my old pursuits, but pray for resignation."

Items. "Manchester, July 19. — Some of the *good* people here, day before yesterday, at a firing-match, used for a mark the likeness of an Indian, which had been drawn out for the purpose in due size and form, with a bow and arrow in his hand. The same thing, I understand, was done in Beverly not many days since. I saw this Indian portrait yesterday, at the public house in this place. Balls had perforated his head, his heart, and other parts of his body. Very much out of taste this, for Christians! The Indian is my brother. How can I bear to have a likeness of him served thus? How can men dare thus to abuse it? What would saints and angels say of such conduct?"

"During my visit yesterday, at what is called Newport, I saw an individual whose case deserves notice.

He was forty-one years of age the 16th of May last, but now lies in his cradle like an infant, and is fed like one. His mother, a kind-hearted and remarkably *suaviter in modo* woman, talks to him as if he were a little child, and also humors him as such. He has lain thirty years in his large cradle. He has a good, indeed a superior physiognomy, and was, as is positively testified by those who know, a precocious child, being very sprightly, active, and quick to learn. His mother says he could sing like a nightingale, and *whistle* most delightfully, when only one year of age. At about two he was very sorely afflicted with humors in his eyes, and became blind, under the bad management of a physician, who, it would seem, tried experiments with him. Being much reduced in strength by medicinal treatment, a heavy tempest that occurred Sept. 28, 1802, deprived him of his reason; also of his speech, and brought on the St. Vitus's dance. He continued, however, to play around like other children, until ten or eleven years of age, — becoming all the time weaker and weaker, — when he lost all strength. Since then, blind and helpless, he has lain in his cradle. He seems to love his mother, helps himself all he can when she attempts to lift him up; but is pined away to skin and bones. He utters a kind of whining and mournful sound, and keeps his head covered up, as if the light and noise would injure him. The thought occurs to me that he was a superior genius, but the circumstances amid which he began life were too rough for him. While the doctor's treatment broke down his physical frame, the thunders of heaven blasted his mind. Here let me learn a lesson of contentment. Reflect on this providence. His *mother's* attachment to him is very strong. I made him a present."

"Manchester, July 23, 1839.

"DEAR BROTHER T.:—The kindest, dearest, and most esteemed friend I ever had on earth, (my mother alone excepted, not here to speak of my father,) has gone to his grave, and is now, I would fain hope, in the presence of his God, singing praise to the great Redeemer. I refer to my uncle, T. Alden. To him, more than to any other person, am I indebted for my education. His benevolence I remember with deep emotion. His kindness and other excellent traits have endeared him to my heart. Lovely and pleasant was he to me in life. I had hoped to see him again in the land of the living, but cannot. He has met his beloved Stearns.* This dear class mate, according to his own expression, has now, I trust, in connection with his son Samuel, enjoyed the happy privilege of ushering our uncle into the kingdom of heaven. I feel that I now have one tie less to bind me to earth; that I now have one motive less to earthly ambition. He was one of those whose good opinion I specially prized, and wished to obtain. There are but few who exert a similar influence upon me, in this respect. Let these be taken and what shall I have left on earth? I see it clearly; the glory of God is the only object worth living for. It is the only enduring one. It looks to me more and more strange that any man should seek the honors of this world. I consecrate myself anew to my Creator.

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* Rev. Samuel Stearns, of Bedford, Massachusetts.

I study to find out a deeper meaning than I ordinarily perceive in the words, 'For me to live is Christ.' When I get hold of this meaning I feel happy. I am then enabled to say, I shall now toil on cheerfully through my threescore years and ten, or till my Master come for me. I see it will be great gain for me to enter into the joy of my Lord. O glow of love! Sweet cross, sweet trials, glorious reward. Be strong my dear brother in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Live for eternity. The combat increases, but the prospect of victory brightens. A few more ties severed and earth chains us no longer. The Lord I hope will direct me. I give all up to him. I subscribe myself anew every morning to the God of Jacob."

Under the same date with the preceding he addressed the following to his mother: "Our mutual friend is gone. Your eldest brother is no more. O my friend, my dear revered friend, lovely and pleasant hast thou been to me. Pure was thy heart, and if here and there ambition mingled with thy purpose, yet exalted was thy aim. The Lord comfort you, my dear mother, and sanctify this Providence to you. Perhaps it will be your turn to die next. May your lamp be trimmed and burning. I pray that you may be long spared, and yet how pleasant it must be to the weary pilgrim to arrive at his heavenly home! With what glorious hopes are we cheered! a crown, an immortal crown glitters before us."

Journal. "July 28. — Spent much time this morning as usual in the woods in secret prayer; had sweet communion I trust with God. Was very much oppressed when I went out, but divine love soon came to my relief. Thought much of the missionary cause. Shall I go, shall I go? I feel at least in times of secret prayer as if I could go wherever the Lord may send me. Lord, hold me back from all mixture of unholy motives in this case.

"Aug 4. — Was seized yesterday with my old craving after literary pursuits. It continued hold of me till late this (Sabbath) morning; but during secret prayer I gained some relief. My hour for this duty has been of late from half past five to half past six, A. M., *in the woods.*"

In the first part of this month, Mr. T. drew up a statement for the American Board of Foreign Missions, presenting his own case, as it lay before himself, and requesting the opinion of that Body in respect to his duty. This document he forwarded to Boston, August 10; the substance of it is here inserted.

"SHALL I GO ON A MISSION?

"*General reasons in favor of my going.* — The world lies in ruins, and it is our duty to reclaim it. The Saviour has laid his commands on us to this effect.

"A missionary life is one of self-denial, and a safe one for the flesh. Such a service, if rendered heartily, insures perhaps the greatest reward. It is often a short course to the believer's crown.

"It is the only way of bringing deliverance to millions that greatly need it, for by no other means can converts be secured for heaven, out of the heathen world, and we may hope that by missionary effort myriads will be saved from everlasting burnings.

" There are many other reasons, of similar general import, that might be added.

" *Particular reasons, etc.* — My mother's family has been greatly blessed. Out of her four sons, who, either are now or are expecting to be, ministers of the gospel, it would seem that at least one should be a missionary.

" I have always desired to go to those countries about the Mediterranean, where missionaries are greatly needed, and while I was in the Seminary I pledged myself that I would not, for slight reasons, pass by the missionary cause.

" I still often feel, as I have done in times past, a strong inclination for the labors, and trials, and final rewards of a missionary. Indeed, I think sometimes that I ought to go, for the purpose of speeding my own journey onward to the kingdom of heaven. I may make too easy work of being a Christian, if I stay at home.

" I have some linguistic tastes and qualifications for the missionary field, especially for the oriental countries of the Bible. I love languages, and am not unskilful in attaining them. I could soon speak the French, German, and modern Greek. In my knowledge of the Hebrew, I have surmounted some of the chief difficulties of that family of languages, to which the Arabic belongs.

" I have great perseverance in overcoming difficulties. When I can take fairly hold of them and can attend to them day after day, they do not easily appal me.

" The brethren that are already in those fields, to some one of which I should wish to go, have been among my dearest associates, and I would fain be united with them, and have my conversation and my studies as well as my sufferings, like theirs, altogether about the things of the kingdom of Christ.

" There are times when I have unutterable longings to bind up the broken-hearted among the heathen, and lead the blind to Jesus. The subject of missions comes up before me, in a variety of forms, and continually forces itself upon my mind; so that, whether I shall be accepted by the Board or not, I am forced to make a dedication of myself to the missionary work.

" I am *now* prepared to go. The money that I have at command, if I mistake not, would cover all my debts. At the same time, I have all the books that are necessary for a missionary residence in Palestine, 'Rees,' perhaps, excepted.

" My physical nature, if I mistake not, has much pliability in it, and though it would find some things disagreeable at first, it would soon become reconciled to them. From my childhood I have been accustomed to a variety of hardships.

" The idea of giving up all to Jesus Christ, is one of the sweetest that ever takes possession of my soul. A self-sacrificing spirit can, indeed, be developed anywhere, but the missionary is pledged to practise what, in other cases, is often nothing more than a naked theory.

" The subject of going on a mission, which has been so long before my mind, was postponed to the anniversary of the Theological Seminary, in 1838, by family circumstances, rather than any thing else.

"*Objections to my going on a mission.*—I am too old; being in my thirty-eighth year my habits are too much confirmed.

"*Answer.*—True; I feel its force. But it is in part removed by the attainments in languages that I have already made, and in part by the strong love I have for linguistic study.

"I am too nervous a man; too quick to feel; too easily elated or cast down; and, in a word, have altogether too little self-control.

"*Answer.*—A strong objection. And yet I am inclined to think that it as strong an objection to my being a minister of the gospel at home. Indeed, without self-control how can a man preach the gospel, as a regular employment, anywhere? I cannot but think I have made some conquests over myself, in this respect, and I trust that I may make many more. I hope it is not a solid objection, but acknowledge I greatly fear its weight.

"My health is too feeble.

"*Answer.*—This, at present, is an objection in my own mind of great force, and sometimes I am afraid it is an insuperable one. Indeed, I have had many fears that I should not long be able even to perform the duties of a pastor. But my health has, in general, been so good, that with caution, I have got along amid much hard study; and the poorness of my health, at the present time, is, so far as I can discover, the result of a long series of severe labors rather than of any organic disease. Physicians tell me that I have overworked myself, and only need repose.

"I am ambitious, and rather influenced by a love of new enterprises, than by any devotion to the cause of missions.

"*Answer.* — I fear this objection has too much foundation. It makes me hesitate. It will rob me of all my reward, if it be true.

"I am unfit to go on a mission, inasmuch as I have been disappointed at home, and am unable to content myself in such fields, as God opens for me, in the churches of our own land.

"*Answer.* — My prospects are bright enough for usefulness in our own country. I have no special difficulty on this score. Disappointments I have indeed suffered; and yet, I trust, only such as make me more and more desirous of being swallowed up in the service of Christ. If it shall be thought best for me to labor at home, I have nothing to object. I wish always to bear in mind the injunction of the Saviour to Peter, 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep,' and would never forget that the crown of glory is to be obtained, not by grasping after great things, as they are usually esteemed, but by faithfulness and diligence, in the place assigned us. Wherever I may be, and in whatever engaged, I hope that for me to live will ever be Christ. I am convinced that there is nothing else, comparatively speaking, worth a thought.

"But it may be alleged that I have prejudices against the American Board, for I have freely said as much, to individual brethren, in private.

"*Answer.* — I have had such prejudices, and possibly should even now wish some things a little different from what they are. Admitting that I have them, I must say I deeply feel that the preaching of the gospel to the heathen is a duty which far outweighs them all. Besides, the more I have seen of the American Board, the more my confidence in it has been increased; and I certainly now feel more satisfied in regard to its wisdom and Christian integrity than I do with those of any similar institution.

"But I wish to go to *Palestine*, and am influenced by a desire of antiquarian research, rather than by a missionary spirit.

"*Answer.* — I certainly feel desirous of seeing Palestine, and should my life be long preserved, I hope yet to see it, with the Arabic so much at command, that I might converse directly with its inhabitants. I have, for several years past, made that region and things relating to it, a special study. Should I go there, I shall hope that from time to time, as I may become familiar with the manners and customs of the people, to be able, by my investigations, and that, too, without going out of the line of my duty, to throw light upon various passages of Scripture. But I trust that the spirit of a missionary rules in me, and that it would constitute the moving power in all my labors. Moreover, if the Board should think best, I could bring myself, probably, to go to Constanstinople, Smyrna, Greece, or some other place near the Mediterranean.

"I cannot easily endure noise. Ever since a child I have been very sensitive in this respect. It is really an element of my character, or a weakness in my constitution. Now in Palestine I must have noise in abundance.

"*Answer.* — I admit the objection, and yet I have found myself getting the better even of this natural sensitiveness. Probably I should be no more troubled by it in *Palestine*, than I am in our own country. On the whole, I feel as though this is an objection of no great account.

"But I am greatly annoyed by interruptions, in the time of study. On missionary ground, such interruptions to a greater or less extent, are altogether unavoidable.

"*Answer.* — This trait is the result solely of a habit. Time and patience might bring me into the possession of an opposite one.

"I am liable to very great suffering from seasickness.

"*Answer.* — True; I cannot ride inside of a stage, nor even in a chaise by night, without becoming sick. And yet, from the fact that this kind of sickness is never dangerous, I do not think it worth taking into the account.

"I have a History of the Pulpit commenced, which was undertaken by the advice of Dr. Porter. The work was relinquished into my hands by a scholar who had entered upon it, but owing to a pressure of other engagements, found himself unable to proceed. For eighteen months I persevered in the work, amidst poverty and various discouragements. Advised by Dr. Skinner and others, I early declined one very eligible call, in order to finish it; and I have since then negatived several for the same purpose. If I remain in this country I may yet complete it, at least so far as to render it useful to some extent.

"*Answer.* — Perhaps in undertaking this work, I did not sufficiently consult the will of God. At least, he has for the present, hedged up my way in regard to it. I am not certain but as a matter of self-denial, he requires me to drop it. The missionary field is white for harvest. If God require it, I can relinquish the *History* forever.

"I am exceedingly attached to literary pursuits. The most of my life, or at least, by far the better part of it, has been spent among books.

"*Answer.* — True; perhaps even to idolatry; hence so much more may there be reason for my feeling afraid of such pursuits. As a Christian it may be my duty to break away from them, except as they can be turned to immediate account in the field of labor to which God may call me.

"My library is large and unwieldy.

"*Answer.* — Not an objection, except in respect to its incumbrance, which for ought I see must be submitted to. It would all be needed in Palestine. I should like to add more to my library, even for missionary purposes, especially '*Rees*,' rather than take any thing away.

"I have thus enumerated what may be regarded the chief objections to my becoming a missionary. I stand ready, I think, to obey the Saviour's call. If he wishes me in a foreign field I am anxious to go. But does he bid me go? Is it not rather my duty to stay at home? To me it seems difficult satisfactorily to determine what my duty is. I shrink from assuming the responsibility of a decision. I see clearly that there are strong reasons against my going on a mission. I fear I should not be able, at all times, to manifest that lamb-like and forbearing disposition, and that gentleness, which are needful for all ministers, but which are absolutely indispensable to the success of a missionary among the heathen; particularly in Palestine and the regions of the Mediterranean, where there now is, and where for centuries there has been so much of the form of godliness, without its power. Upon the whole, I imagine that in the view of all candid men the weight of argument against me will preponderate.

"I say again, and here I must leave the subject, that if the gentlemen of the missionary rooms, should think I am called to go, especially to the region named, I should feel quite certain that it is my duty to go.

"Thus much I regard myself bound to say. I have given myself away to the service of the kingdom of heaven; and wherever I may be I hope always to be found engaged, heart and hand, in the glorious cause of the Redeemer; and if he wants me, as a missionary, I feel that I should at once say, amen, to his holy will.

"I will also add, that should it be thought advisable for me to go, I will consider myself, provided I am sent to Palestine, under obligations to refund to the Board whatever expense I may occasion it, in case my health should seem to require a return before the expiration of two years.

"I forward these thoughts to you, gentlemen, not to have them published abroad, for I prefer that they be kept secret, especially if I remain at home; but that you may see how I stand in relation to the missionary enterprise.

"Should you decide on this subject in the affirmative, it is desirable that I should soon be informed. But if you arrive at a negative decision, let this communication, as I have above hinted, remain altogether *inter nos.* With prayers for the success of the cause in which you are engaged, I remain yours, etc.

"August 7, 1839."

Journal. "Manchester, Aug. 11. — Sweet communion with God in prayer, yet am troubled with something that borders on misanthropy. Feel, especially, during my dyspeptic moments very morose, though I would fain possess the meekness and gentleness of the gospel. On the whole am gratified that I have sent my letter to the Board. 14. — Animating views of God's glory this morning. I am, however, only a child in respect to divine things. Should I receive as a reply from Boston, 'Go to Palestine,' my heart would leap with joy; yet I think I can make myself happy *here*, provided God retain me in this place. Should he keep me wandering over the world, it will, indeed, try me, but I hope, nevertheless, to bow cordially to his will. 15. — A tendency to *irritation* is the greatest difficulty with which I have to contend at present. Sometimes I almost despair of ever obtaining a victory over myself in this respect. This more than any thing else makes me afraid of becoming a pastor. My only hope is in the grace of God. It is alarming to find the blood of anger and ill temper so easily gushing up into one's face. The adversary watches for my halting. I am afraid of his wiles. The Lord preserve me from his snares. Just as I was leaving this morning my woody retreat, two eagles flew over my head. When directly above me one of them uttered a sound which attracted my attention. Here is the Roman omen of victory — so difficult is it to eradicate superstition and heathenism from our minds. 16. — Yesterday I received a *call* to settle as pastor in Manchester. Know not what the Lord may have in store for me, but I enjoyed some sweet spiritual exercises during a half hour of private devotion this morning."

Soon after receiving the *call* just mentioned, an answer was returned to the communication which he had sent to the Board. It seemed to the Executive Committee, in view of *all* the circumstances of his case, that it was rather his duty to consecrate himself to *domestic* service in the vineyard of Christ. Especially did the state of his *health* render it in their opinion unadvisable for him to go on a foreign mission.

On the 18th of August he writes: "I am this day thirty-eight years of age. The last year has been one of worldly trials, but also I hope one of spiritual attainments and growth in grace. Yesterday I accepted the call to settle in Manchester."

August 21 he started on a southerly tour. On the 26th, he was with his brother R., then a student in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey. The following entry in his journal refers to that visit at P. "Towards night I walked out to the graveyard where are interred the college presidents, Edwards, Burr, Finley, Davies, etc. They are side by side. At the feet of the two former lies Colonel Burr, without a monument. I lingered and lingered, and meditated in this place of the dead. My thoughts went out to Brainerd's grave in Northampton, and to the trees which Edwards set out there, and I tried to dedicate myself anew to God. During the night a violent storm arose, the thunders rolled and the lightnings flashed. God is great, God is good; trust in him; were my feelings.

"Philadelphia, Sept. 2. — Some spiritual comfort yesterday. Preached for brother Brainerd in the afternoon, and spoke for him also in the evening."

Having visited Baltimore and Washington, he passed a Sabbath in Alexandria. In connection with noticing the attention of friends in A. he speaks of the religious services there: "I arose weak, but prepared for the exercises of the day, and was carried happily through them. I preached in the morning from John iii. 16, on the love of God. In the afternoon I attended a prayer-meeting at four. In the evening I preached from Luke xiii. 1–5, endeavoring to show the necessity of repentance, in order to our entering the kingdom of heaven, and the danger there is of impenitent sinners sinking down to hell. The audience was thin, — probably more so than in general, from the fact that the society are engaged in erecting a new meeting-house, and are obliged, for the present, to worship where they can. The attention, however, which I received from my hearers, amply compensated for the lack of numbers. I took notice, in particular, of a somewhat aged black man who sat in the further part of the hall with his eyes on me, as if he were devouring every word. I extemporized and enjoyed myself in so doing. During the day I received some gleams of light and love, from the divine countenance. Yet I must say that I could not long forget there were slave-holders before me, — those who were living, as I believe, in open violation of some of the plainest principles of the gospel. I thought of the oppressed African, as from time to time I glanced towards the poor, listening colored man, and sought, by my looks, to convey to him more meaning than I dared to express in my words. Nor can I forbear saying that I discovered many indications about the city during the day, of wickedness, and the desecration of the Sabbath. It was especially painful to hear the whistle and bell of the steamboat which constantly plies between this place and Washington. How can these things be allowed without incurring the sore displeasure of Jehovah?"

On the succeeding Monday he went to Mount Vernon. His visit is thus described: "As I rode toward the fence, two little negro children who had been playing gladsomely around in the grass, climbed up over it and scampered away. Finding a path running along in a southerly direction, I followed it a little distance, when, coming across some bars I turned back again, and rode up to the gate. A blind old negro woman was sitting by the side of it, who, just as I was about to enter, said, 'You must leave your horse here.' On my asking her who she was, she replied, 'I am placed here to keep people from riding in through the gate.' I had no sooner fastened my horse and entered, than I was met by the gardener, a negro of a very ill aspect, who refused to admit me to view the premises, alleging that Mrs. Washington was absent, and that on leaving she had given orders of prohibition. Luckily for me, Professor J. Packard, who by marriage is connected with Mrs. W., had told me that he had recently spent a week at Mount Vernon, and at the same time offered to give me a letter of introduction to Mrs. W., only, said he, she is now not at home; nor, added he, will it be necessary, as you will gain access to what you wish to visit, just as well without it, through the servants. I mentioned this to the gardener, and told him that nothing had prevented me from taking a letter except the assurance from Professor P. himself that it would be unnecessary. The gardener, after a little blustering, referred me to a young black man, whose name was Washington, adding, at the same time, that he was well acquainted with Professor P., his mistress' cousin; and then, said he, 'Are you of the *same society* with Professor P.? it would be cruel to exclude you if you are.' No, I replied, but we are old acquaintances and brother clergymen. Having introduced me as a friend of Professor P. to the young negro above named, and having obtained liberty for me to be admitted, he called an old negress, and claiming for me the privilege of the usual survey, requested her to show me the path to the *tomb.* This she did, and then, much to my gratification, left me to find it and indulge in my meditations alone. It was a delightful time for the purpose. The day itself was all serenity, the sky being clear and blue, deeply blue, over my head. I walked along south of the houses down a lane. The Potomac winds charmingly around in front of the premises, and exhibits quite a majestic appearance. Nature, indeed, had done enough, but every thing of art, on which I fixed my eyes, was dilapidated and decaying. Having reached the end of the lane, and having turned towards the right, that is, with my back upon the Potomac, I saw the new brick tomb at a short distance before me. At about a quarter to eleven I reached it, and placing myself in front, stood looking in through the two strong iron grates that guard its entrance, upon the sarcophagi of Washington and his wife; the position of the former being on my right hand, and that of the latter on the left. I surrendered myself entirely to the occasion, and permitted my thoughts to bubble up as they would, and my feelings to have a full flow. *His* deeds; the Braddock affair; his first visit to Cambridge after he was appointed commander; his crossing the Delaware; his clasping his neck on a certain occasion and saying, 'it does not feel as though it were made for a halter;' the Monmouth battle; his intercourse with Lafayette, whom I had seen some years before; his last moments; the remarks of Napoleon respecting him, 'there is a great man;' the halo of future ages constantly gathering and enlarging around him; the visits which would be paid to this very inclosure out of deep reverence for his memory, by millions yet unborn; in short, every thing which related to him, from his earliest years down to the time in which he received his commission from Congress, (which I had seen but just before, precisely as it was originally tendered to him); and thence onward to his death, and also what ages yet to come shall do to honor him, gushed in upon me like wave rolling upon wave. It was one of the most interesting moments of my life."

Extracts from a letter to Mrs. McFadden, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on the death of her father, Rev. T. Alden. It was written in September, 1839, at Manchester.

"My dear Cousin: — Your letter was waiting for me at M. on my return. I read it, and wept over it, and read it again. Yesterday I received a long and full letter from uncle Isaiah, with additional particulars. I have been melted down again, and I cannot let the occasion pass without dropping a line to you, to express my sympathy with yourself and all the other members of my uncle's family, in this severe affliction. I see, my dear cousin, that earthly ambition is worthless. There is nothing deserving a thought, comparatively, but the love of God. The image of Christ, formed in our souls, is all that we need. When this is secured we shall be able at all times to say, 'For me to live is Christ.' 'In all my earthly course, I have only to serve my Redeemer, to exhibit his kindness, gentleness of demeanor, and his forgiving spirit. To die will be gain. I shall be with that Saviour whom I love supremely. I shall be in a kind and an affectionate family, never more to be separated from it. My soul shall burn and glow with the flames of ceaseless devotion and love.' Your letter was the best cordial I could have, after being forced to submit to a severe disappointment in not visiting Pittsburg and Meadville. It seemed to introduce me to the chamber where your dear father died, quite on the verge of heaven."

The following was written some months later than the foregoing, but is historically in place here.

"DEAR UNCLE ISAIAH: — You will herewith, if the mail fail not, receive a copy of the Boston Recorder, in which I have published some account of the last moments of my uncle T. You will also find in the paper a poetic effusion relating to him. I know not the author of it. I also send a copy of the paper for uncle Oliver, directing it to your care, as I do not remember his place of residence. How I should love to step in and chat with you and your family awhile; also make a call on some Meadville friends. I may yet see you; if not, may we meet in heaven. Your letters come safe. Thanks to you for them. Yours truly. Farewell."

Mr. T. was installed pastor of the Congregational Church in Manchester, Massachusetts, Sept. 18, 1839. His examination occurred in the morning, and the exercises of the installation in the afternoon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree. Rev. Mr. Nickels, of Gloucester, offered the installing prayer. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. Dr. Emerson, of Salem. The fellowship of the churches was presented by his brother T., of Slatersville, Rhode Island. Rev. S. M. Worcester, of Salem, addressed the people.

At his examination he expressed himself with great modesty, and especially when requested to state the grounds of his Christian hope. The writer can never forget his appearance as they stood together in *that lofty* pulpit. The scene was one of peculiar tenderness, and naturally brought out some of the most touching incidents connected with their early life.

It need not be concealed that considerable anxiety was felt by brethren in the ministry and others, in respect to the future of the new shepherd and his flock. It was thought, that perhaps one who had so long been immured in a student's cell, could not easily adapt himself to the every day duties of the pastoral relation. Besides, it was questionable whether at his stage of life, that style of sermonizing would be acquired which is essential for a parish preacher, yet which is never attained in a Theological Seminary. One of the clergymen on the Council expressed to the writer great solicitude lest the people in M. should fail to receive instruction clothed in that simplicity of diction which ought to characterize pulpit performances, — owing to a superabundance of allegorical illustrations.

Furthermore, it may be observed, that Mr. T. did not enter upon his pastoral life with that enthusiasm which usually characterizes the young man, who is ordained and set over a people on the completion of his preparatory studies. Indeed, a word dropped from his lips indicating a state of mind inclined to undervalue the honor which had been conferred upon him in constituting him an under shepherd in the fold of Christ. Still, there is no doubt that he took the vows of God upon him without mental reservation. He solemnly gave himself to the Lord in the work of the ministry, and intended to apply himself unceasingly to the upbuilding of Zion.

CHAPTER IX.

PASTORAL LIFE FROM HIS INSTALLATION, SEPTEMBER, 1839, TO NOVEMBER, 1843.

We have followed the subject of this memoir from his infancy through the varied scenes of his life till we have seen him settled in the ministry over a Congregational church in a New England village. Manchester, lying directly on the sea-coast, furnishes many a delightful prospect of the Atlantic waters. There is very much in the natural scenery of the place suited to inspire a mind like Mr. Taylor's, and probably no one ever enjoyed it more than himself. Walks retired and beautiful are easily found. And what in nature can be more sublime than a view from some of *those* rocky elevations, of the sun rising out of the ocean?

From this time we are to contemplate him in his relation as pastor. Alluding, on the day following his installation, to the scenes of the preceding, he says: "I have great fear lest my ministry prove a failure. On the whole, however, I have enjoyed a very comfortable frame of mind, much of the time; also fervor and delight this forenoon in prayer."

September 21 he remarks that it is worthy of observation, how soothing God has in every respect made his introduction to M., but adds, "I am afraid of my liability to excitement. It was a providence meriting particular notice, that Matt. v. 21, 22, should have fallen under my attention the first night after my installation. Some sense of God's presence, and a degree of sweetness in prayer this morning. Already one of my parishioners has gone to the bar of God.

"Oct. 2. — I would apply myself to the labors before me with diligence. My feelings are more and more interested in my sacred work."

Soon after Mr. T.'s settlement at M., a venerable female member of his church wrote as follows to his eldest brother.

"It is natural to suppose your first inquiry of me will be, what the state of feeling is toward your dear brother? I am unspeakably happy to tell you, that so far as I can judge, from every thing of truth which I possess, he is growing in the warm affections of the church and society, and has been ever since he came to Manchester; and I cannot but think from his untiring zeal and activity, and from his cheerful smiles when surrounded by his listening flock, that the love is mutual; and could you only look into our happy, pleasant conference room, you would not doubt it for a moment. The sheep and the lambs you would behold feeding around him. His dear people you would see hanging upon his lips, and in heart saying amen to every sentence which he utters; and, believe me, there never, I think, could be a pastor who improves all his time and talents more devotedly for the edification of his flock, than does your beloved brother. It is now forty-one years since I become a member of the church of Jesus Christ in this place. During that time, I have seen four different watchmen set upon the walls of Zion here. But I never knew one before in whom the church and people of all characters were so united. Like God's ancient Israel, we seem to be marching on at present unmolested; not a dog is suffered to move his tongue to disturb our onward career; yet it is not because there is nothing done to annoy Satan's kingdom, but for the present the lions are chained, so that the pilgrims pass on safely."

Journal. "Oct. 3. — Spent last night at Professor Emerson's, Andover. Sweet conversation with him on various subjects. Thanks to God for the cruses of water and the cakes of bread that he sends me from time to time in the dreary desert of this world. Went into my old room at A.; sat down in the rocking-chair for the last time; wept, and prayed that all the sins which I had committed during my residence in that room, from its commencement in January, 1830, down to my recent departure, might be forgiven. They doubtless were many. Now the history of that period is closed for the judgment day. I prayed and wept, and prayed again; started, lingered, turned, and then went back. Farewell, farewell. O, God is good. I give myself away to him forever and ever. 9. — I begin to be settled down. The tongue and the temper must be controlled. 16. — Some perplexities. Am deprived of praying time, or greatly interrupted in it. The Lord help me. 27. — A lady of my charge died last night. Saw her not long before, and once previously. Feel grieved, however, that I have, partly through accident and partly through inadvertence, left her, like a forsaken lamb of the flock, so much alone. The Lord forgive me, and make me more faithful henceforth."

Soon after Mr. T.'s settlement, the question of admitting a *slave-holder* to the church became a practical one with him. A gentleman in the parish was in part the owner of a slave, was among the number of recent converts, and offered himself for church fellowship. The following letter has reference, as will be seen, to that question. It was addressed to the individual.

"Manchester, Oct. 16, 1839.

"DEAR SIR: — The point at which we left off last evening, as I remember, was this: You own a slave. You are determined, however, to give him his liberty, whenever he has earned back for you the money that you have paid for him.

"In respect to your present position, the following thoughts occur to me.

"*First.* Man, the image of God, cannot be bought and sold. He belongs to himself and his Maker alone, and should always be trained as such, by his parents or guardians.

"*Secondly.* This black man of yours, either in his own person, or in that of some of his forefathers, has been stolen from Africa and sold here into slavery. Have you not, then, in purchasing him set at nought one of the *first principles* of the laws of God's moral government?

"*Thirdly.* In giving him liberty *now*, you will, indeed, lose quite a large sum of money, and in this respect you are truly unfortunate; for, what you did in purchasing him was done ignorantly, without a view of all the circumstances of the case. But with your present light will you not, if you retain him until he has earned you what he cost you, be guilty of making use of stolen property? I can see no flaw in this reasoning, and it seems, as a Christian, you are required to set this man at liberty before you join the church of Christ. If the premises or inference be anywhere incorrect, please to show it.

"Excuse me, dear Sir, for again troubling you on this subject. It is truth alone that I seek; *that* truth, which in its bearings, extends through eternity. I am yours truly."

It should be stated that this matter was so adjusted that the gentleman was received into the church without the pastor's sacrificing any of his own convictions of duty in regard to it.

"Manchester, Massachusetts, Oct. 28, 1839.

"To Professor ——: — I congratulate you, my dear sir, on your accession to the Professorial chair of —— in ——. I was asked to give my consent to be chosen to fill the same place. I gave it, *but* ——. I have loved the studies of your department. I am now in heart devoted to them. At times I burn to be wrapped up in them. I have too, a *manuscript* by me, on which I have labored eighteen months — but the time with me for *these* sweet studies is now gone. My plans of literary labor are all brought to an end. My Arabic Dictionaries; the Koran; De Sacy; my Klopstock and Reinhard: farewell to you all. I shall converse with you at my leisure no more. I shall only be able to pay you a passing visit, as by stealth.

"Bitter, my dear brother, has been the cup. Some of my hairs have turned gray, while I have been drinking it. But what do I say? The Lord has done it. I deserved the chastisement, and calmly will I receive it. I have another field opened before me, and there are kind hearts and an abundance of work here. I love the ministerial office. It takes hold on eternity. If God give me strength, I shall love it more. Troubled, indeed, I am, from time to time, with ill health. Bronchitis hovers around me. But if the Lord will my prostration, I shall bow without a murmuring word. If he has any thing for me yet to do, I will do it; if not, his pleasure be done. I should like, indeed, a few gems of immortal souls in my crown, and to shine at least as one of the obscurer stars, among those who turn many to righteousness. I loved also the missionary field, and had thought to enter it, but have been held back. I am a little child, and bow as such to the divine will. My Library cheers me, even when I am busy. Sometimes, however, it brings back old and bitter remembrances. But,

——————— 'God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And part o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve, who only stand and wait.'

"Think not, my dear brother, that I have hard thoughts of you, or that I envy you on account of your success. I do neither, but heartily congratulate you; praying that the best of Heaven's blessings may rest upon you.

"Yours, in the fellowship of the gospel."

The following letter, though written several months later than the preceding, being addressed to the same gentleman, is appropriately introduced here.

"My dear Sir:—I am sorry to have disturbed your mind, although on the whole it has, perhaps, proved beneficial, by bringing you to lay open the more secret feelings of your heart in reference to myself, and thus confirming me in the belief that I had before entertained, and fondly cherished, of your perfect Christian honesty in the whole matter. Be assured that I have not one hard thought in reference to you. If it had depended on me, whether you or myself should have the office, I feel that I should have voluntarily given you the preference. I have no doubt that your linguistic attainments surpass mine. You also probably have less to suffer from nervous excitement than I do. To be sure, I have been compelled to relinquish many favorite studies. Sometimes, indeed, I pursue my old classics. I have been travelling on recently through the twentieth book of Homer. If the Lord need me in them, I shall be called again into *those* labors; if he do not, why should I murmur? I have found a pearl of great price. There is joy beyond the power of description to be felt at the foot of the cross. I am even now in the midst of a powerful work of God's Spirit. Sinners are either trembling around me, in view of the wrath of God, or else rejoicing in hope. My hands are full; my heart too, at times, overflows.

"The Lord be with you in your profession. Farewell."

To his brother T., Nov. 12, 1839.

"Last Sabbath week was a solemn day here. Twenty-one were taken into the church; many of them I baptized, the Lord's Supper was celebrated, etc. Things go pleasantly thus far. Am most dissatisfied with myself, so sensitive, so quick to be excited, so prone to variable feelings, so liable to shake the little vessel of blessings, and spill them on the ground. Have not enough of self-denial.

"Dear T., what shall I do as to lending books? I have laid it down as a rule, not to lend, and must adhere to it. I mean, however, by degrees, to collect a little library of books, *for lending*. I have tried to get into the habit of having no interruption in the forenoon. It has gone well thus far. These subjects both came up, yesterday, in such a way that I was obliged to declare myself. I shall have most trouble with brother clergymen. They pronounce me foolish and extravagant for purchasing books, and yet they would borrow me to death. I am afraid I shall have to refuse *them* also. There is not one of them who is not as able to buy books, as I have been. I have foregone the pleasures of many other things for this purpose. Tell me, T., what shall I do in this matter? If I begin to lend my books, there is no end to it, and soon they are scattered all over the world. And yet I am afraid of *niggardliness.* I would, I think, adhere to the Saviour's precepts. The troubles, indeed, of knowledge and its means, are endless. Ignorance is much more *convenient*, on some accounts.

"I pray the Lord to guide me to his everlasting kingdom, and to grant that I may be swallowed up in his glory. I love my people. I love my work. Ambition and the old love of books sometimes kindle up and rage and burn within me. But I am ashamed not to love the work of the Lord. 'Simon, son of Jonas, feed my lambs, feed my sheep.' My prominent feeling for some time has been, that I am unfit for the ministry. I have not sufficiently elevated views of it. I am too variable in emotion.

"My aim, in all my intercourse with my people, is to be governed by plain and established rules, — *rules*, the reasons of which they can see and appreciate."

To the same, November 25.

"Ah fratrem crudelissimum! Tuam promissionem semel singulis diebus quatuordecim, mihi scribere, tu fragisti! Litteras hebdomadâ proximâ a te non recepsi. Te ne hujus pacti inter nos tam cito pœnitet? In metu essem te morbo vel valetudin offici nisi ——

"Hesterno die, nostra concio Mancumiensis infrequens erat; mihi tamen persanctus dies, et quoque populo meo quod ita spero."

Thanksgiving day, November 29, he speaks of having felt covered with burning shame while he was in the pulpit on account of his unfitness for the duties of his sacred calling.

In a letter to his mother, Dec. 24, he says that things have gone on as pleasantly with him since becoming a pastor, as he could expect; but that he is oppressed with a sense of the great responsibilities resting on him, and adds: "You, mother, have much to do by way of praying for your sons and their parishes. If Rufus be prospered, erelong you will have him and his people, and then next Jeremiah to pray for.

"You know that I am a bookmaker, and what sort of a volume do you suppose I have lately been preparing? I have arranged all the letters which I ever received from you into one elegant morocco bound volume. I feel proud of it. I have divided the letters into parcels, giving each parcel a *Latin* title. To this book I resort with pleasure."

To his brother T., Dec. 1839.

"GAUDEO, FRATER MI:—Te curare ut tuis promissis esses fides. Non apologias admiror. Magnâ ex parte, negligentiæ confessiones solum sunt. Video tamen, nisi nebulam pro Junone amplector, ut tu vitam otiosam non agas. Ego quoque variis rebus occupor. Multi inter nos adversâ valetudine laborant. Morbis pulmonariis et febribus nunc temporis scatet *Mancunium.* E vitâ præsertim discedunt seniores. Abhinc dies tres, mortua est Domina B. L., et eheu! quamvis diu ecclesiæ socia, tamen sine solatiis Christianis. Dei templi negligens, et in rebus terrestribus convoluta, pene semper vixit. In manibus Dei eam relinquimus. 'Quiescat in pace,' usque ad resurrectionis lucem. Insignia ejus verba postrema erant. 'Age nunc, filum seca.' (Come cut the thread.) Mulier erat, corporis temporatione nervosa, facultatem sentiendi teniorem habens, — animi tamen fortitudinis specie praedita."

Journal. "Sabbath eve, Jan. 5, 1840. — It is just twenty years tonight since my father died. I am writing not far from the same hour of the night as that in which he expired. Have had a pleasant day. The love of God came gushing into my soul at the sacramental table. I felt that Christ was there."

In a letter to his sister Martha, Jan. 6, he playfully says: —

"Mother and I are now like the Jews and the Moors, of whom Capt. Riley speaks, met in a narrow way on the slippery edge of a rock, and neither of us is able to turn aside. As, however, I am the youngest, I have thought it best to apply to you, to act the part of a mediator between us, and so to contrive things that I may at length obtain a letter from her. Yesterday, the anniversary of our father's death, was indeed solemn to me. I have thought of all our family, looking back upon the past, and reading over some parts of my youthful journal."

To his brother T., Jan. 1840.

"Num tibi, frater mi, carissime, de vaporalis navigii Lexingtonis conflagratione, in freto Insulæ Longæ, propre Bridgportam Connecticuttensium, nunciatum est? Terribile dictu, perierunt ab igne

vel submersione 150 vectores, et quoque nautæ. Evaserunt solum tres, quorum unus, navis præfectus erat. Inter perditos, numerantur Prof. Follen et uxor. Ignis primo, ut audivimus, e Sarcinis Xylinis erupuit. Per terram judicia Domini incedunt!——— Hiems nobiscum nunc sæva. Hic dies perfrigida est. Semihorâ post septimam matutinam, hydrargyrum Thermometri mei, ad gradus tredecim sub nihilo, subsedit. Habent ne se ita res in Republicâ Insulæ Rhodensis? — Duos nuperrime homines et fæminos matrimonio junxi.

"Die Veneris scripsi, Januarii 17mo.

"Rursum tibi Latiné pauca scribo. — Supra erravi. Non navigii vaporalis perditi præfectus, qui immunem ab ejus conflagratione se eripuit, sed ad hanc navem non pertinens maritimus præfectus. Gubernator Lexingtonis inter vivos est.

"Nobis patientes algoris nos ipsos tenere, decet. Septimâ hodiernâ matutinâ horâ ad nonos gradus sub nihilo stetit meum Thermometrum. Pulchre in presenti, ejus radios ab oceano portuque nostro congelato repercutiens, per fenestras meas, se fundit Phœbus. Splendidissime, bracteolis glacialibus, in formâ triangulari, ornantur quadrata vitrea. Sed eheu! dum scribo, evanescunt! Ita se habet vita et mundi voluptas! Vale.

"Die Saturni scripsi, Januarii 18mo.

"Hodierno die ab Bostoniâ, quo tetendi missionarios in Palæstinam navigaturos, fratrem præsertim, Whitingium, olim ejusdem collegii socium videre, redii. Nominibus, Thompson, Wolcott, Keyes, et

Whitingio, guadent. In nave nuncupatâ *Emma Isadora* navigant. Primum Smyrnam attingunt. Illinc navigio vaporali ad Barytum transvehuntur.

"Vale, Januarii die 21.

"Hesterno die, in eis partidus multum pluviæ e cœlo descendit. Primâ luce, ante quidem auroram, per littora et inter saxa oceani, solus ambulavi. Aquarum montes in littora frangere remugireque videre delecto. Illic Deum esse magnum disco. Tempus in mente revoco, cum undis superbis dixit: 'His limitibus vos circumscribo.' O Xerxes stultissime, oceanum Dei catenis aureis vincire conari!

"Me per epistolam tuam postremam rogavisti, num commentarius sit in ecclesiastem vel קֹהֶלֶת? Etiam, satis, superque, respondeo: Poli Synopsis criticorum; et pro te optimum, opus Rosenmülleri Biblicum criticum, inscriptum: 'Scholia in vetus Testamentum, Pars nona, Solomonis Scripta continens,' in volumina duo distributum. Vide sub ejus nomine in catalogo meo Andoveriano. Hoc opus, vel hæc volumina duo, separatim, in officina libraria Perkinsii et Marvini Bostoniensi, invenies. Vale.

"Die Veneris Januarii, vicesimo quarto.

"Mihi nunc epistolam absolvendam. De Rufo bene per litteras audivi. In *Recordor* Bostoniensi postremo, Narrationem extremæ vitæ nostri avunculi T. Aldenii, invenies, et quoque, pœma. Hujus pœmatis auctoren ignoro. Me improviso oppressit. Gratias abunde illi amico benigno. Hesterno die, de Christo ecclesiae Capite et Domino prædicavi. Vespere, maxima populi frequentia erat. In domine, vale.

"Die Januarii 27, opud Mancunium."

It was probably towards the last of Jan., 1840, that he made the following record in his journal: "I must stop buying books, until I am out of debt. I will ask God to help me keep such a resolution. I must fast and pray on account of my undue tendency to purchase them, and never again, if possible, go into a bookstore, except to pay dues, until I am out of debt." And yet we suppose his old habit obtained the mastery of him the very next time he visited Boston.

"Feb. 9. — The past week has been one of great trials, and yet of some spiritual enjoyment. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday mornings, I felt much fervor in prayer, and had light, as I believe, from God's countenance." Referring to an unpleasant debate into which he was drawn, he observes: "I feel that I have most solemn reason to be ashamed before God and his holy angels, that I should allow such a little thing as was the occasion of this, to endanger my usefulness as a minister of Christ. I am determined to suffer all things in silence for him. 17. — Every thing here now appears encouraging for a powerful revival. 19. — The number of hopeful conversions yesterday amounted to eight or nine. I pray the Lord to preserve, if possible, my poor flock from distraction, and to carry on his own work as he pleases. Some of the conversions are very marked ones. I awaked this morning full of the love of God. I have great trials, but firm confidence that he will sustain me. 25. — The room in which the inquirers met last Saturday morning was overflowing.

"March 3. — The work of the Lord goes on mightily; my room was more than full last evening with inquirers. It is very precious to be in the hands of God. While I have great fears as to the genuineness of many of the conversions proclaimed around me, I see reason to hope that over sixty are born again. — Have heard this afternoon that seventy names have been obtained for the organization of a *new* religious society in this place. If it be of God, it will prosper; if not, it will fail. My own salary has been cordially voted for another year. I think I feel a sweet resignation to the will of God. 14. — Had a pleasant season alone in the woods in private prayer, before breakfast, striving after perfect conformity, if I understand it, to the will of God. My joy, however, is not high. Indeed I am afraid that there is something between me and the Lord. Perhaps I have too much literary ambition, and arrogate to myself too much talent. Let me be divested of all unhallowed feelings."

To the wife of Rev. Mr Thacher, of Hawley, March 30, 1840.

"Dear Friend: — I hear that you are sick, and probably drawing near to the grave. I sympathize with you, and should be pleased to see you, converse and pray with you. If you are a child of God, your situation is to be envied rather than pitied. To live is indeed *Christ*, to those who enjoy his smiles. All our pains are easily borne when he is sensibly present. Yet I feel that it must be very pleasant to arrive at home; to realize that heaven is ours, — that we are forever secured from sinning and suffering. I have, as I trust, many friends in heaven, and should like, if it were proper, to send messages to them by you. Whatever fears you may now have, will depart as you shall dip your feet into the Jordan of death, if Jesus be your confidence. I shall pity your husband and your motherless children; but God can be with them and take care of them. I know not how to let you go, without seeing you. Our interviews, though infrequent and brief, have to me been grateful and edifying. Your *piano* now stands untouched, and you will have to leave it behind; but there is, I trust, a golden harp provided for you in heaven; *that* you will find a much sweeter instrument, one not liable to get out of tune. — You will be gratified to learn that the Lord has visited us in mercy. His Spirit came like the waters of which the prophet speaks — gradual at first, but constantly increasing."

To his brother T., April 3.

" Andoveriam et nostros illic amicos rursus vidi. Andoveriam et ejus Seminarium amo. In mundo toto, locum non invenio ubi tantum domi esse videor. Mihi tamen locus est, ubi habitat tristia. Nunquam sine mentis anxietudine ab institutione illa discedo."

Journal. " April 18. — Have ventured a little this week into Cicero's classical Latin. Still, I have done it with great hesitancy. Am afraid of wronging the souls of those committed to my charge."

To his brother T., April 22, 1840.

" Quod ad me nuper frequentissime de meâ Jeremiæ negligentiâ epistolicâ, scriptum, omnino sine

fundamento est. Ad ejus epistolas, sine morâ, generaliter respondeo. In culpâ stat ille. Ipsum hoc crimine expediendum. Si ad me secundum normam scribit, litteras, a me, accurate tempore exsequêntes, rursus accipiet.

"Sabbatico die postremo, in Salem, per commutationem, pro fratre Waylando ministro Baptistico, prædicavi. Heri, rursus, Salem, visi; pro causâ Websterium, apud conventionem Essexiensem Harrisonianam, expectaturum, videndi et audiendi. Adfuit hic homo magnus, et ad populum orationem habuit. Postquam a conventu recessit, introductionem ad eum obtinui.

"Fœderalista sum, ut pater noster erat; sed vociferationem, et vituperationem, in Fœderalistis, (vel Whigs,) ut quoque in Democraticis (vel *Tories*) vel Jacksonianis, vel Vanburenitibus, odi. Vide nunc, quam difficulte est, notiones hodiernos eleganter latiné exprimere. Vale.

"Die Aprilis, vicesimo secundo."

Journal. "Sabbath, May 3, 1840. — Sacrament. Some divine light this morning. A glimpse of the Saviour's garments this afternoon at the table.

"July 1. — Spent much of Monday, P. M., in prayer, in the woods, mourning over past offences. At times, the glory of God becomes my all."

"June 8, 1840.

"Fratri Timotheo Carissimo Salutem: — Apud Bostoniam a te epistolam accepi, ut per Recordorem Bostoniensem certior fies. Bene præteriverunt celebrationes generaliter omnes anniversariæ. Amicorum Christianorum societate admodum fruitus sum. Te solum Rufumque desideravi.

"In Bostoniam, die Martis àntemeridianâ, perveni. Me hospitio excepit dominus Washburnus, Mercator pius. Cum Folsomio, nuperissime transfuga ab trinitarianismâ ad unitarianismum, colloquium habui. Ejus notionum religiosarum novarum expositionem mox publicabit. Frater Abottius Roxburiensis, minister evangelicus, ab ejus populo dismissionem rogavit. Pauci, inter quos ——— et alii ejus comites, apud eum, ut non satis de doctrinis prædicantem, questi sunt. In ejus domo, die Veneris, pernoctavi. Magis eum quam suos occulos diligunt plerumque *οἱ πολοί.* Hic est semper mos Bostoniensis. Si Pastorem removere volunt, curatores selecti eum certiorem faciunt eos ejus labores magis non desiderare. Eum tunc, silentio, eos relinquere expectant. Ita multos, inter alios ——— dolose, populo generaliter ignorante, privatim percusserunt. Sermone fictitio *hi nobiles ecclesiæ* utuntur, et semper ut studio, pro prædicatione doctrinali, percussi, eorum contumaciam indulgent. *Dominorum Paulorum* plena est hæc terra mala, et tyrannis abundans. Hoc gaudium meum: 'Si Deus pro nobis, quis contra nos.' Cum Jesu omnia nobis donat. Vale in Domino."

"Thursday, July 2d. — In the evening I called into Mr. Dodge's, to see a curious *worm*, which had just been found in the woods between Essex and Manchester, by the side of the road. 3. — Went over again and examined the worm both by daylight, and in a dark closet. The following is the best account which I can give of it. When stretched out as in

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crawling, it is, I should think, full three inches in length. I measured it with an inch rule. It has eleven segments, or movable joints, each constituting a kind of broad ring around it, and made by the folding under of the skin, rhinoceros-like. It has six feet near the head and neck, three on each side. The head is of a darkish yellow color, and is drawable in under the skin, or first ring, (somewhat as is the turtle's,) and is relatively quite small. There are two threadlike horns coming out, near the eyes, (or where eyes would naturally be), about the eighth of an inch in length. Immediately beneath these horns, and running around the mouth, is a half hoop, thus ∩; apparently fastened at each end, in the two corners of the mouth, and I suppose it to be composed of two parts, but am unable to decide. Directly under this hoop, on each side of the mouth, are two feelers, of about an equal length with the *horns.* They apparently run out of two little *sheaths.* Immediately between these two is another, shorter, and forked at the end, though it has somewhat the appearance of being *two*, close together, except at the end.

" At the other extreme of this worm, there is something to assist it in crawling, like a pliable finger, capable of being projected out, drawn back, and also of being bent under. It moves with considerable rapidity, thus: It draws the first half of its body along by means of its feet, and then it forces the last half along with its finger, by doubling it under, and giving a push.

" The sides seem serrated, by means of the rings. In coming to the edge of the board on which it was making its way, it would reach out its head, as if for a leaf or twig. It apparently has hooked feet, but it is nevertheless very clumsy. Along the back the *rings* are somewhat of a yellowish color, and of a glossy horny appearance. Within the folds they are white. Button-like spots of a brownish color, are seen on the sides, in about the centre of each ring, though the sides are whitish. In each of the ten joints or rings, that is, in all but that on the neck, there is what resembles the half of a gold ring, running across the back, and from each a bright light streams when the worm is in the dark. This light is of a whitish blue color, and very brilliant. Very near the posterior extremity there is also a ring of light to be seen, though there is no *joint* corresponding with those on the rest of the body. Along the sides, just forward of the rings, there are bright spots, one for each ring, out of which the light flows more brilliantly than out of any other part of the creature. Indeed this little *worm* seems like a mass of creeping light. It was difficult to examine the under part of it, but I discerned there, I think, some small bright spots, paired two and two, and in size like the point of a pin. This discovery I made when the worm had been disturbed a little, and began to crawl. Then it seems to send forth light from each one of its rings, and in particular from every one of its *spots*.

This is evidently a *glow-worm*, and I judge, of the same genus with the one described by Goldsmith (vol. iv. p. 201), and so frequently spoken of in England. It is also portrayed by Dr. Paley, in his Nat. Theology.

Journal. "July 1840. — I shuddered this morning while reading in the New York Observer, of July 4, *the account of a recent piracy*, to think how wicked a heart *I* have within me. Use this thought in a sermon on depravity."

Early in September, 1840, Mr. T. visited his brother and wife in Slatersville, R. I. Thence he went with them to Providence, for the purpose of attending the anniversary of the American Board. On becoming a pastor, his interest in missionary operations appears to have greatly increased.

Journal. "Sept. 21. — Yesterday was the anniversary Sabbath of my settlement. To me the day was solemn, and apparently it was so to the audience. Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. Christ's love seems to grow richer, and to become more and more precious. The Lord glorify himself in me and through me among this people. May he forgive all the sins which I have committed the year past, and when my time shall arrive to be removed into eternity, may he grant me a home in heaven."

His brother Rufus, having graduated at the Princeton Theological Seminary, received a *call* to settle as pastor in Shrewsbury, N. J. The ordination was appointed to occur Nov. 10, 1840, Mr. T. was invited to attend it. He wrote that brother in October, and from his letter a few extracts are made:

"If you come to the ministry with hearty good-will to serve Christ and suffer for him, then welcome to the work; you shall have my right hand of fellowship and my prayers. It is the noblest of causes, the noblest of works. O, that I were better qualified in patience, and in endurance, for all the duties of the ministry. I love my work, I love my people, but go on with trembling. The promises of God cheer me. They are all yea and amen, in Christ Jesus. I desire to be with you at your ordination, but know that it will not be possible."

To the same, Nov. 10.

"I have just been thinking of you. It is the day of your ordination. I shall be with you in spirit, I trust, though absent in body. You are going to take a responsible charge. What a work is the ministry! How dependent is the pastor for his happiness upon others, and how *obliged* to independence in behalf of the truth! And yet it is a glorious work. I would not exchange it, except at the will of God. There are precious promises to support us, and angels, ever on the wing, to bear us up in their arms, lest we receive harm. O! for more faith; this is all we need — a sweet confidence in the God of all truth and grace. I would endeavor to obtain a higher sense of my own responsibilities, and would resort constantly to the throne of divine grace for aid. The Lord be with you, my dear brother, this day. Be wholly devoted to your profession. Look continually to heaven for guidance. Look not for ease, nor for great things of a worldly nature. Seek for spiritual blessings, and leave the rest with God. Welcome, my dear R., to all the cares and trials of the gospel ministry. You will find a yoke in them, but it is Christ's yoke. He lays it on us, and he will help us bear it. I present you my right hand of fellowship. The Lord bless you. Amen and amen.

Journal. "Nov. 10.—Yesterday was election day. We have of late been full of politics. I have taken no part in the election. In some former cases I have voted, but as often refrained from it. I see much in both parties which I must condemn. I have, as pastor, a tender relation in this place to both political bodies, and must often condemn them both, and mediate between them, and ever strive to bring them to Jesus. I cannot find that the apostles were much in the habit of meddling with these matters. 27.—Thanksgiving. Spent the day pleasantly; I fear, however, not with sufficient spiritual fervor; was too much involved in secular studies. Brother Tappan, the poet, preached for me.

To his brother T. and wife, Dec. 9, 1840.

"DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:—My hands, at present, are full. Our political excitement has left us in a very disastrous religious state. We had a *ball* on the Monday evening after Thanksgiving, and since then the enemy has been at work to get up a dancing-school, and is laboring very hard to draw the members of the church into the business. Of course, such times try a pastor and faithful Christians. Most of our members, I think, stand firm, but some have fallen; and more, I fear, will. I have labored much in private; but at present, make it a principle to say nothing directly in public. Indeed, I have here all the inconveniences of a city, and need a very elevated heart and steady hand to guide the helm. We have been very cautious in receiving persons into the church, since I have been here. Out of sixty or seventy hopeful converts, only about twenty have been admitted. Before I came, however, several were admitted to our present great regret. In the mean time, we have praying brethren and sisters, in whose prayers, or rather, in the faithfulness of a prayer-hearing God, to whom they are addressed, I have great hopes. Precious is the promise, 'Lo! I am with you alway.' I often think of it, with gushing tears, and find in it great consolation. If the world should rage and curse, the Saviour has told us to expect it.

'If on my head, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.'

"I enjoyed a pleasant Thanksgiving; Rev. Wm. B. Tappan, whose grandfather was minister here, and whose relatives constitute a large proportion of this population, preached for me on that day; also on Sabbath evening. Thanks to you, dear sister Caroline, for your epistolary fidelity. I am trying to learn the lesson taught by the apostle to rejoice in tribulation; it is a hard one, and I fear I shall prove a dull scholar. I am trying to learn it; for I find that unless I can glory and rejoice in tribulation, I shall, much of the time, be in great sadness. No doubt, much will depend on you *as a wife*, but of this be certain, that our blessed Saviour has grace sufficient for all situations and responsibilities. It is sweet, very sweet, to think of the promises. Farewell, farewell."

Journal. "Dec. 16, 1840. — It has often today seemed to me that last week the old adversary, with a whole regiment of his demoniacal companions, pitched their tents in the midst of us. 22. — Am miserable without the full flowings of the love of God. May he grant me the forgiveness of sin and the light of his countenance. 29. — On entering my room this morning after breakfast, a gush of love and holy confidence in God came glowing through my soul. I had great need of it, in consequence of various trials. This love cured all. I felt strong; I rejoiced in God. Precious is the promise, 'Lo! I am with you,' etc. Lord, make me faithful unto death.

"Jan. 4, 1841. — I am now in the midst of an anxious series of events as regards the parish; the Lord keep us; the Lord preserve us to his everlasting kingdom. Had some light yesterday; some beamings of grace, mercy, and love. Felt, however, much of the time, as I do this morning, the weight of a cold and heavy heart. Am praying for the light of the divine countenance. The advancement of Christ's cause will, at all times, as a general law, create commotion and cause division. I would lie down at the foot of the cross. 24. — I see that the church here will go all into pieces, if the Lord do not stand by us. The cause is his, and I must trust in him." He refers to zealous efforts made by sectarians to divide his church and society. "I am afraid that I am so unworthy a pastor as to deserve to be forsaken of God. 25. — Have at times felt more confidence that the Lord will order all right. 26. — Am now passing through the valley of the shadow of death, in regard to *isms*." 27.—He became acquainted with two or three new cases of hope in Christ, by which his spirits were greatly animated, and he observes: "The above circumstance wholly changed the aspect of things. I could rejoice in the Lord. Still, can it be a Christian spirit which leads our brethren of other denominations to do exactly what gratifies the devil and all his infernal crew? There must be something unhallowed about them, or they could not adopt *such* measures. My church and myself are willing to put up with what results from whim or eccentricity, if it do not injure the gospel. I protest before God, that I am not conscious of any lack of charity, but I am more and more convinced, that the idea of uniting the different classes of evangelical sects into one body, is a perfect chimera. It cannot be done, till the spirit of God burn up all their dross, and melt the pure gold together."

To his mother about this time he writes: "I am just at present in the midst of vexations, of which I cannot see the end; yet not from any distractions among my own friends, but from the efforts of the —— to crowd themselves into this place, and to divide a hitherto united people. I go to my knees and endeavor to repose on the Almighty, but do not find that permanent support which I desire. What the Lord has for me, I know not; my present feeling, however, is, that it is an early grave. The shocks of a troublesome world are too terrible for my enfeebled frame. The adversary seems at present to have among us an unwonted length of chain. A minister's post is no easy one to defend; his office is no sinecure. I ought certainly to rejoice that God reigns — that Jesus is on the throne; but unbelief troubles me. The Lord be with you, dear parent. Prize your quiet home."

To his brother T. and wife, Feb. 1, 1841.

"FRATRI SUO ET SORORI CARISSIMIS SALUTEM IN CHRISTO: — Causam hujus silentii longi insolitique epistolaris requiro? Nam in morbum periculosum cecidisti, tu vel uxor tua? Forsitan amicos Connecticuttenses tuos vel Hawleienses visistis! Utinam tecum, sit, Spiritus Dei, et renovatio religiosa, labores abundantes offerens. — In suspicionem veni, et amicorum antiquorum oblitum fecit nimietas nuptialis felicitatis. — Epistolas frequentes longasque a Carolina Sorore expectavi. Sed eheu, ita semper transivit mea spes mundana! Nobiscum hic annus vanitatis et vexationum pastoralium fuit plenas. Nos vexaverunt, Schola Saltatoria, Universalismus, Enthusiasmus, Perfectionismus, et Libero-Arbitrarismus. Ad nos tamen venierunt guttæ paucæ misericordiæ cœlestis. Vale."

Journal. "Feb. 10, 1841. — Two —— ministers in town. Sea and land must be compassed to make one proselyte." With these interfering sectarians he was frequently coming into contact, and by them the quietness of his soul was often seriously disturbed. "11. — I pray that under these circumstances I may be preserved in the fear of God, and made faithful and useful in the path of duty; I see increasing reason to stand aloof from —— as a denomination.

Prayer is my resort; I look upward, and must do so continually."

To his youngest brother, in Amherst College, March 8, 1841.

"My dear J.:—It is no wonder that you despond, after having been gone from college half a term and coming back directly into the midst of intricate studies. You had better be a thousand dollars in debt, when you graduate, than to be out of college in term time for a single quarter. In order to have good spirits in college, you must get your lessons well, and rank with the first in scholarship, or else bow with sweet resignation to the will of God in the impossibility of attaining such eminence. If you *must* be absent from college at all during term time, so lay your plans as to be away at the close, while the class is reviewing, and not at the commencement of the term. Much evil may thus be avoided. Especially look up to God as your father, for guidance. Place a humble confidence in him, and all things, I trust, will go well."

Journal. "March 28, 1841.—Sabbath eve. Felt quite ill today, though the services have been solemn. I pray for resignation to all the allotments of Providence; and above all things, for a spirit of prayer; to be deprived of this is dreadful.

"April 6.—News has just reached us of the death of President Harrison. A solemn event. 14.—Have been much troubled of late with harassing thoughts. Set apart this day for prayer and fasting on that account. Was interrupted, and closed with the forenoon." Under date of April 21, speaking of deep depression of spirits, and then specifying several causes, he adds: "O, let me be devoted wholly to God. I have nowhere else to go but to him. Lord, hold me in thy hand. Lord, I run like a little child to thy blessed arms, and supplicate for patience. Tears are my relief—Jesus forever reigns. 29.—Awaked this morning in poor health; walked out into the woods, and endeavored to lay myself down at the foot of the cross. I found the promises of the day, as arranged by Clark, very pleasant: 'In all these things we are more than conquerors,' etc. I did not get glowing comfort, as I sometimes do, but I could not avoid thinking the Lord looked favorably upon me. On my returning, feared that I do not love souls enough. Tried to breathe forth prayers for all my dear people. Thought I could carry them to Jesus Christ in the arms of love; yea, I could take the bitterest enemy I have on earth, and bear him there. Said to myself, O Lord, I love thy word; I love my work. I only pray to be wholly devoted to it, and for strength to perform it. Or if I must suffer, I pray for grace and patience to endure aright. Felt afraid that my sufferings arise from a want of sufficient devotedness to my work." As he was walking out he met a young man, who was soon to start with others on a fishing voyage. "Prayed for them all as I left him."

"May 3.—Had some glimpses of the divine countenance yesterday. Was, however, after the sacrament, in great darkness, which still remains." 26.—On changing his boarding place, he remarks: "I took leave of my former room not without emotion, and would enter my new quarters in reliance upon God. It is pleasant to consecrate them and myself to him."

Mr. T. deeply interested himself in the Sabbath school. When on a particular occasion he noticed some who had been members turning away from it, he entreated them to return. On their persisting in a determination to withdraw, he left them much grieved, saying to the superintendent, "We must do for such persons, so much, that we shall be able to appeal to our fidelity should we meet them on their dying beds,—*so much* that we shall be conscious we are free from all guilt."

"July 17.—Much tried last evening with the thinness of the Sabbath school teachers' meeting. I had a most distressing time of it; I could hardly proceed. I came home and went directly to my room, and in agony prostrated myself on the floor in prayer. Am quite unwell today. Had some vertigo this morning. I stagger along. The Lord lift upon me the light of his countenance. 18.—Sabbath. Weighed down greatly this morning by a sense of my own unworthiness. Had also unusual views of the holiness of God. The pulpit seemed to be an awful place, standing between heaven and hell. Some comfort while preaching."

To his youngest brother, July 19, 1841.

"My dear J.:—Money I have not. Love only I can send thee, and this, in a short compass. A lady from this place, Mrs. —— visits Amherst the present week. You may find her at Dr. Strong's. Perhaps you will be able to do her some service.

Her son is about entering college, and she would like to have him religiously *chummed;* she feels anxious on this point. Help her if you can. As for yourself, pray make better calculations about the time of teaching than you did last year, or else not teach at all. The Lord be with you, my brother, and bless you forever."

Journal. "July 25. — Was almost exhausted after meeting, but felt the sweet influences of the love of God. 27. — A poor day yesterday, health very bad; nevertheless, I went around, making various calls, endeavoring to comfort the sick and sorrowful, the nervous and deranged. Had a long conversation with —— on the subject of temperance. All was pleasant, but he will not sign the total abstinence pledge. *I am sorry.* So it will be for the present. We much need his help, but must try to get along without it.

"Aug. 1. — Sabbath. Preached a sermon in the forenoon on the death of Rev. Mr. Emerson, former pastor of this church. The last thing which he read before his sudden death was an article of my versification. 18. — Am this day forty years of age. Not much have I yet accomplished for the honor of God. Have devoted the day to prayer.

"Sept. 1. — Spent the last night in Boston, and had strong desires in the night for entire consecration to God. On my way toward Andover today, was very desponding while in the car, yet in silent thought found comfort by committing my soul to God. 5. — Sabbath. Communion day. The Lord I feel has been with me. Enjoyed the love of the Saviour, I must believe. Long for blessings upon the church. Was some afraid, however, while preaching this afternoon that my sermon was cast a little too hard. There were four funerals here the last week."

A person having about this time made strictures on his preaching and other pulpit performances, he wrote thus in his journal: —

"What a result should I reach were I to be governed by these remarks. The Lord help me to stand firm and perform my duty. This is my prayer. God has been greatly helping me by his providences."

In this month he was permitted to attend down into the valley of the shadow of death one who called him her *dear minister*. The scene, though deeply affecting, was full of sweet satisfaction. Other occurrences of heavenly interest he records, and observes: "Thus the Lord sends me here and there some drops of consolation. 9. — Received a very gentle hint from another quarter that my afternoon sermon last Sabbath was severe, while the forenoon one was praised. There is something striking in the above fact. I have recently preached two close sermons to impenitent sinners respecting their living on the faults of Christians. Of these, I hear no special complaint; but as soon as I speak to cold-hearted or lukewarm professors, they are startled and offended." Near the last date he was informed in one of his morning walks that an individual had died very happily during the night. In regard to the event he says: "I could not help bursting into tears. It is good to converse with those who live on the borders of eternity."

Early in October he visited his mother. Of the journey he remarks: "I have had some religious comfort on my way hither, but at times am much troubled with the want of gentle Christian feelings."

The following letter was written to his mother from Heath, Oct. 13, 1841.

"Dear Parent: — Various little circumstances conspired to disturb the tranquillity of my thoughts on leaving you yesterday. As a consequence my farewell was not of that sweet and soothing character that I could wish whenever I part with you, feeling as I always do that our next meeting may be in the world of spirits. I had intended to commend you to the grace of God in a short prayer, and to have some religious conversation with Mary. Hard is the attainment of that quietude of soul which the Christian always needs. I felt the sad nature of our farewell for a long time; I feel it still. I thought of the subject in the night and said, it was a poor farewell for a last one. I had, however, some cheering conversation with dear Mr. Thacher on our way. We met a goodly number of the brethren in Charlemont. Mr. T. and myself conversed till very late about the things of the kingdom. He is a choice Christian. I love him. The more I have tested his heart the more I have found it beating with love to God. I arose early this morning to ascend the mountain to Heath. I had endeavored to ask God's blessing on you and Mary. A heavenly calm of soul began to return. Most delightful was the ascent of the mountain. I passed out of the shades of night into the beams and radiance of day. Objects around me grew brighter and brighter. O glorious is the kingdom of Christ. Pray, dear mother, for your son that he may attain unto that perfect serenity of soul which comes from resignation to the divine will. Thanks to Mary for her few farewell lines; I cannot but feel that there are stores of mercy and grace for her in Jesus Christ. I was about closing, yet the fear again comes that our interview was not sufficiently spiritual. Dear mother, if we are true believers we shall soon be together in paradise. If any thing I have ever said to you has wounded your feelings, throw the mantle of maternal love over it."

Journal. "Oct. 19, 1841. — A sweet conversation with brother Andrew Lee." Under the same date he describes an occurrence which grieved him greatly. "It is not a matter of wonder that under such circumstances I was much awake and often groaning the last night. I have, also, had experience of divine consolation. Jesus says he will never leave nor forsake his disciples. 24. — Sabbath. Had this morning very great weakness of body, prostration of mental power and of religious feeling; had some desires for true resignation, but no permanent peace and love. 26. — Just as I was closing a letter to my mother this morning, a little past nine, it was announced to me that Mr. Lee had been thought dying all the night. At once I hastened to see him, but he had already gone, having expired a half hour previously. In him I have lost my right-hand man, my spiritual companion, my kind and gentle counsellor, my intimate friend; the person on whose prayers I depended more than upon those of any other person in the church. I could unbosom my whole soul to him. I could refer scoffing opposers to him as one who lived up to his profession, as an Israelite in whom there was no guile. I had a comforting interview with him yesterday in the forenoon. On parting he said: 'The Lord be with you.' May I so live as to meet him in heaven. O, how shall I come out at last? shall I so fight as to win?

"Nov. 2. — Felt as if the heathen were crying out at our very doors for the bread of life. A shuddering came over me as I thought of our coldness on the subject of missions. In the night I lay awake thinking of this matter, and engaged in prayer for myself and church relative to it. 4. — Had some longings after pure religion. A sweet time in writing my sermon. 12. — During most of this week have been in great spiritual darkness, full of temptation and destitute of prayerfulness. Yesterday, some returnings to a better state of soul. A pleasant afternoon and evening in pastoral visiting. This morning more heavenly light begins to shine. 14. — Sabbath. Very sad in the morning; felt as though I could not possibly pray. Soon after relief came, when the spirit and resolution of prayer seemed to rush upon me from heaven. Prayed against a cold heart in religion; against liability to anger; against worldly ambition; the sin of buying books; a disposition to complain of men; against a proneness to distrust God. Found sweet delight in the promises. 22. — Unable to sleep Sabbath night, I arose between eleven and twelve to read my Bible and to pray. Gained some relief from anguish of soul." He was obliged to pursue the same course the next night, supplicating for himself and people the mercy of the Lord.

Being located on the sea-shore Mr. T. was frequently called upon to sympathize with those whose friends died on the deep or in distant ports. Returning from a funeral one day toward the close of November, he was summoned to see a family that had just received intelligence of the sudden death of a young man, one of its members, who had died in New Orleans. The mother was almost distracted; for awhile she seemed absolutely to refuse comfort. But having soothed her, and having prayed with that bereaved company, he left them and directly heard that a poor widow woman had just lost a son at sea. He found her more distracted, if possible, than the other, but was enabled to administer consolation to her also.

On the 30th he says: "News came last evening that Mr. —— had died at New Orleans. Notwithstanding the storm, I went down at once to see his family. They had not heard of the event. I prepared the way as well as possible; yet when I came to say *your husband is no more*, it was like cutting the great artery.

"Dec. 7. — Monthly concert last evening. Pained to hear that some of the absent church members were at a *social party*. 11. — Saturday morning, five minutes before three. Have just returned from the dying scene of Miss ——, to which I was called a little past twelve. The room was filled with young people. She took me by the hand, and in the most affectionate manner remarked: 'What you said to me about attending the Sabbath school was not lost.'" Mr.

T. had also some time previously advised her not to attend *a dance*, to which she was invited, and she now declared that her mind had not been on it, that she went merely to please a friend. "I asked her after having remained some time, if I should leave her; she replied, if duty calls. Her mind was calm and Jesus was apparently her joy. Thus the faithful minister is constantly receiving his reward. Let me prove faithful. Lord, help, help. O for grace, for entire devotion to my work." After the death of this young woman, he says: "I have thought how different my feelings are from what they would be had I failed of fidelity to her in the matter of dancing, and had I heard from her dying lips accusations of my unfaithfulness.

"Jan. 2, 1842. — Sabbath. A serious and solemn day. Had much inward peace and comfort. Felt anxious about my afternoon sermon. Tried to mingle kindness and love in every part, also to base every thing on the Bible, so that all the fault found with me must be found with *that*. 5. — Twenty-two years have passed since the death of my father. 18. — About half past eleven this morning I was called to visit a dying member of the church. She took me by the hand and began to speak immediately of the love of the Saviour. He was precious, very precious to her; was her only refuge."

To his brother T. and wife, Feb. 8, 1842.

"You both have reason to complain of my long silence. We have had constant sickness among us. The winter here is a time of great excitement; besides, my own health is very miserable. I am constantly subject to seasons of great nervous depression. — We have no general revival, but cases of particular interest. As to myself, sister C., I feel the need every day of a kind-hearted wife to sympathize with me and help me bear my burdens, though I am comfortably provided for as a single man."

Being much tried by certain unpleasant events, he exclaims: Feb. 26. — "O that I had hard, enduring nerves, but I have not. Help me, O God, by thy grace." He however adds: "Enjoyed some sweet comfort this morning in the thought that the arms of the Eternal are around his children, especially his ministering servants when they are faithful.

"March 26. — A time of fearful temptation. Lay awake last night some time in prayerful struggles. This evening some new light. O I see *him* again, and he says, 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'"

Some time in the spring of this year he wrote and published the following lines: —

SPRING.

"Sweet Spring is coming, is coming;
I smell her fragrant breeze,
And hear the birds a humming,
In merry glees,
Around me in the trees, —
Sweet Spring is coming, is coming.

"As wont, the zephyrs quaffing,
I walked, at dawn, today,
And heard a robin laughing,
On a lofty spray,

And a warbling brown bird* say,
Sweet Spring is coming, is coming.

"And hark! the frogs are peeping;
See! the lambs are sporting by;
While the serpent forth is creeping;
And the wild geese cry,
On their journey through the sky,—
O, surely Spring is coming.

"Just now, in beauties blushing,
I plucked a Venus' Pride,
And found my foot was crushing,
Yet undescried,
A violet at its side;
O, surely Spring is coming.

"I know it, the word is spoken;
The reign of storms is o'er;
The chains of ice are broken,
From shore to shore;
I have heard the torrent roar,
For Spring was coming, was coming.

"Farewell, departing Winter,
Thy favors we recall,
Long evenings for the printer,
Or the Lyceum-hall,
Or religion's solemn call,
Yet tearless, tearless sever!

"Sweet Spring, our bosoms bless thee;
All hail thy gentle reign!
With flow'rets fair to dress thee,
We'll hasten to the plain,
With all the youthful train,
For welcome is thy coming."

Finding that some *poor* people were behindhand in the payment of their parish taxes, he privately gave them about twenty-five dollars. It being intimated that it might be necessary to *sue* certain neglecters of salary assessments, he declared that he would sooner leave Manchester than that any one should be sued on his account.

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* The Fringilla Juncorum, or Rush Sparrow.

"April 7. — Some divine light and assistance. Gave away today five Bibles to the children in the eastern district for their punctuality in attending school. 11. — God seemed to strengthen me all day yesterday. 15. — Have lately published an article in the Biblical Repository, on Augustine as a sacred orator.

"May 6. — I have this evening been examining myself in prayer before God, and endeavoring to search out my deficiencies. 31. — Am not conscious of remissness, but people are unusually disposed to find fault with me." At a date somewhat later than the one just named, he writes: "The Lord seemed to come down and take up his abode for awhile with me. I had long desired his presence, without finding it. O, the sweet savor of his grace."

Extracts from several letters to Mrs. Martha Lee, of Manchester, written at Boston, Anniversary week, 1842.

"DEAR MRS. L. — Dull care jumped on board with me, as old Horace says, when I got into the coach to leave M. The world around was dead to me, and I was dead to the world. My poor harp was unstrung and broken. The company of brother Nickels, however, much cheered me, and then at Salem I met Mr. Lamson, and some other friends, and since, at Boston, friendly countenances and kindly salutations have brought me somewhat to my sensations. What aroused me still more yesterday was the sermon by Dr. Storrs. It brought up before me my solemn relations as a pastor, and prostrated me for a few moments in tears, in secret prayer at the foot of the cross for help, in reference to the dear people of my charge. I feel today much restored and quite cheerful. My religious emotions have returned.

"During an interval of the exercises, I visited today the 'Trial of Jesus,' composed of twenty-three wax figures, full size, in oriental costume, which had some good things. The crown of thorns was not so well done. The countenance of the Saviour looked placid, innocent, though somewhat anxious. By the by, a number of these wax figures, as I am told, were displayed not long since to represent entirely other characters, in the exhibition of the 'Last Supper,' — so easy is it for the *same* figure to represent a Peter or a Judas. I have also visited Ruben's Descent from the Cross, as repainted by Bryant, of New York. It is an interesting performance, illustrating several points. 1. That a painting should resemble a bunch of grapes, every thing naturally grouped together. 2. That a painting should be in the pyramid form, that is, have the appearance of strength. 3. That there should be a harmony of colors. Painters, we are informed, use but three, all others being made by a combination of these, certain colors making as much discord to the eye, when combined together, as certain sounds do on the ear."

After giving a full report of some highly interesting addresses from missionary brethren, he adds, "On the whole the gospel and the ministerial office magnify themselves before me more and more, and press heavily upon me. O for better health, and stronger faith. I would fain visit Paradise and then come down to earth after having been filled there with the flames of celestial love. We are not doing enough in M. for the cause of Christ. We do not, as a church, *burn* and *glow* with divine love. The love of God is the most excellent of all things.

" Yesterday morning, after sealing my letter to you, I went to St. Paul's to see a baptism performed. There were thirteen present to be admitted to the church, Mr. S. and wife among them. I was interested in the exercises. A thought which passed through my mind at the moment, — that notwithstanding *their* external forms, *we* are all one, if regenerated in Christ Jesus, — particularly affected me. The drapery is of little account. What matters it how a man dresses beyond the mere convenience of local customs. A man is a man, let him dress how he will, a la Françoise, a l'Anglaise, a la Turque, or in any other way, and so those who have the spirit of Christ are his disciples however they may worship him.

" I have called on Mar Yohanna. The *Mar* means Saint. It is applied only to bishops, however, and would, perhaps, be rendered by our word, Reverend, or Right Reverend, or perhaps Dr. as well. While with him I learned through Mr. Stoddard a piece of orientalism. The brother of the emperor, or *Shah* of Persia, recently died, as has just been stated in letters from the East. No one dared tell the emperor of the event. A painter was obtained who represented the brother as dead, and then the picture was presented to the emperor, who immediately understood it and fainted away. What could have been more delicately done? and then it was truly *oriental.*"

To his brother Jeremiah, Amherst College, June 11, 1842.

"My dear J.:—You are expecting a letter from me, about this time. Since I saw you, things have gone on here nearly as usual. My health has not been very good; is now some better.

"I was much rejoiced to hear that there is a revival in your college. Not long since I received a visit from Mrs. E., of N., who has a son in Amherst College. She feels for him with all the yearnings of a Christian mother, and wished me to write and request you to fix your eye upon him and endeavor to exert an influence over him, of a Christian nature. I know little or nothing about him; but unless he have already turned to stone, he would melt could he see the tears she shed for him in my presence. Oh these sons little think what they do, when they thus agonize a fond parent's bosom. Look him up, and try, if he needs it, to exert a saving influence over him.

"I had a pleasant anniversary week in Boston,—saw Dr. Humphrey there. Have heard from T.,—he has a revival,—quite a hopeful one."

Journal. "July 9, 1842.—I have always felt that the blessing of God would rest on me as a parish minister, only so long as I might be solemnly devoted to his service in the secret purposes of my soul, and in the consecration of my heart to the ministry." 24. — After narrating certain events, which greatly tried him, he remarks: "The love of the Saviour came over me, and it was around me when I awaked. I trust I feel its influence still. The promise, 'Lo! I am with you alway,' has a reality in it for the children of God."

Items. "The other day, my window being opened downward from the top, a *dove* came and sat on the top of the sash, and, stretching its head one way and another, looked into the room and then flew away as though it found nothing there agreeable to its mind. Thus the Holy Spirit often seems to come and look into the heart, and then to fly away.

"I found, not long since, a tree torn up by the roots. Other trees were around it as large yet standing. It had grown on a hard, gravelly soil; in part it stood on a rock and had no root. Thus when Christians fall, it is because they have not been sufficiently well rooted and grounded."

"Aug. 10. — A week ago last evening, my brother T. and wife arrived to make me a visit. They left here yesterday morning, and I accompanied them to Salem, introducing them to friends, and visiting with them various objects of curiosity. It has been a pleasant, a most delightful season. Thanks to God for friendship. 15. — Parted with my youngest brother. He is now in his senior year at Amherst College. Some of my parishioners have dealt very generously with him. I have had *religious* comfort of late, and yet great discomfort. My body is feeble, my temper irritable, and my spirits desponding. It is all a warfare. Mercies surround me, yet trials beset my Christian course. It is doubtful whether I reach heaven; though the Lord, who has done much for me, can do more. 18. — My birthday. Worked on brother Lee's Memoir. 21. — I arose at midnight, and laid my case before God, and again a little after four, betook myself to my secret retreat on a hill in the woods. There I confessed my sins, and prayed unto God. Rejoice in him, O my soul; lean on the arm of omnipotent love."

Having been requested by people in M. to prepare a memoir of Mr. Andrew Lee, whose death has been noticed, he prosecuted the work as pastoral engagements would permit. It is to this undertaking he alludes under date of August 18.

"Sept. 8. — Have been this week to Andover. Met brother Edwards, and told him I would not change places with him. I have a poor nervous frame, and must make the best of what I am, the grace of God helping me. My soul — as Leighton has described the human heart — is full of wild beasts." During this month, he attended the meeting of the American Board in Norwich, Connecticut. Under date of September 14, while at N., he says: "Yesterday in the afternoon, and especially in the evening, found much comfort in the Scripture statement, 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father.'"

The various sessions of the Board he greatly enjoyed, and speaks of being much affected, when it was announced, that at the sacramental scene there would be room for none but communicants. After returning to his home, he states that more than once he had felt anew the love of God, which seemed flowing into his soul, while at N., and that he took sweet refuge in the words of Scripture just quoted; furthermore, that he often consecrated himself afresh to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. On his way home, he called upon Rev. Mr. Abbot, of Roxbury, in whose study he thus wrote: "I would pray thee, O God, if it be possible, to grant me a double portion of thy grace. I am very weak, and at times pressed to the earth with a sense of my unfitness for the gospel ministry. O, nail me to the blessed cross. Let my whole soul be imbued with thy Spirit. All covered with sin and shame, I lay myself at thy feet, adorable One, and if a year from this time shall find me in the world of spirits, may I be with the Redeemer."

Soon after his return to M. he wrote to his brother T. and wife, who had attended the meeting of the Board, but were obliged to start for their home Friday morning.

"You left Norwich too soon; the exercises of the last hour and a half were the keystone to all the rest; indeed, all was good. I am sorry you felt obliged to leave. I preached on the subject of missions last Sabbath. Some I presume thought me severe; I can, however, in review, think of nothing to take back. Oh, my whole trouble is to walk with God. Sin, sin rules in this mortal body. What ennobling prospects Christians have before them, if they will but live in Christ, and labor for him. How, O how shall we gain a victory over the world?

Every day, every moment, in respect to every thing, I find constant need of living by faith on the Son of God."

Journal. "Sept. 25. — Sabbath. The Lord appeared to assist me. On closing the services, I had a momentary feeling of sadness and discouragement; but immediately, before the congregation had left the house, and while I was in the pulpit, the Saviour seemed to whisper in my ear, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Gushing tears of joy succeeded. They had not yet dried away, when as I was going out, a church member met me, and giving me his hand, asked, 'Where have you been to be thus *kindled* up?' I love the missionary cause more and more. May I learn to live in the exercise of a stronger and more simple faith on the Son of God. Feel guilty that I have labored so little in prayer for the salvation of the souls of my people. 28. — Am anxious to live nearer and nearer to Christ. Pained to find so little interest in the Sabbath school; also to perceive a great want of it here in the cause of missions."

In October, he speaks of calling upon Miss Purbeck, the wonderful sufferer of Salem. "Her sweetness of voice, her patience, and her exalted resignation and love, are almost miraculous. How much, *grace* can do for us! Came home yesterday; was received with great kindness and marked attention. Very special pains have been taken to soothe my feelings. I have observed these attentions, and with weeping prayer besought God to reward my benefactors.

"Oct. 19.—Not long since, a sermon which I preached on missions excited great commotion. I had my friends and supporters, but some thought me overbearing. Last Sabbath in the afternoon, I gave my views of '*Millerism*'—against it, as a matter of course; and since then, I have heard as much said in my praise. I find, however, that a broadside of commendation is much more dangerous for a Christian than opposition. 20.—Awaked this morning with a strong tendency to hurry through or omit the duty of prayer. So, then, because of a little unguarded sinful wandering, merely in thought, I have lost my roll, and must go back, and do my work all over again." 27.—Speaking of a great struggle in his mind, he adds: "I felt, however, an inward call to pray, and deliverance came; the love of the Saviour flowing down into my heart and filling it up. 28.—Christ appeared unusually precious all the day. 29.—Sought in my morning devotions for the divine presence, as I had it yesterday, but was burdened with hardness of heart.

"Nov. 4.—Returning Saturday on foot from the Association at Gloucester, enjoyed some sweet views of divine things. Lay awake for a long time last night, praying for the return of God's presence, but remain in darkness; have grieved the Holy Spirit. 7.—Still in darkness. I mourn the absence of the Spirit, and groan out under the pressure of a hard and heavy heart. Caught sight of the Saviour yesterday at the communion table; yet only as by the distant glimpses of his garments, once, as he passed along. 23.—My piety seems all gone.

"Dec. 21.—Last Sabbath I had great enjoyment in the divine presence, which continued for some time into the week. The Lord compensated me for my severe external trials by internal consolations. Heard lately Rev. Mr. Knapp, Baptist, preach in Salem. His discourse contained all sorts of expressions: some pathetic; *more* ludicrous, thus exciting laughter. I do not think that he is a very profitable preacher; he did not make a solemn impression on me. 27. — Was alone in my study last evening, meditating on *salary* difficulties, when the Saviour afforded me his presence. I feel this morning a calm reliance on him for the future.

"Jan. 1, 1843. — A most solemn and trying day. During the week past, my soul has been in trouble on account of a salary transaction. It cuts the cords of sympathy between me and my people, to find them willing that I should lose so much. It unnerves me, and destroys the power of affection. But the fact that I think so much about it, makes me fear that I have not been a Christian; have not been preaching for the glory of God. What a day of tumult it has been! I have had no light, — though struggling in prayer, have not been able to get near the throne of grace. A sad way to begin a new year. 2. — Was exhausted this morning from the services of yesterday. Again in this state of weakness, *that* money affair comes up. I care more for my gold than for all these souls! How unworthy to be a minister! How little devoted to Christ! I have no light from the Lord's countenance! All, *all* is darkness. 9. — Some light from on high. 18. — Appearances of a revival. At an evening lecture many wept. But just at this encouraging juncture, in rush *sectarians*, and threaten to spoil the work. 22.—Sabbath. Was greatly assisted by the Lord. A revival has commenced with power. 26.—Feel very weak, and inadequate to the mighty work and the difficulties with which I am surrounded. The field opens widely and urgently. Within me are trials of sin and without are fears; but the work is the Lord's; I lay hold of the precious promises. Heaven is just at hand, if I prove faithful. The revival grows exceedingly promising for the Sabbath school." Such was the fanaticism of many at this time, that Mr. T. feared ruin might come upon his Society. "I must stand in the Lord; there is danger on all hands, but he reigns. 29.—Some very hardened sinners have, during the past week, been hopefully converted. There are, however, I can plainly see, among the noisy class, many false blossoms."

At the time of Mr. T.'s settlement, a few individuals agreed to pay him one hundred dollars yearly, in addition to the stipulated salary of the parish. The following note was addressed to them, January 28, 1843:—

"GENTLEMEN:—My ideas as to salary concerns have not altered at all since I was settled as pastor in this community. For several months past, however, it has been a time of great pecuniary embarrassment in this place, and it still continues such. Under these circumstances, I have thought it might subserve the cause of the Redeemer, to remit the $100 due me from your subscription, for the current year, commencing with March 18, 1842. Accordingly, I cheerfully relinquish all claim to the fifty dollars due me on the 18th of September last, as also to the fifty dollars which will become due on the 18th of March next, making $100, as above. May this act, when examined by the eye of an impartial Judge, be found to have resulted from a purpose to seek not yours, but you; and prove to have been the means of advancing the work of the Lord, so happily prospering at the present time among us. Gentlemen, I remain yours with high esteem."

By a similar act, he yielded the same amount the following year, and subsequently, it is believed, he received no part of the extra hundred dollars.

To his brother T., Feb. 2, 1843.

"I embrace a moment to say, that for two weeks past we have been in the midst of a revival, with all its scenes of joy and sorrow. We have had great joy and severe trials, being constantly in perils of false brethren. *Millerism* and almost every other *ism*, are here. I have to hold myself ready every day to be dismissed. Pray for us, and especially for me, that I may be faithful, standing firm in Christ."

Journal. Same date. — "Have had some sweet seasons with God this morning; but must be prepared for a sudden dismission. I cannot countenance *these* errorists. 5. — The love of God seemed to overwhelm me. Was almost overcome with it at the breakfast table and at family prayers, and just ready once or twice to break forth in tears and audible expressions of its boundlessness. 8. — I have to stand firm like a rock in the midst of billows. Christ is my only refuge, and he does at times smile upon me; though today I am greatly in the dark. I wish to be in readiness so far as I can from day to day, to leave this place. I cannot act independently in any other way. 16. — My spirits sink at times under trials occasioned by fanatical efforts, but for the most part I feel the Saviour specially near. There is a solemn awe in our meetings, as if God were present, and so there should be; we feeling as did Elijah when he wrapped his face in his mantle. I do not encourage the young to speak so much as these errorists think desirable." After specifying some of his perplexities, he adds: "How appropriate in these tumults do I find the divine promises."

Few communities of the same size could furnish more material for unhallowed fire to feed upon than did Manchester at that period. The church contained a great mixture of characters, and sectarian zeal of the lowest order found countenance in many who belonged to it. On the 21st he says: "Commenced the day with strong endeavors after God, and spent much of the forenoon in confessing my own sins and those of the church; also prostrating myself in prayer and resignation. Received comfort from above. Had encouraging interviews with young converts. 26. — Sabbath. Obtained some light and fervor in prayer before going into the sanctuary. After meeting, was exercised with longings for divine light and deliverance from temptation. Feared, on reading Dr. Humphrey's '*Pastoral Conversations*,' that I may have failed to give clear and appropriate directions to inquirers. Was greatly affected in perusing an article in a religious paper under the caption, 'Why should the work stop?' Felt scarcely fit to preach the gospel. 28. — The last day of winter; have had some choice moments with God in prayer; have desired to be delivered from sin. Had been for several days mostly *cold*, but today have been refreshed.

"March 1. — Yesterday it was reported that a comet had been seen near the sun; the *Millerites* were somewhat alarmed. This afternoon had pleasing conversation with young converts and inquirers." In the evening he speaks of being tried by disorderly conduct in a prayer-meeting; and also on another account; but on going to his room and falling upon his knees, divine light burst upon him. "3. — The Lord appeared to be in very deed with me last evening. Jesus was exceedingly near and precious. I felt in danger of spiritual pride." As the time of the annual parish meeting approached, he received various hints of a painful nature concerning his salary, and was much perplexed. "5. — Sabbath. Awaked greatly worried with the subject of last night. Found it hard to exclude the topic from my thoughts. At family prayers, however, divine love came in floods over my soul. I was almost in an ecstasy for awhile. Felt happy in baptizing the three taken into the church. 9. — Almost sunk down with discouragement. Had an unpleasant conversation on pecuniary matters. 10. — Am collecting statistics to show that my salary is by no means *extravagant*. Propose to go through all the surrounding parishes of the Association, collecting facts bearing on this subject." When the meeting of the society came, with its exciting and for awhile discouraging proceedings, he says: "God seemed to spread his wing over me, and to grant me cups of his own cordials. 16. — Felt this morning as though I had been wounded by the church. Still I rejoice that things have come out so well. Am cheerful in God. How often have the words been in my mind of late: 'Man would swallow me up.' Have thought much, too, of Bunyan's pilgrim. He must keep in the middle of the road, for then the lions chained on each side would do him no harm. 17. — The sweet idea of a parish of my own seems about at an end, and this too after a revival. 18. — Much depressed today in view of what has been done. I shall not, however, think of leaving Manchester so long as the Lord plainly makes it my duty to remain."

A terrific onset, if we mistake not, was made near this time in several parishes within a few miles of M. for the reduction of pastoral salaries. Mr. T. was, indeed, not the only sufferer, yet probably on account of impaired health and nervous sensitiveness no pastor was more deeply pained by trials of such a nature.

"April 4. — Last Saturday and Sabbath, also up to the present time, have been more than usually oppressed with a sense of my sins; feel ashamed before God. 28. — I seemed to have the judgment-seat before me all this morning. The text about contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, has presented itself to my mind with such force, that I must take it up for the next Sabbath.

"May 3. — Half past eleven in the evening. Had retired to rest, but have arisen again, overflowing with the precious love of the Saviour. No language can describe the sweetness of the sense of redeeming love, which I have just passed through, and in the savor of which I now find myself. To pray and weep and praise, has been all which for some minutes I could do. I would not for the universe have any other will done than the Lord's. I would not have a single stain of sin upon me. I desire to melt down in the glory of the Infinite. It is amazing whence comes this wonderful enjoyment of divine things. Why should it thus flow down into a miserable worm? O! the wonders seen by a few moments' interview with God! All is well; all is well; to bow to thy will, Jehovah, is bliss."

To his brother T. and wife, April 6, 1843.

"Dear Brother and Sister:—Your last should have been answered long before this, but constant labor has prevented. We have had a strange winter,—all sorts of things; yet the Lord has been with us, in a most emphatic sense. Ninety, we hope, are converts, within the Sabbath school. Nearly fifty of the young were in my room at one time; many of them drowned in tears. I shall look back upon the winter as a wonderful one. We have had bitter trials, indeed, but grace, I trust, has abounded. My health, until lately, has been better than usual. I have had a bad headache since yesterday, but I wish to converse with you a little. I have realized this winter, I think, more than ever, the truth of the Hebrew proverb, בְּהַר יְהוָֹה יֵרָאֶה in monte Domini, providebitur.* The end, indeed, has not yet come, in all respects. I have a comfortable feeling, however, that we shall come out by and by to where daylight shines:—

'Deus hæc fortasse benignâ,
Reducet in sedem vice,'

as Horace says; or to quote a part of the same thought, in the beautiful language of Virgil:—

'Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit,'

or has not Watts expressed the same thing in a far higher sense:—

'There on a green and flowery mount
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labors of our feet.'

Only in regard to *his* last idea, there will be this sad thing; *we* shall probably have had so little trouble, that we shall be found altogether unworthy to associate there with those old soldiers of the cross who are all covered with scars, of whom it will be said,

'From tort'ring racks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood, they came.'

"'How many glorious soldiers of Christ,' said the dying John Reinhard Hedlinger, 'I go to meet in heaven! Alas! I have done very little in this world. All my labor has been but an infant's sport, in comparison with theirs. How shall I dare to mingle with those heroes of the faith,—I who shall enter the celestial abodes as a thing immature.'"

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* "In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen; or the Lord will provide." See Gen. xxii. 14.

To his youngest brother, May 8, 1843.

"Dear J.:—Charles being about to return to college I drop you a line. Yesterday was a solemn and deeply interesting day with us; thirty-four were taken into the church, eighteen of them being baptized at the time. All of them we may consider as fruits of the revival last winter. There are, perhaps, as many more *adults* yet to come forward; connected with the Sabbath school is a large number of children, who have expressed a hope in Christ. God has done great things for us. A *fire* has burned around us; but we are not consumed.

"I wish you to go directly to Andover, the next fall, if possible; and yet, should you find a good situation in an academy, you would not lose any thing by teaching a year; on the other hand, you would have a good opportunity to improve. It will not, by any means, be time thrown away, if you only continue to look forward to the ministerial office, wherever you may be, and consider yourself wholly pledged to the service of God. If thus consecrated, you cannot go where you will not find yourself in your Master's vineyard."

May 12 he received a letter summoning him to what was supposed to be the dying bed of his mother. He went as soon as possible to see her; and did not know when he reached the door of her habitation whether she were living or dead. Of his entrance he thus speaks: "I opened the door without knocking, and there was T. on one side and his wife on the other, holding mother's pillow, while some of my sisters were administering to her wants. Her countenance was ghastly. The first thing she did was to utter an exclamation of joy, and spread out her arms to receive me." Already had his mother begun to revive. After spending several days with her he commenced his return to M. What his emotions were on leaving her he has informed us in his journal kept at the time. "I am now, as I fear, about bidding her a final adieu. We hope she will recover; she is, however, very weak, and her disease, probably, deep-seated. She is calm and resigned; full of distrust of herself, yet possessed of much real humble trust in God. I am to return to the field of my spiritual conflict. I long for the divine presence. Quarter of five, P. M.; have come up stairs into my mother's little chamber to offer here my last prayer for the present, and perhaps forever, that the blessing of God may rest upon those of the family whom I am to leave here, as well as upon those who are far away." He makes a further record after having parted with that beloved parent. "I sung to mother the hymn, 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah;' conversed with her, exhorting her to turn her eyes away from herself to the amazing love of God; to move the telescope around and look through the other end, since if we look on our own demerits exclusively, every thing is discouraging. With this thought drawn out somewhat at large I left her." The next night he passed in Ashfield, with Rev. S. D. Clark. It seems to have been one of his exceedingly dark seasons. "Took a walk," he says, "in the morning before breakfast, and prayed, but was in great darkness." While stopping that day a few hours at his sister's in South Deerfield, he retired into a neighboring grove and sought in supplications the divine smiles, but found no relief. From D. he went on foot to Amherst College and visited his youngest brother. He arose in the night and prayed, and finally obtained "some sweet sleep." In the morning he speaks of endeavoring to look upward. "I would not go a step without God; long for his presence; only ask to be swallowed up in him."

May 27 he reached M. Alluding to some act of his own he remarks: "I felt overwhelmed with a kind of horror lest I had done wrong. Jesus, however, has seemed to whisper peace in my ear. His work looks lovely. I desire to engage in it.

"June 12.— Feel still an ardent desire to be absorbed in the glory of God. I endeavor to bear my people before the Lord for a blessing. My prayer is that he would prosper his own cause here, removing every obstacle out of the way, even if it be myself.

"July 2.— Preached on the Catechism in the forenoon, its history, etc. Had felt some anxiety on the subject. Was cold most of the time. One glimpse of heavenly light at the beginning."

Extracts from a letter to a friend, July 7, 1843.

—— "Thus far I wrote yesterday, when something occurred to prevent my proceeding; nor do I know that I can complete my letter this morning, I am so involved in cares. With such a constant pressure on one's mind, there is danger of forgetting God. I start back with horror at the thought of such a sin.

He has stood by me in health and in sickness, in prosperity and adversity; has led me from helpless infancy to manhood; has rescued me from the depths of sin, and often revived my soul with his grace. When I have been oppressed with care, and sleepless at the midnight hour, he has seemed to come and soothe my troubled soul. In hours of overwhelming darkness I have heard his voice saying, 'Fear not.'

"The Lord has proved to me a faithful friend. Shall I then leave him? Shall I allow myself to forget his great and holy name? If I know my own heart, I would not stray from God. All my hopes hang upon his smiles. If I love any being it is God. If I rejoice in any service it is his. If not deceived, my prayer at this moment is, that I may prefer to die rather than disregard his glorious requirements. If the divine presence cannot attend us, we should ever say, in the words of Scripture, 'Carry us not up hence.' See the hymn in Watts beginning 'How full of anguish is the thought.'

"I have longed at times of late intensely for the presence of God. I wish to walk continually in the light of his countenance. If there is any one request which I would specially urge at this time, it is that all dear to me may be wholly his."

To the same, July 25.

—— "How invaluable is time! If there be any thing on earth of which, in health, I am avaricious, it is *time*. The individual who steals it from me, I consider as robbing me of a most precious jewel,—what he cannot restore. I love my friends, I rejoice in social intercourse; and yet I find I must often be uninterrupted, if I would accomplish any thing. 'Here is a room for you,' I feel compelled to say to many a friend; and generally to agents, 'here is a room for you, and books at your service; but *me* you must excuse.' I hold myself ready to see my people at all times, and wait upon them with kindness; and yet it is understood among them that my *forenoons* are not *ordinarily* to be much disturbed."

August 10 he attended Commencement at Amherst College. From his notes on the occasion we quote the following: "It was a solemn and interesting moment to me when my brother J., the last of the widow's four sons, walked up to the president, with six others, and received from him the degree of A. B. I could not wholly restrain my tears. Spent the evening at Dr. Humphrey's; thanked him for what he had done in educating my three brothers." August 18 brought him again to his birthday. He says the Saviour appeared very near early in the morning, but at the breakfast table he found himself irritable, and resorted to prayer for relief. On the 31st he spent much of the morning in the woods supplicating God's mercy. Of his mental state he thus speaks: "Felt inexpressibly unworthy; deep gulfs seemed opening all around me. It is certain that nothing short of Almighty power, drawing me as a brand from the burning, can ever save me." At the close of this day which was the Sabbath, he says: "While I was in the pulpit I felt as if the thunderbolts of heaven might justly fall upon me."

Early in September we find him deeply distressed in view of his nervous irritability. "I almost feel as if God would find it necessary to do up his work with me here on earth very soon. Life is with me all the way along a *Waterloo battle.* How little most people know of these fearful conflicts. Not to feel miserable is at times wholly out of my power." For some time he remained in great horror of mind. When relieved he says: "The Lord had given me premonitions that I had a dreadful scene of temptation to go through — and in the midst of it every thing seemed against me. Twice or thrice I opened the Bible to these words, 'Behold your house is left unto you desolate.' *Now* the Saviour is very near, and his love exceedingly precious. I shall not die, but live. O how dreadful the frown of God! I have seen hell before me; I have had a glance at its flames, and they are indescribably awful."

To Rev. J. F. Stearns, Sept. 5, 1843.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: — I rejoice to find that you have not yet forgotten me, and I feel much obliged to you for the document you forwarded, as also for all the good wishes you express for my future happiness, and that of ——; for it is a true report which you have heard in this respect. It is not without anxiety that I look forward to the *change.* I am greatly dissatisfied with myself as a man, — I feel that I am full of imperfections. In me the *sensibilities* preponderate over the intellect. There is too great a measure of sensitiveness and nervous power. Hence the *will* is weak. Persons of such temperaments are usually more or less defective, and are exposed to severe temptations and trials; — they are continually bringing sufferings upon themselves, from the exercise of the *imagination* — which is over active in such cases — or in some other way. My feelings are crossed; phrenologically speaking, destructiveness is aroused, and I utter perhaps a sharp word; instantly, however, that wave of excitement rolls off, and passes away; then comes another of a directly opposite description. The organ of *benevolence* is wrought upon. I have wounded a *friend*, and dishonored the cause of *religion*. Now my soul is instantly bowed down with this thought. For a whole day, at least, I must go mourning over my unhappy liabilities to yield in the moment of temptation. Such a character, in part, was Robert Burns. Read 'His Life, by James Currie,' ed. Phil. 1829, vol. 2, p. 63, and on; his powers and faculties were not well balanced. Such persons lack self-possession. Education and especially religion may do much for them; but after all, they have a case of sharp instruments about them, which it is difficult to handle, without cutting at least themselves, and often others. The consciousness of these my imperfections, brother J., has cost me an innumerable number of tears, and prayers to God for grace, and has often rendered life a burden. Sometimes I have doubted whether such a character ought ever to be inducted into the sacred office; for every public man, especially every minister of the gospel should attain to great self-control. Indeed, those destitute of it, those who cannot bear wrong — with patience — wrong in every shape, are unfit for any public station. I fear that those who shall come in close contact with me, will always have much to forgive. And then, how great must be the compassion of God towards such an offender! I apologize not for this unhappy temperament. It may have been induced by habit; or if not, it might with proper attention in early life, have been subdued by a religious control; the love of God, constantly present, reduces every thing into a hallowed state.

How heavy a burden will the Holy Spirit find for his wing, in soaring with such a one up to the gate of heaven! And yet I am about to enter into the marriage relation, to unite myself to one whom I shall promise to cherish. The Lord has drawn me on, step by step, in his providence. He has sent me one for whom I feel the strongest attachment, with whom it seems to me I shall love to walk in the path of holiness — one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ. Considering my own weakness and unworthiness; my love for her, and desire for her happiness, I have at times felt that it would be almost wrong to bring her into companionship with such a one as myself. And yet I have been guided from above — it seems to me — so evidently, that this step has been determined on. In regard to the course she will pursue, I have no fears; she is the choice of my heart. As to myself, I have many; and yet looking upward for grace, I may follow on where Providence leads. The Lord bless thee and thine. Farewell."

In September Mr. T. made a tour to Saratoga Springs, Schenectady, etc. The three letters which are here inserted, were written to Mrs. Caroline H. Taylor, wife of his brother T., while she and an only sister were at Saratoga Springs, a few weeks for their health.

"Schenectady, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1843.

"DEAR SISTER C.: — May I burden your ear this morning with my complaints? You have ever shown yourself very kind — perhaps it may relieve me for a few moments. I came away from Saratoga in a storm. The lightnings played around the engine, as the carman told me; and I saw them, flashing through the sky most vividly, while the thunder was heard at times, in crashes, above the noise around me. The storm, however, without, was comparatively nothing to that which was within. I thought the waters of S. had helped me, but now fear otherwise. My sad dyspeptic state did not relax till near nine o'clock last evening, when I began to feel better. I have it on me, however, this morning; it renders every scene dreary. Nature is cheering and bright, and every thing external is at present adapted to animate me; besides, I have a comfortable hope in Christ, and many dear friends. Withal, I regard it as one of the most pleasing incidents, that I met with you and your sister at the Springs. At family prayers this morning, the arms of Infinite Love seemed around me, and they do so still. O, what a Saviour! Can a mother forget? yes, she may, 'yet will I not forget thee. — I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands.' — These *dyspeptics* are the most miserable of beings; they grieve the Holy Spirit; they try the patience of their friends; and prey upon their own souls. Friendship they desire and seek, yet repel every friend. They are good for nothing in company. How I have served you this morning! I thought I would send you a *bouquet*, and of what have I made it? Of thistles, deadly nightshade, wolf'sbane, poisonous hemlock, etc., when I might have selected roses, lilies, nymphæas, tulips, dahlias, and all that is fragrant. I am like those enchanted persons in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, who find themselves transformed into irrational animals, who have all the feelings of their humanity, with nothing but the incapacity of the brute. Were not those Arabs dyspeptics; that is, those who invented these stories? But I am growing brighter and brighter; I hope I shall conquer this demon yet."

To the same, a few days later, dated Springfield, Massachusetts.

"Soon after writing you my last, I made various calls on old friends in Schenectady, and came to Troy the same day. On the day following, I sailed down the Hudson river, and the scene was to me charming. I cannot describe it. The only thing resembling it, that I remember ever to have seen, was an exhibition of the Enchanted Island. Yesterday, I came from New York to Hartford, taking tea with Mr. Gallaudet — in whose family I was a boarder some years since — and enjoyed a short interview with Dr. Hawes. Nothing has been wanting to render the excursion delightful, but better health, and a greater proportion of congenial company. Yet I have enjoyed the society of quite a number of very entertaining and distinguished individuals. At present, the day is truly fine, and I feel much better than at any time since I left you. Were you here now, I should certainly be quite sociable and chatty. A curious scene occurred as we were passing through Windsor Locks. A woman was brought on board, apparently senseless, and then another, and yet another. The last two seemed either lifeless or deranged, and the other not much better. Soon after a delirious, emaciated man was brought on board. These four were the fruits of a Millerite meeting which has been held in the vicinity for about a week past. I went down into the cabin among them, and they hailed me as a *brother*. They were going up soon to meet Christ, and I was to go with them."

To the same, dated Manchester, Sept. 27.

"What friends I found waiting for me on my arrival home — one letter from your husband, two from M——, and two from yourself, with some others, *seven* in all. It was specially kind in you to take me so affectionately by surprise. I met with a serious accident, — shall I call it, — on returning from depositing a letter for you in the post-office at Springfield. I lost my ball of Saratoga battle-ground memory, which you gave me while we were together near *that field of blood*. After entering the cars, also, I saw more of Millerism. One of its disciples swooned away in a fit soon after he embarked. I was grieved on reaching Beverly, and finding I might just as well have remained another week with you at the Springs, that I had not done it. My people had obtained a good supply for the ensuing Sabbath. Sectarians, however, have made an attack upon us. I had a private interview with their leader a few days since, and told him that as I did not think the gospel was preached by the Millerites, I should have no objections to his attempting to proselyte *them*, but it would be entirely wrong for him to endeavor to divide *my people;* to attempt it would exhibit a bad trait in his own character, and in that of his denomination; that we all ought to rise infinitely above such contractedness. How much faith the Church needed when in the midst of heathenism, and how much less does she need now? Her enemies are at present more subtle, though not less numerous. My spirits were good on my return, and so continued until a nearly empty parish treasury brought on a dyspeptic fit, and completely drove away sleep and rest; but good aunt L., with tears and prayers says, all will yet go right, repeating, 'What is that to thee, follow thou me.'"

To his mother, Oct. 16.

"Trials come thick and fast. Yet there is a rock which no billows can touch, an anchor which never breaks, a pilot infallible. If we have a well grounded hope, if we are affiliated to God, all is well. How many clouds come rapidly over the believer's *little heaven;* but far off, in the horizon, methinks I see a piece of sky, the openings of eternity, the dawnings of bright glory. I hold on to the Christian hope. My trust is in God alone. I have no confidence in any thing which is merely earthly. If I have any thing it is my Saviour. If I long for any thing, it is his image. If I thirst for any thing, it is for the living fountain of God's infinite love. I lay myself down at the feet of Immanuel. I take repose under his wing. I have destroyed myself, but in him is my hope. If I am a child of God, then angels are around me, and will bear me up in their hands. O! to be devoted to his service, to be wrapped up in his glory."

CHAPTER X.

PASTORAL LIFE FROM NOVEMBER, 1843, TILL JANUARY, 1847.

November 8, 1843, Mr. Taylor was married to Miss Mary Cleaveland, daughter of Nehemiah Cleaveland, M. D., late of Topsfield, Massachusetts. The ceremony took place at the maternal residence in T., and immediately after, he with his wife visited his eldest brother, in Slatersville, Rhode Island.

It would be improper to dwell at present on the influence which this new relation exerted upon him, further than to say, that it was most happy. He was wont to speak of his *wife* as "*the precious gift of his God to him.*"

In his journal, November 19, he alludes to the new circumstances in which he is placed. "*Our* first Sabbath *together* at home. I began the day with heavenly emotion, but wandered away in the course of it from the fountain of divine truth. I forget the Giver in the enjoyment of the gift."

Soon after his marriage the widowed mother of his wife became a member of the family, remaining in it till the time of her decease.

On the 28th of the month above named he observes: "Have come up to my study to prepare for *Thanksgiving*. Mercies surround me.

"Dec. 31. — The last sun of 1843 has just gone down behind the hills. The past year has been one of unusual blessings to me, also one of great sins on my part. My mind stretches forward inquiringly into the future, asking where this day twelvemonth will find me."

Sabbath, January 21, 1844, he spent in Hamilton on an exchange. While walking there the day previous on the icy ground, facing a bleak wind, he became sad, and in view of eternal things very solemn. Some hasty remark of his own preyed upon his spirits. He thus describes his feelings: "I felt that I had sinned against the holy angels and the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven, with whom I hope to associate after death, all whose affections are kindness, forbearance, tenderness, and love. I felt that I had sinned against my blessed Redeemer, who died for me."

At H. he read in the life of President Edwards, and also in some other impressive work, and was deeply affected. He observes: "I felt myself unworthy to be a minister. I greatly feared that Christ would turn me out at least of my present situation, on account of my unworthiness; — it seemed to be a great and exalted privilege to preach the gospel. When the hour of morning service arrived, I arose and went to the sanctuary, thinking that God had conferred on me an unspeakable favor in allowing me another opportunity to proclaim his truth."

"Feb. 11. — Sabbath. Began the day with a feeling of great spiritual weakness; but have some evidence that the labors of the day have not been in vain. 13. — Felt for my people. It seemed good to pray; knew not how to cease from my supplications. I am tried about ——, a promising boy who recites to me. Thursday 29.—On Tuesday we were called to Topsfield to attend the funeral of a relative of my wife. Was blocked up there some hours. Visited Boston. *Walked* home from Beverly. Wrote a letter to my wife, who, with the horse and chaise, is detained by snow at T."

To his brother T. and wife, February 19, 1844.

"I am glad, dear brother and sister, that Mary has expressed a wish that you will write us soon; for we have, some how or other, put off writing, until we have become anxious to hear from you. Things move on here much as usual, that is, *some usuals.* We have two kinds of winters in M., *one* in which all is religion; *another* in which all is something else. This is a *something else winter.*

"My sermon, yesterday, was on the work of the Spirit. He *convinces;* he leads to Christ for justification; he sanctifies, enabling us to turn from sin, to engage in holy duties, to meet every emergency, to watch and pray always, to obtain divine consolation, to overcome the world. He is also carrying on the work of regenerating the world. In conclusion, I stated, 1. That there is only so much religion in the heart and in the church as there is of the Spirit's influence; 2. The church as a whole, and Christians individually, are useful in proportion as they have the Spirit; 3. We should most carefully *honor* the Holy Spirit; 4. To do this we must seek for him in the way of God's appointing; 5. There is abundant encouragement to do so. What a noble passage on the Spirit is Eph. iii. 14–19.

" We often speak of our pleasant visit with you, a few days last autumn, — shall not soon forget it. May the candle of the Lord shine on your heads, and heavenly blessings richly attend you. *Our* kind remembrances to our acquaintances in S."

Journal. " April 14. — Sabbath. Awaked early, and walking for the first time this spring to the top of '*Moses' Hill*,' betook myself to prayer in an old resort. Found my thoughts tumultuous, and experienced much difficulty in getting near the throne of grace." Referring to difficulties in his parish about his salary he says: " I am looking at all sides of the question to find out the path of duty. I am afraid lest selfishness should sway me. I wish to see and act as in the light of eternity. This is, perhaps, the last Sabbath that I am to be here as pastor. It tries me when I think into what unpleasant circumstances my dismissal would bring my wife and her mother. The forty-sixth Psalm is my refuge. Hope God will enable me to preach with firmness to-day. 29. — Monday. At Essex. Coming out of the meeting-house in this place yesterday afternoon I met a young lady in *mourning*, who said she was from Rockport, adding, '*You* preached there a few Sabbaths since, and my father, deacon B., seventy-two years of age, was so much interested in your preaching during the day, that he said he must hear you in the evening. Stepping by mistake into an open cellar-way, he received such an injury that he died the following Thursday.'" Deacon B. had not usually gone out at night. We suppose he was *returning*.

"April, 1844.

"Dear Sister Martha: — Yesterday was our *Fast-day*, and I preached on Capital Punishment. This is an age of tearing in pieces — *the wisest generation that ever lived* — knowing far more than the antediluvians, who continued on earth nine hundred years, accumulating knowlege. They know so much — the young satraps of the present age — that their fathers knew absolutely nothing. For my part, I have no sympathy with this sort of feeling. I have no idea that our fathers were fools; nor do I believe that we are the men altogether, and that wisdom will die with us. Why should all things, civil and moral, be so fluctuating? The sun rises and sets just as it did six thousand years ago. The springs bubble up now as formerly, and the rivers obey the same laws. There is no new way of getting to heaven; the one of which Bunyan speaks is the way cast up by Christ, and pointed out by his apostles. Let *me* walk in this *old road*. I always come out badly, when I take a new one. Some years since, when I was teaching in the Seminary at Andover, I was invited to preach in Newburyport. It was in the Spring; there had been a thaw, but snow still lay on the ground. If I should return by the best road, I must pass through a turnpike gate with a horse and chaise; this would cost me something. And yet I wished to be back at A. early in the morning to hear my class. There was another way, I was told, just as near. I was in haste, to be sure; but thought there would be little, if any hazard, in taking the latter. I could inquire as I should pass along. But soon I came across a *doubtful* road; I took it, but it became worse and worse as I proceeded; it led me into a swamp. I met with snow-drifts, frozen so hard that the horse could not get through them; and also a brook, almost a river; the bridge planks of which had been swept away some distance down the stream. I must either go back a dreadful route, turning around in a place of almost impossibilities, or repair the bridge; which last I did, bringing the planks back. To shorten the story, I at length became disentangled and reached home; but from that time made up my mind always to take the turnpike, and *pay the toll*, when I wish to make haste. The new-road and toll-saving theologians and politicians will, I think, come out no better in the end than I did."

Journal. "May 17. — Sat down yesterday to plan a sermon on the doctrine of the *decrees;* found trouble and knew not what to do with them. To-day the doctrine came over me with great interest, and brought joy with it."

Under the last date, having recorded the death of a female, he says: "I have often conversed with her; and she would ask, *who made God?* Poor woman! I have never attempted to reason with an individual more decidedly sceptical and wild. She was one of a cluster of infidels in this place. During the last four days of her life she did not sleep at all, and was greatly agitated, saying to her daughter, *there is an-*

other scene after this." He adds: "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly mine honor be not thou united."

Extracts from letters to his wife, written at Boston, anniversary week, May, 1844.

"Looking at Allston's Belshazzar yesterday, I was struck with his Daniel addressing the trembling king, (while the anxious queen-mother looks on,) pointing at the same time towards the hand, writing those luminous characters. He is tall, erect, independent, majestic, severe, awful — you feel that he is the man of God, not afraid of kings or their courts. In the background appears Nebuchadnezzar's image. We see tables, also servants, among whom are pious Jewish damsels. There are the disappointed and amazed magicians. The queen attracts our notice by her appearance of fixed and absorbed attention. It is, however, the noble form of Daniel that stays by me. It brings his goodness and firmness at that corrupt court immediately before me; it calls up the words, 'O, man greatly beloved,' and makes me long to become like him. Goodness can be painted, if thunder cannot. I visited this painting again in the afternoon — but enough.

—"I had been invited to attend a prayer-meeting. I had, also, heard much of the powers of the violin, especially in connection with the performances of Paganini. I could then hear a distinguished man, but would it be proper? *I concluded to go.* I found not Ole Bull, but Vieux Temps, with his sister and the Misses Garcia. I was struck with the skill. The Garcias sung most delightfully — the words were Italian. Generally, however, there was nothing but the music; which, without words, to me, has no soul. The house was thin, and the audience mostly foreigners. I was impressed more and more with the danger of city temptations. I spent my time in ruminating on the folly of man. I asked myself, have these persons souls? Oh, how hollow these things look to me! As I came home, the prayer-meeting flashed across my mind. I thought also of the portrait of Daniel, whom I had seen standing firm at the court of Babylon. On the whole, I condemned myself for going, but thought my motives were good."

In July his brother R. from New Jersey, made him a visit, spending a Sabbath and preaching for him. The interview was one of great enjoyment to them both. Just as R. took his leave, the elder brother makes this record: "The Lord bless him and make us useful to each other; also in the church.

"Aug. 13. — Made calls with my wife on brothers Kelly, Fitz, Crowell, and Jewett. Mrs. T. went into the burying-ground at Essex, to visit the grave of her grandmother, whose funeral she attended when eight years of age. She had not before been there since she witnessed the interment, and her father, also other friends now deceased, stood there with her. The intervening time seemed to her annihilated, and she was deeply affected.

"Oct. 22. — Brother Elisha Cleaveland left us to-day. We have had a very pleasant visit from him. He preached for me on Friday, the 11th, on the Sabbath the 13th, Friday the 18th, and Monday the

21st. We have lovely relatives throughout the whole circle.

"Nov. 4.—Took my leave of Captain Richard Trask, he being about embarking for a voyage. I told him I regretted to have him leave us, and on our shaking hands I said to him, I hope you will be blessed; adding, your departure makes me think of the last voyage which we all must make. He said nothing, but as he turned away in silence, I followed him with my eyes and saw the tears falling from his face."

Soon after the death of Mr. A. Lee, Mr. T. was requested, as has been stated, to prepare a memoir of him. Under date of November 8, he says: "I am engaged in carrying brother Lee's memoir through the press. 9.—Have had great struggles in my mind as to whether I ought to vote for Mr. Clay. 11.—Voted for Mr. Clay against my feelings, for I cannot approve of his slave-holding and duelling; but knew not how to do better for the time. Did it on the same principle that I would employ an *infidel* to make me a piece of furniture.

"Jan. 1, 1845.—Met new year's day not without spiritual comfort. 7.—For some time past have felt quite anxious about the state of religion in this place, and have endeavored to prepare the church to spend the first Monday of the month in prayer. 18.—Thought that I had quite a good sermon when I went to meeting this afternoon, but on my return felt as though it was worthless, and had produced no effect. 20.—Spent nearly half the day in calling upon mourners. 21.—A solemn day in our family.

Mother Cleaveland died this morning very suddenly. She sat up a little later than usual last evening, in order to finish the second volume of Newton's works, which she had been reading with great interest. She retired to rest in usual health and spirits, and awaked in the arms of her Saviour. Her death was the easiest possible, the mere stopping of the pendulum of a clock. There was only a sigh; no groan or convulsion. When I was on the point of marrying, it was with fear that I consented to receive her into my family. I soon found, however, that I possessed in her a most invaluable prize; she was so pious, so pleasant, so heavenly. I have never felt more sure that a person had gone to glory, than I do that she has gone there. My mind dwells much upon the desolation I or my wife should feel if one of us were to be removed, leaving the other behind.

To his brother T. and wife.

"We are in tears to-day. Mother Cleaveland left us at a quarter past five this morning. Hers was an *euthanasy*, desirable for a Christian, but exceedingly rare. She went away as easy as if she had been taken up in her sleep and carried in the arms of angels. Good mother, precious woman! with what fears, as a son, I received her, lest I should fail to meet her wishes and render her happy. How much have I come to love her! She was ever pleasant, always meeting me with a smile. O, how my poor Mary has felt it! What a gloom it has brought over us! How precious such a death makes religion seem, and how worthless the world! Pray for us, that the event may be sanctified to us, for our good. In haste."

Mrs. Cleaveland was buried in Topsfield. Her remains were borne there, January 23, but the funeral took place on the 24th. Her daughter and husband did not go to T. till the day of the funeral.

Journal. "Jan. 24. — We are to start this morning for Topsfield. The Lord be with us, and especially with my dear wife. Evening: returned from the funeral. 25. — Evening: we have thought much of mother at family prayers. Brother Jeremiah arrived, and his presence cheers us. 26. — Sabbath; a hallowed day. Was reminded of the hymn which I sung a week ago to mother. 28. — Wrote several obituaries of mother C."

To his mother, February 6.

"I send you this morning a paper which contains an obituary notice of our mother C. Her removal from us was very sudden. She had been unusually well for three weeks previous to her death; if such it could be called. On Saturday evening she conversed with her daughter on the desirableness of ever spending that evening in serious preparation for the Sabbath. Regretted that it had not been her uniform practice through life to do so. On the Sabbath she was reading most of the time in the works of John Newton; also listened to the reading of my sermons for the day; was with us at evening prayers, and when we sang the hymn, 'What is life,' etc., her kindling eye expressed her interest in the sentiment. Monday evening, she sat up till nine, to finish, as she said, the volume of Newton, which she had read in course, and having completed the last leaf, committed herself to the arms of sleep. She rested through the night. About five Tuesday morning, I knocked at her door to arouse H., who slept in her room; and soon after H. had arisen, mother was seized with a slight spasm, such as she had been subject to for the last three or four years. We were called, and in a few moments were at her bedside. It was, however, only to witness her departure — in a single gentle sigh her soul was breathed away. She never knew what it is to die — she lay down to sleep, and awaked with Jesus. We are left drowned in tears. We feel the vacancy. She had bodily infirmities, a spinal difficulty, and deafness, but always was cheerful, and devising some good deed. Every thing selfish seemed to have vanished from her. She was ready to give away every thing for God. Heaven filled her soul. Hers was the gentlest spirit I remember ever to have known. I have been acquainted with her sixteen years, and so far as I could judge she was uniformly such — she lived near to God, and has been borne, we doubt not, on angels' wings to heaven. We gazed after her, weeping for our loss, and almost desiring to follow her. I did not think it possible she could have entwined so closely around my heart, during the short time I have sustained towards her the relation of a son. To my wife, who has always been with her, and the prop of her declining years, the bereavement is great. It draws *us* nearer to each other. Our tears have flowed together. Farewell. Your affectionate son."

The following he composed for his wife soon after the death of her mother: —

"The vital spark of heavenly flame,
Has surely, surely fled;
The cold that creeps along her frame,
Proclaims that she is dead.
She wings her way among the spheres,
To where the throne appears.

"Last eve she sweetly closed the day,
Rapt in redeeming love;
This morn she 's on her shining way,
To join the songs above.
She wakes amid seraphic strains,
Upon the heavenly plains.

"O, gentle death, without a sting!
Is this indeed to die?
Borne on an angel's balmy wing,
She passes to the sky!
And yet we're drowned in tears of grief,
For here's the withered leaf.

"We knew that eighty years had spanned
Life's checkered scenes away;
And long in Beulah's happy land,
Had heard her sing and pray,
With Zion's city full in view,
Yet seemed it not so true.

"Though she had felt the stern control
Of age, disease, and care,
Warm were the affections of her soul —
There was no winter there;
And in God's house she still was seen,
Fragrant, and fair, and green.

"'Tis sweet to call her form to mind,
That glowed with inward grace;
Her looks benign, her words so kind,
The gentlest of her race! —

The charity, the prayer, and praise,
In which she passed her days.

"Who can her listening ear forget,
Her eye devoutly closed;
When round the mercy-seat we met,
In holy thought composed;
Or with what joy her soul would beam,
When Jesus was the theme.

"Alas, to think she's gone, she's gone!
That tenderest earthly friend!
While here we sought to cheer her on,
And every want attend!
O, how we'd fear to give her pain,
If she were here again!

"But ah, no tears will her restore,
To cheer our lonely home;
We find her in the room no more,
Smiling to see us come.
Her books we find, her place of prayer,
But mother is not there!

"You need not go, my dear, to-night,
Before your eyelids close,
Or rise, betimes, ere morning light,
To look for her repose.
Deep sleep is on her aged brow,
She sleeps in Jesus now.

"Yet Mary, wipe away that tear,
Nor be with sorrow riven;
For shining angels have been here —
This is the gate of heaven;
Ethereal fragrance spreads around, —
I feel 'tis holy ground.

"We'll bear the precious dust away,
And plume our wings to fly;
While waiting for eternal day,
We hope like her to die, —
To wake amid angelic strains,
Upon the heavenly plains."

The ensuing letter was written to his youngest brother, then in the Seminary at Andover. The lady to whom allusion is made, had just buried her eldest daughter.

"March 18, 1845.

"Dear J.: — We thank you for your line respecting Mrs. J. I trust you received my letter to her containing three dollars which I directed to your care. I hope you will cultivate her acquaintance and from time to time let me know how she gets along. She and her husband were among the best friends I had at A., and I shall do more for her, if God permit, and she should stand in need."

It was Mr. T.'s rule to visit all his people once a year, and to call often upon the sick, the anxious, mourners, etc.

Journal. "March 18. — Yesterday I made fourteen visits, and offered ten prayers. Learn with deep regret that I have been elected one of the school committee this year.

"April 1. — Find there has been much feeling in the church because I would not unite with Mr. W. in a funeral. What! I unite with a person who ridicules the doctrine of the Trinity!"

Nearly every April in Mr. T.'s pastoral life, appears to have brought with it a scene of great perplexity. It would seem that the parish considered him as *hired* from year to year, though he had been installed with a stipulated salary. Sometimes as the annual parish meeting was approaching he would escape from its turmoils by taking a short journey. The next letter was written during one of his brief tours made in the *stormy season.*

"Worcester, April 16, 1845.

"MY DEAR WIFE: — I write this at brother ——'s. I came directly here last evening, and said to him, 'I have taken the same liberty to come and see an old friend, that I would like to have taken with me.' He had just returned from N., where he had been called to attend the burial of a sister. His wife still remains there. His house was in process of cleaning, painting, etc. He, however, welcomed me in the most cordial and friendly manner to such things as he had, and such fare and lodging as he could furnish. We have had a pleasant time. — I do not now think of returning until next week; probably shall spend the Sabbath in New Haven. Of course I feel solicitous to hear the result of to-day's meeting in M. I almost feel as though it *would* be the closing of all my labors there. If it end badly, then my work falls to the ground. I have, however, a state of calm emotion; I hope of confidence in God. I thought of that prayer-meeting last evening, and spoke of it here in the family. I have endeavored to carry the church to Christ, and to go to him myself, this morning. Oh, the value of the church! It was for her sake Christ suffered and died. It is for her we must submit to indignities. I feel that my heart is clinging more and more closely to the church. Your affectionate husband."

To the same, April 27.

"Having made my purchases yesterday at Boston, I went to look up Mr. W. I had heard of his being in the city, and when I was at New Haven, had taken up in a bookstore, 'The Goldmaker's Village,' which I had translated for him several years since. I wished to know whether this was my translation, or a new one from some other source. I found him quite ill — exceedingly emaciated. Before I came away, I told him there was one point, a delicate one, about which I needed information. It was as to his *means.* I had heard of his poverty. He frankly told me he had nothing for more than a month ahead. I said I would *send* him five dollars as then I had them not. He expressed great gratitude, and observed that perhaps God had sent me to him as a Christian friend; that he seldom heard the voice of prayer, etc. We talked of religious hopes and fears, and prayed together, when he told me that he could not accept of the money which I had offered him, as he was living at great expense, and it would go but a little way, and it was unfair and apparently unchristian under such circumstances to take any thing from me; he would, however, sell me five dollars' worth of his books. I examined them, but not finding any thing of consequence that I wished, came away, telling him I would call again before I should leave the city. I hastened and borrowed of Mr. C., our stage-driver, a five dollar bill, and returning to Mr. W. pressed it into his hand, telling him that I could not then take any of his books, but might some other time. We had further conversation on the subject of religion, the love of God, the necessity of looking closely into the human heart, etc. When I rose up to come away, he called me to his bedside and said, 'Brother Taylor, I cannot take this money.'

I took it back and bade him farewell." Mr. W., however, subsequently expressed by letter his willingness to receive the five dollars, and Mr. T. sent them to him.

Journal. "April 29. — Have just passed through another severe trial about *salary* matters, but all has ended thus far as well as could be expected. I considered myself for awhile dismissed. The Lord, however, stood by me. For some time I feared that the keystone of all my labors was about to be knocked out; that the wicked would triumph over me and the church, trampling us under foot; but the Lord has appeared for us.

"May 6. — Mrs. T. and myself have of late received a present from Rev. Josiah Peabody, missionary at Erzroom, Asia. To my wife was sent a *bottle of water* from the Euphrates; to me, *lava* one thousand years old, from near Khoy, — *marble* from the Chifteh minareh, or pair of minarets; *lava* from Hassan-kulaah, or, as is supposed, the ancient Theodosiopolis; *lava* from near the base of Mount Ararat. 12. — Conversed with Mr. —— and asked permission to converse with his son, who is far gone in consumption; but he refused, saying he had *sworn* that not even the physician should inform his son of the nearness of death."

Extracts from a letter to his brother T. and wife, May, 1845.

"*We* rejoiced with you at the birth of your little son, and deeply sympathize with you in his loss. We doubt not that the experience such events have brought, is most precious. The domestic relations are of a sacred and hallowed character. Did you ever see Willis's poem on the death of his child?

'Room for my first-born flowers, room,'

or Pierpont's on the death of his boy?

'I cannot make him dead,' etc.

Journal. "June 15.—Preached, with great comfort to myself, on little children being brought to Christ. 18.—A desponding day. My spiritual enemies try me, and my Christian course is a hard one. Have been endeavoring to-day to get strength for the performance of a poor weak resolution."

"Danielsonville, Conn., June 30, 1845.

To his Brother T. and Wife.—"We left our home last week Tuesday morning, my wife to visit her Connecticut friends, and myself to attend the General Association of Massachusetts, at Westminster. After the meeting I joined her at this place. On Saturday we rode down to Jewett City to call on some cousins, Rev. Mr. Shipman and wife. While there, Rev. Mr. Carey, who has lately received a call to settle in Webster, Massachusetts, came in—and during the conversation he informed us that a clergyman from Norwich had gone to Lebanon to attend the funeral of Rev. Mr. Nichols's wife, and that yourself and wife would probably be there. We had been planning a visit to you at Slatersville; but this intelligence filled us with doubt. You would not probably reach home in season for us to find you. We endeavored, through Mr. Shipman, who preached in Norwich yesterday, to obtain further particulars. He sent us a note to Plainfield by the cars, from which, however, we could learn nothing definite. He was informed that Mr. Nichols is a deeply afflicted man, and that on this account you might, if possible, prolong your stay. I had, in this view of things, about concluded to visit you at Lebanon, leaving my wife at Plainfield. But there was still a doubt whether you might not have been obliged to leave. On the whole, therefore, though on account of the affliction you are now passing through, we wish to see you more than ever, we have felt constrained to relinquish the idea of calling on you at L., also of taking Slatersville on our way to Manchester. Accordingly, after having myself visited Canterbury to survey the old residence of my wife's ancestors, we returned this evening, by the cars to this place, and to-morrow we shall probably start for home. Having thus explained matters somewhat at length, the question occurs, What shall I say to comfort you, dear Caroline? I remember your departed sister Ann — was not that her name? — at Saratoga Springs, in the autumn of 1843, — her pale, emaciated countenance, her tender nerves, what she said about the child she had lost, etc. She was a great sufferer, but she is now through, and I infer from her conversation at that time, she has joined the bright throng of happy spirits above. I know the event is a sad one for you, dear sister. The Lord put his own arm under you, and bear you up amid this trial, superadded to all that have preceded it.

"'My friends beloved in former days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.'

"If, however, as I trust, there is underneath the Almighty arm, you will be supported — you will be enabled to say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' We endeavor to bear you to the foot of the cross, and leave you with him who 'knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust,' — and who 'doth not afflict willingly.' Mary sits by me writing to a brother. She feels more anxious than ever to see you; the hope, however, that you will soon visit us at our home, reconciles her to the present disappointment. She sends her kindest regards, her sympathy and love."

About the middle of July he was requested to take part with an unevangelical preacher in dedicating a new Cemetery, but he utterly refused to do aught that would imply a recognition of the man as a gospel minister. He, however, delivered an address on the occasion. "How painful to find Christians so little attentive to principle. Have felt a pleasant calm most of the day in the love of God. The Saviour appears very near to me. O, how much I need his aid! Thanks to God for the joys and mercies of the past week, notwithstanding all its trials."

The following reasons belong chronologically earlier than their insertion here implies, yet it is deemed suitable to introduce them in this connection.

Reasons, etc. "I have known from the very beginning, the character of the *new society* which has been formed among us; and, so far as circumstances have required, taken my stand aloof from it. Having had no occasion, however, which called for a public disclosure of my views, I have hitherto confined myself, in general, to a private expression of them. The time has now come which calls for one more public, and I freely make it.

" *First.* Had the society been ever so orthodox, I should question the propriety of holding fellowship with it, at present, considering the manner in which it has been formed. If persons, who have been accustomed to worship together, at length find themselves so differing that they *must* separate, there is a kind, courteous, Christian way in which such a separation can be effected. The new society has not been formed in that way, but, as it were, by tearing limb from limb. A man came and preached among us occasionally, saying that he did not intend to injure the church; but his at first infrequent visits, became more numerous, and he effected a permanent lodgment, though all the while uttering the most solemn declarations of having no such object in view. I should not countenance the devoutest Christian brother, were he to come among us after this manner. The proceedings are wholly unchristian. Such a course cuts directly across the cords of brotherly love, and can be justified on no scriptural grounds. The only apology which such intruders can offer is, that they do not consider *us* Christians, and hence feel themselves under solemn obligations to preach the gospel among us, in order to save us from eternal ruin.

" *Secondly.* I cannot do any thing implying fellowship with this new society, because it does not embrace the fundamental principles of the gospel. It is founded on dangerous errors.

"*Thirdly.* Nor can I do aught that would indicate approval of the *man* who preaches to the new society; for I have no evidence that he has been regularly set apart to the ministry. He fancies he has received a call from God to preach; speaks of an inward feeling prompting him to set himself up as a public teacher. He has been heard to say, that he considers himself as equally inspired with the apostle Paul. Furthermore, he teaches Millenarianism in its grossest form. This he has done in our community for about a year. Moreover, he claims to be *perfect;* says the wicked will be annihilated, and denies the doctrine of total depravity. Some of his associates say that total depravity has been done away since Ezekiel declared that there should be no longer occasion to use in Israel the following proverb: 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.' This man despises learning, holding it up to contempt, contrary to Titus i. 9–11. He rails against salaries, in direct opposition to what an apostle teaches, and indeed contrary to his own demands, being himself a lover of a salary. All creeds and covenants he berates, rendering it impossible to distinguish him from other heterodox teachers. He advocates female speaking in public, and aims to destroy, utterly, church government; thus arraying himself against the Scriptures, as we find in 1 Cor. xiv. 34; 1 Tim. ii. 12. His measures with inquiring souls are adapted to mislead them. Though exceedingly loose in all doctrinal matters, yet he so teaches the necessity of *immersion* in the ordinance of baptism, as to imply that it is essential to salvation. Finally, he is notoriously a *Sabbath-breaker*."

Journal. "Aug. 3. — Preached all day on the observance of the Sabbath. 12. — Preached again on keeping the Sabbath. Hear of its being broken all around me, in every manner possible. 19. — Things among us grow worse and worse, as it regards religion. I must turn over a new leaf respecting prayer, devoting at least half an hour to it before breakfast. All my hope rests on God. 23. — Brother N. Cleaveland left us yesterday. Had conversation with him in reference to the genealogy of the C. family. Obtained some documents of him, and the promise of another."

In the month last named Mr. T. was elected a corresponding member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society. In September he attended the meeting of the American Board in Brooklyn, New York, making his home with his brother-in-law, Mr. N. Cleaveland. From B. he visited his brother R. in Shrewsbury, New Jersey, where he passed two Sabbaths and was sick a week. Indulging himself in antiquarian researches in that region, he gathered a variety of facts, a specimen or two of which will be here inserted.

"Monmouth county was originally settled by the Dutch, Swedes, and Scots. Some parts of it are under high cultivation, and well repay the farmers. I miss the New England school system. What passes for a system in this state has proved comparatively worthless. The county has been the scene of many interesting events. If we go back, for instance, one hundred and fifty years or more, we shall find various parts of it settled by persons from Scotland, who brought with them the rites, forms, and doctrines of the Scotch Presbyterians, and who were the means of establishing their church on a firm basis. If we come down to a somewhat later period we shall behold John Tennent, pastor at Freehold. He labored in the ministry but two or three years; and dying April 23, 1732, was buried in what is now termed the Scotch burying-ground. Near this stood the old meeting-house in which he preached. It was about three miles north of the present Freehold church, in which, as his successor, his brother William proclaimed the truths of the gospel more than forty years. It was in this region, also, that Brainerd labored, and near Freehold was fought the battle of Monmouth. Colonel Monkton lies buried west of the meeting-house."

Journal. "Oct. 11. — Our Sabbath school has greatly run down. I have never been pleased with the mode of teaching. There is too little committing Scripture on the part of the scholars, and the teachers indulge too much in *preaching*." The following record was made October 29: "Have just gone through a most affecting scene. M. A. C. was long the head teacher of our infant Sabbath school. Nearly two years since she was married, and removed to St. Louis. For some years she had entertained a hope, but did not make a public profession of religion till she united with the second Presbyterian church in that city. Recently, while suffering much from ill health, she reached Manchester in company with her husband and other friends. She has a pretty babe about three weeks old. It was reported to me this morning that she was dying, and I hastened to see her. Her hearing was poor, and her speech affected, she being scarcely able to utter even a whisper. I prayed with her, and she clasped her hands together in the attitude of prayer. By placing my lips near to her ear, I could make her hear me. At length she called for her babe. It being carried to her, she took it into her arms and seemed engaged in prayer. Catching sight of me as I stood a little back, she beckoned me near. As I approached her, she took my hand and laid it on the infant's head. I soon perceived that she desired me to baptize her babe there in her presence. When I inquired for the name by which it should be called, she first placed her hand upon her own breast, then marking out the size of her brother W., she made us understand that she desired to combine a part of her own name and a part of his. I then offered an introductory prayer, baptized the babe, and concluded with prayer. It has been the most solemn and touching scene that I ever witnessed." This lady died not many hours after the above occurrence.

To his youngest brother, member of the Theological Seminary, Princeton, New Jersey, December 16, 1845.

"DEAR J.:—I quite forget whether or not I have written you since you reached Princeton, but my wife has, and that is better. However, I drop you a line now, to let you know that I have not forgotten J. The Lord bless you, my brother. Subdue every unruly passion, and bring your body and soul into a perfect conformity to the gospel of Christ. His truth becomes more and more precious to me as time rolls on. His grace is sufficient for us. It will enable us, if we ask for it, to conquer every sin. Have you the missionary spirit in Princeton? With Mary's kind regards, your brother."

In a letter to his brother T., about the middle of December, he says: "Irreligion abounds more and more among us, and to myself the gospel of Christ and the hope of eternal life become increasingly precious. Oh, the glorious hope of the Christian; the inexpressible richness of redeeming love! Strange that objects of worldly ambition should ever be brought into competition with the treasures of heaven!"

Journal. "Dec. 31. — I close the year in circumstances of great mercy; but it has been characterized by many sins on my part. During it I have buried a dear mother-in-law. O! to be devoted to God most perfectly. Farewell, 1845, till I meet thee and thy account at the judgment.

"Jan. 1, 1846. — Have had to-day more softened religious feelings than usual, and more comfort. 17. — Spent a day lately in the Historical Society's Library, Boston, collecting facts concerning the early history of the church in Manchester. My heart is exceedingly hard, but I have longings for divine things this morning. 21. — Anniversary of mother

Cleaveland's death. 22. — Thursday eve. Have visited forty-five families in four afternoons."

"January 25.

"DEAR SISTER MARY: — Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day and a severe cold, I am constrained this evening to attempt a reply to your letter. The strains in which you write seem like those which come from some harp hung upon the willows, and whose strings the wild winds put in motion. Would to God, my dear sister, I could relieve you of your sorrow — but I cannot. Sin is a burden that lies upon all the children of Adam, and sooner or later will make them groan out in anguish of spirit. From this burden there is no deliverer but Christ. I cannot possibly help you, nor can any of the human family. You must not even *turn* to us for relief. You must look to God alone through Christ. Your only hope is in the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and he is ready to relieve you. Believe in him, and the work is done. Go to him, and he will receive you. His word is pledged to this. Trouble yourself not at all about the *decrees* of God. With these you have nothing to do. They are God's rule of conduct, not yours. All you have to do is to go to Christ, and be assured he is inviting you to himself. His language to all is, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me.' — 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' You find in the Bible a promise to this effect: 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.' Lay the word of God open before you at that promise, and placing your finger upon it, plead with God for Christ's sake for the pardon of your sins. Do it over and over, giving up all to him to be his forever. Keep nothing back. Do it feeling that eternal life hangs upon the issue. Be assured, if you fail of relief, there is something you do not give up. Oh, how happy would it make me to hear of you as at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in your right mind!"

To the same a little later.

"My dear Sister: — I must reply briefly to your letter received last evening. The blood of Christ meets all cases. It washes out with perfect ease all the stains of sin. 'Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Accordingly we find that some of all grades of sinners have been purified by atoning blood; for instance, a Mary Magdalene, a thief on the cross, and a persecuting Saul. I can also say, '*Now* is the accepted time,' '*To-day* if ye will hear his voice.' 'Come, for all things are now ready.' Angels are prepared to tune their harps in praise to the Redeemer should they hear of your repentance. I can also take you up in the arms of prayer and lay you at the foot of the cross for mercy. This, however, is as far as I can go. There is not a word of consolation beyond that I dare speak to you. If impenitent, you are in Sodom and must escape out of it for your life, or perish. There is a burden on you that God alone through his son Jesus Christ can take off. I dare not interfere with God's work; I would not deceive you with false hopes and whisper peace to one to whom God says, 'there is no peace.' It is as if we both stood before the bar of Jehovah — the Judge being before us. The sentence of condemnation or acquittal is to come from his lips. It is in vain, under these circumstances, for you to turn to me, or me to turn to you; life or death hangs on *his* lips. If he say, thy sins are forgiven, all is well. Of what would it avail, for me to say to you, or you to me, 'Oh, I think it will be well with you — the Judge will not condemn you.' Here then is your position — I cannot help you. There is but one thing for you to do — cry for mercy through the Lord Jesus Christ; this I entreat you to do continually, and thus I leave you. I write to you on the supposition that you are *sound* in *mind;* feeble bodily health *may* have much to do with your mental darkness."

Journal. "Jan. 28. — Have been confined at home this week thus far by a cold. Am ill also in other respects; but the love and glory of God have been at times very precious. It seems that the Lord *will* come and bless us with the presence of his Spirit." Speaking of a sick Christian brother, Mr. T. observes: "It is a feast to go and see him; as a general thing, we close our interviews with prayer."

To his sister Mary, March 10, 1846.

"Dear Sister: — I have not time to write much, but being anxious for your spiritual welfare, I cannot forbear asking whether you have not found your way to that precious fountain, that spring of living waters? Has that heavy burden broken off, and fallen into the Redeemer's sepulchre? My dear sister, thousands and thousands of the mightiest burdens of sin have vanished out of sight in that blessed tomb, and I am certain it will hold yours. Will you not behold the Lamb of God? How you wrong him by staying away from his feet, and refusing his love. O! come, my dear sister, and cast yourself upon his mercy, and all will yet be well. For this prays your affectionate brother."

A little later.

"Sitting down to meditate this morning, your case comes up before me, and I feel renewed anxiety for you. There are times when I seem to find my way to the river of God, and walk along its banks, and sit down under the shadow of the Almighty. O! how precious then, and how free, appears the love of Jesus! How vile it seems not to fall at his feet, and give up all to his service! And now, Mary, I ask again, have you yet yielded your heart to the Saviour? Have you yet bowed to his blessed will? Are you willing to have him rule and reign, and do with you as seemeth him good? The fault must be on your part; there is nothing but mercy, glory, justice, and love on his. We love you, and pray for you."

The meeting-house in Manchester, which had been closed for months to be remodelled, was dedicated anew on the 9th of April. The pastor preached on the occasion, and the following hymn, composed by him, was sung. A new and very encouraging era commenced in the history of the society in M., on the reopening of their sanctuary.

"The heaven of heavens, great God, in vain
Expands, thy glory to contain;
And in its sapphire blaze
Th' archangel, with its starry wings,
Stands veiled and trembling while he sings,
Unequal to thy praise.

"And will th' Almighty condescend,
In temples made with hands, to attend
Devotion's feeble flame?
The pledge is given! Thy words declare
That humble souls shall find Thee there
Who meet in Jesus' name.

"The thunders of thy voice are o'er;
Thou com'st in robes of fire no more;
All is serene and still;
And yet, around the altar bowed,
We feel thy glory like a cloud,
Encircling Zion's hill!

"The house behold! Great One in Three,
That we have here prepared for Thee;
And in thy boundless love
Upon its walls inscribe thy name,
Upon its altar light the flame
That glows in hearts above.

"Here often have we met and prayed,
And seen thy wondrous power displayed,
And sung of sins forgiven;
O, make it still a 'dreadful place,'
Thy house of holiness and grace,
And still the gate of heaven.

"And when the trumpet's mighty swell
Shall rive the dead through earth and hell,
And judgment roll along!
Let thousands rise, — to join the strains
That echo o'er the starry plains, —
Who here began the song!"

To his eldest brother, April 22, 1846.

"Dear Brother T.: — You will rejoice to hear that we are occupying again our sanctuary, and that every thing relating to it has terminated well. So, judging from the old Greek proverb, we have been blessed: '*Coronat opus finis.*' I am now laid under greater responsibility than ever. People flock to see the meeting-house, and to hear the *organ;* and of course I ought to preach more faithfully. On the first Sabbath of our return, my mind reverted instinctively to our Saviour's preaching on rocks, in mountains, on the sea-shore, and standing on the decks of boats; also to our brethren at the West, and elsewhere, who are subjected to great inconveniences. If such comforts as we enjoy, be for the furtherance of the gospel, and the alluring of souls to Christ, we should rejoice in them. If, however, their tendency be otherwise, they are worse than in vain. Ministers always have trouble enough around them or in prospect to keep them humble. The *nodus* of the equation may be removed out of one part into another, but cannot be entirely *eliminated.* I have thorns in the flesh, which have tried me not a little for some time past — a pain in my side, with a sciatic tendency. I find a stern opposition within me between sin and holiness, and that the latter may overcome there is required the heavy tug of war."

To Mrs. McFadden, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, April, 1846.

"Dear Cousin: — It was in some respects painful to hear that your son had chosen a military profession. This fact was rendered more so by hearing that he was engaged in the Texas matters. Being myself by birth of the old Federal party, I have been opposed to the whole Texas transaction, from beginning to end; and now the prospect looks strong for war. Saturday brought news that the two armies are within sight of each other, and yet, — forgive the suggestion of any thing painful on the subject. There is a point beyond which a parent cannot go in controlling the destinies of a child, after he has arrived to years of personal responsibility. It is cheering in these matters to feel that there is a God, who hears prayer, and can direct every thing for the best. In the mean time, let us not forget the most important theme of all — 'Mizpah,' *the motto* on your seal. It contains a delightful and appropriate sentiment. 'The Lord watch between me and thee.' Our course is onward, onward! We shall soon be in eternity! May the Lord indeed *watch* over us, and to his name we will give the glory."

To his brother T., May 15.

"We regret very much to learn from your last of the continued ill health of sister C. You are indeed tried, but God doubtless intends the trial for your good. It is difficult without some experience to be able really to sympathize with the suffering. Besides, we know not how much evil there is in our hearts, till we have been tested by affliction. It is one thing to love a Being who is always doing us good in such a way as to make us happy *now*, and quite another to love a Being, however much we may be assured of his good-will towards us in the main, yet who at present seems to delight in trying us. The most important part of religion consists in submission; and the clearest proof that we can give of discipleship may consist in quietly *waiting* on the Lord."

Journal. Same date: "Am in some respects passing through a cloud. My own health is quite poor, and my dear wife is confined to her room, sick. Within a few days I have had at times a most horribly rebellious spirit; but this morning I enjoy a calmness which I trust results from faith in Christ."

"Hawley, June 29, 1846.

"My dear Wife: — Soon after my last letter to you, I left Charlemont. On my way hither, I saw a pretty little building, about as large as a lawyer's office, by the roadside, and was told it is occupied as a study by a young man about twenty, the son of a shoemaker. I wish it had been convenient for me to give him a call. I have since been assured he is an exceedingly interesting young man. I am also informed of another young man who is anxious to get an education, and has done what he can towards it. Thus you find mind everywhere bursting forth among these hills and mountains, like the springs that give rise to brooks and end in rivers. Mind dwells amid mountains, and loves the lofty scenes of nature.

What little mind I have was derived under God from the hills of this town. Had I been *born* among them, and not on the sands of the Cape, I am not certain but I should have had more talent. And again; located as I am on the level of the sea-shore, I am afraid what of mind I have will die out. My brothers, sons of the mountains, must outstrip me as a matter of necessity. Indeed, man seems to be very much of a vegetable, depending greatly upon the side of the hill, and the nature of the soil where he grows. Plains and valleys are not the nurseries of genius. I have been to the old homestead, surveyed the spot where stood our log-house; the deep trenched brook running by it; the flourishing orchard which has grown up around it; the avalanche bank with the spring gushing out of its side, whose waters so often refreshed me. I searched in vain for the rose-bushes that grew by our door; but plucking a few currants, left the place with fond, tender regret."

"Hawley, July 2.

"I must leave my aged mother,
For Israel's God to keep,
And hope that by some other
The tears that she may weep
Will all be wiped, and life's last billow
Roll gently o'er her pillow
When in death she falls asleep."

"Manchester, July 11. — Awaked a few nights since in great distress of mind. Hell seemed open before me, and its flaming billows rolling at my feet. Directly the love of the Saviour came gushing over me. He appeared to stand at my side, putting his arm under me and uttering words of consolation.

How precious did he then appear; his grace how rich; my sins how great!"

Early in August of this year Mr. T. was called to part with a prominent member of his parish, a gentleman who had for years been a sea-captain and was, at least once, wrecked. His death was sudden and heart-rending, the disease being probably a decided case of Asiatic cholera. Speaking of this friend while sick, Mr. T. says: "I went out into the woods this morning, and endeavored to struggle for him in prayer."

To his youngest brother, Princeton, New Jersey, August 5, 1846.

"My dear J.: — Our long tried and noble-hearted friend, Captain R. T., is no more. He expired this afternoon at half past one. His case exhibited all the symptoms (perhaps there were one or two exceptions) of the *cholera maligna.* For several days he had spoken of being ill. At nine last evening he was, however, but slightly indisposed, and at ten, said he thought he should rest well. About midnight he was seized with inconceivably dreadful agonies, which continued till morning. He became speechless and apparently insensible at eight, A. M. It was too late for me to say a word to him when I first saw him.

"August 6, eleven, A. M. — The funeral ceremony is over. At seven this morning we followed our generous friend to the grave. We were obliged to hasten his interment. I feel like a little child; the gushing fountains flow. I think of his excellent qualities; his sweet smiles; his benevolence. How many storms he had weathered! In what a gale he has gone down. Yours truly, with M.'s kind regards."

August 18 of this year Rev. Mr. Nickels, of Gloucester was called to part with an only son, aged five years. Soon after the death of this child, the father wrote Mr. T. requesting him to compose a little memorial of the departed, in verse. Mr. N.'s letter bears date, New London, Connecticut, whither the afflicted parents had gone to sojourn awhile with kindred. The subjoined lines were prepared in compliance with the above request.

C. MARDENBOROUGH NICKELS.

"Near where loud roar the angry waves,
Along the rocky shore,
And sailors often find their graves,
Two kindred souls adore;
And with them there was one,
From heaven received, an only son.

"Whene'er I sought their love to share,
And met the bounding child,
To see his curly locks of hair,
And mark how sweet he smiled,
Would soothe my cares away;
A cherub round me seemed to play.

"Oft, when some little thing I sung,
For him or for his mother,
Around my chair he fondly hung,
And asked me for another;
Or ran to get his toys,
And showed them to express his joys.

"And then, to hear his father tell,
How, in his simple way,
His eyes with tears for sin would swell,
And heartily would pray,
And Jesus' words repeat,
As if he thought them very sweet!

"The other day I sought the door
Alas, poor Mardenborough!
He met me with his kiss no more;
His parents full of sorrow,
Showed me his little bed,
And where he lay, but cold and dead!

"Beneath the stroke of grief, they felt,
How much their hearts were broken,
As round the mercy-seat we knelt,
Cannot in words be spoken.
'Twas hard to see him die,
Though angels kindly hovered nigh!

"'I long to go,' one day he gently sighed,
'And live with Him in heaven,
Who children loved, and came and died,
That we might be forgiven;
I long his face to see,
Pray, mother, would you go with me?'

"A dream came o'er him like a wave,
He seemed Death's vale to tread,
Till with a kiss that Jesus gave,
The strange enchantment fled;
He breathed to earth, farewell!
And with his Lord began to dwell!

Mr. T. and wife attended the annual meeting of the American Board, September, 1846, at New Haven, Connecticut. They remained with her brother, Rev. E. S. Cleaveland, until Wednesday of the next week, when she visited friends in New York, and he started on a genealogical tour for the purpose of collecting facts in regard to the Cleaveland family, going first to Hartford, thence to Haddam and East Haddam. From the latter he wrote the following to his wife: —

"On the way was pointed out to me the spot where stood the house in which Brainerd, the missionary, was born. Dr. Griffin's native place was the village of Millington, or rather just on the edge of it, in East Haddam. Dr. G. had a brother who lived on the old homestead, or near it, and who had, with a strong mind and a large frame, exerted great influence in town and county affairs.

"I have found nothing of a documentary nature thus far respecting the Cleavelands. They are remembered through grandparents, and the ministers are spoken of as bright and active. The Cleaveland who lies buried in New Haven, is said to have been as 'smart as a steel-trap,' a man of strong sense and abounding in wit.

"N. B. — It is impossible to stir any whither without paying ten cents at a toll-gate, and yet the roads are most *miserable.* Another trouble is, that here the business which should be done by counties, is done by towns. Hence great confusion and insecurity of records."

From H. he visited Colchester, Norwich, and Canterbury, searching them all for facts connected with the above named family history. Rev. John Cleaveland, for more than half a century a minister of the gospel in Essex (Chebacco), Massachusetts, was a native of Canterbury. So important to his undertaking did Mr. T. consider the records of the first church in C., that he procured the loan of them till he could copy them entire from the organization of the church, 1711, onward for one hundred years.

Tuesday, September 21, he joined his wife in Plainfield, where some of her kindred were residents. Having fully explored the archives of the several towns alluded to, he with Mrs. T. returned to Manchester on the 25th.

In his journal, October 4, he speaks of sickness as somewhat prevalent among his people, and notes solemn deaths. Refers particularly to intelligence recently received that one of the young men of M. had died when only a few days out at sea, and says: "He was one of the converts in a recent revival. I remember what I presume was the last public prayer he offered in our chapel. He knelt down in great simplicity." Under the same date Mr. T. observes: "I returned with some religious emotion from the meeting of the Board, but have lost it by failing to watch and pray. Would fain renew my purpose to walk closer with God.

"Thursday, Nov. 5. — News has just come that brother Jewett, pastor at Gloucester, west parish, is dead. Why has he been taken, and I left? He was a dear, good brother. My tears flow at the remembrance of his loveliness. I now wish that I had done more for him. How comforting to believe that he has gone to a *better* world! I have just been reading the 17th chapter of John. Precious brother! thy memory is indeed fragrant, and thou art with Jesus. I feel that we do not sympathize enough with afflicted ministers. The Lord help me to be more faithful. 10.— Exchanged last Sabbath with brother Nickels, Gloucester. Read much while at G. in the life of John Foster. He was a most powerful writer, but his good thoughts are intermingled with dangerous errors. I found statements which have occasioned me much sorrow. 22.— The last week was one of great darkness and conflict.

"Dec. 9.— Attended at Essex the funeral of brother Crowell's son Washington. He was preparing for the medical profession. Brother C. is deeply afflicted. 31.— Where will another year at this date find me?"

CHAPTER XI.

PASTORAL LIFE FROM JANUARY, 1847, TO JANUARY, 1851.

WE commence this chapter with a quotation from his journal, dated the first day of 1847. "I always think at the opening of a year, that it may prove my last. 4. — Monday. Had a season of unusual spiritual comfort yesterday; it was such as I have seldom enjoyed, though the Sabbath previous, at Rockport, was something like it."

March 1. — Alluding to the death of one in early life, he observes: "It is very painful to see our young people dying off as they do." Of an individual, who, while professing religion, was dishonoring it, for the sake of *gain*, he says: "My hope is that he will have worldly afflictions enough to save his soul, for it is now, I am certain, in the utmost peril." To a remark made by some one to him, that the race of *creeds* is run, he replied: "All that we want of creeds is to chain us to the Bible, and why some persons are opposed to creeds is because they desire to break away from that book." Near the close of this month, having recorded in his journal the death of a young woman, he adds: "I feel as though I had lost a sister. Farewell, my dear friend, farewell, till we meet at the judgment. Feel that I must lean on God more." Once, having attended the funeral of an individual, who, though furnishing *some* pretty clear evidence of piety, was yet very worldly, Mr. T. remarked: "This man seems to me to have travelled to heaven *backwards*, not even condescending to look *towards* it, until he found that he could no longer hold on to the world; then he began to turn about and gaze upward."

"April 3. — Saw announced in a religious paper the death of Rev. Theodore S. Wright, pastor of the colored Presbyterian Church, New York city. I was acquainted with him in Schenectady. His father resided there, and this son recited to me in Virgil. We also attended a colored Sabbath-school and an evening meeting together. His was a lovely spirit, animated with hope for his brethren in oppression. In his death I feel that I have lost a brother. There was no tinge of black in his affections. 5. — This week comes my *annual trial.* I shall stand firm on my covenanted salary, however things may turn. I leave the result with God. He brought me here, and if he sees fit to send me away, I hope he will enable me to bow in sweet resignation to his holy will. 7. — Evening. Was informed about five this afternoon that every thing went well in the parish meeting. 8. — Heard this afternoon that Rev. Mr. Mansfield, of Wenham, has just deceased. I had arranged to go and see him, but have been disappointed by the failing of my own health. Dear, lovely brother! He is, I question not, with his Master in heaven. Mansfield, Jewett, and Brown were kindred spirits. Soon my time may come. How important to do now what our hands find to do." April 12 he attended the funeral of Mr. Mansfield.

The greater part of May, the whole of June, and a portion of July were devoted to a western tour, in which he was accompanied by his wife and some of his parishioners. Taking leave of his people for only *such* a period was quite affecting to him. "The whole scene," he says, "has served to bring up before me the nearness of the time, when my people and I must part forever." Referring to his private journal, he thus writes: "Here for the present I close. Whether my fingers ever move along this paper again, will depend on the ordering of God. The Lord keep and bless my dear flock."

Just before leaving home he delivered, by request, an address to the "Ladies' Adult and Juvenile Missionary Association," of M. We quote his conclusion: "Go on, ladies, with the great work in which you are engaged, resolved not to cease from it till each heart here is filled with the spirit of the prayer *Thy Kingdom come;* till every agent asking for contributions to this cause, receives a welcome from all this community, and your children themselves stand ready to go on missions to the most distant portions of the earth; yea, till every parent on hearing that a child has perished while prosecuting the missionary enterprise, shall exclaim, as did the mother of the murdered Lyman, "The will of the Lord be done. I wish I had another son to give away to him."

During this tour he corresponded frequently with the "*Boston Traveller.*" From a few of his letters condensed extracts are here inserted. While on the Pennsylvania canal, alluding to that part of his journey already performed, he says: —

"As to railways, etc., it is *pleasant*, in certain circumstances, to shoot through the country like a streak of lightning; but they are not the things for poets or philosophers. 'Give me the man of one book,' it is sometimes said. Give *me* a man of a knapsack, or a horse, or a horse and carriage, instead of railroads, for mental, philosophical, and poetical purposes. Such a one will not go over so much ground, but he will obtain more elements of thought. Why, he might as well be taken upon the wings of an eagle, and be borne along through the air as in a car. How aggravating! There comes mountain scenery, a beautiful valley, a fairy-like land, — you wish to catch sight of it, and thrust your face out of the window for the purpose, in danger of having it knocked off; or you run and take your stand for a moment on the front of the cars, at the peril of your life, and under the interdiction of orders, but it is too late; you have indeed caught one glimpse of it, and it is gone.

"*Pittsburg, Saturday night.* — We were introduced into a room under which were congregated all the negroes of the establishment, sixteen in number at least, to my certain knowledge, who kept up a constant vociferation beneath us. Why, said I to my wife, it would seem that all the demons of the place are holding a jubilee below! Then, we could have written our names on the mantel-piece, in what seemed the dust of ages; and in the morning, a black, heavy column of smoke saluted our eyes, seeming to come directly out of the ground, and rolling toward the heavens. I almost felt myself at length near the mouth of hell; and without half as much exaggeration as the ancients employed, could imagine myself on the borders of old Pluto's dominions. Nor were matters improved, when we discovered that the city has no directory by which to ascertain the residence of any of its 70 or 100,000 inhabitants, within a circuit of five miles; nor when we met a man, as soon as we stepped out at the corner of our hotel, all covered with blood, and apparently badly wounded, and with a large crowd about him. He proved to be one from the Texan scene, and who had just been fighting. However, all this is the dark side of the picture. Things soon began to assume a brighter aspect. As I walked along the street at one time, I heard the voice of singing, pious singing, and met devout-looking persons, with prayer-books or hymn-books. We obtained also a better room, and opposite to it there was a *meeting* of the pious. At the proper hour we all resorted to Dr. Herron's church, and heard a most excellent discourse; sweet hymns, too, were sung to fine music, and we soon began to feel ourselves in the midst of God's family, and at home among them. During a stay in Pittsburg, we went into the coal-mines there, to the extent of 400 yards, in a car drawn by dogs. We sympathized with persons who have to spend their days in such miserable places, getting about one and three-quarter cents per bushel by digging, and earning at that rate not far from one dollar and fifty cents per day. We also visited the United States Arsenal, and examined some of the pistols, bullets, etc.; wandered through the forges and foundries where iron is moulded into every shape as if it were wax. The work here is hot, and it is said that none but temperance men can long endure it. We lost one of the most striking features of P. by coming into it on Saturday night. It would have looked far *more* Plutonic and infernal, we are told, had we entered the city on a night when these fires glow all around.

On the Ohio. — " We fell into most delightful, benevolent, and Christian hands at Cincinnati; and when we came away, it was like parting with brother and sister. We cannot forget the pleasant intercourse we had in that city with several Christian friends, and especially with the family into whose bosom we, though total strangers, were most cordially received.

" We have also most agreeable company on board our present boat; and among others, several missionaries, and the Rev. David Greene, who is travelling for his health. The weather too is enchanting. Nothing, indeed, could exceed the quiet beauty of the scenery last night. The sky was perfectly clear; the moon shining serenely bright; and the ruling star of the evening just above the western horizon; while the night threw only obscurity enough over the woods and the waters to give sublimity to the whole. I walked the upper deck till 10 o'clock, and thought of the nations of aborigines that have sported along these banks and over these waters; also of the glorious prospects opening before us as a people, provided we take God for our guide, and carry out the noble principles of the Declaration of Independence. Oh, Slavery! Slavery! Freedom lies on our right hand, and slavery on our left! We feel it drawing us, as with a magnetism of curses. Thanks to God, though dark the prospect at present, with a slight change of the expression of the old Roman, I can say, '*Delenda est servitus!*'

"Slavery *must* be destroyed. It is inconsistent with the spirit of all our institutions. Freedom frowns upon it from every quarter of our land. The world is against it. God's anathema rests upon it.

"*On the Mississippi.* — We looked for the Mississippi river some little time before we came to it, but could hardly discover it. Many a little pebble brook of a stream has danced and roared, and made much more commotion. There was no mistaking its character, however, when we had fairly reached it, and began to sail along on its broad bosom. Moreover, we had no sooner advanced a little way up this 'Father of Waters,' than we were struck with the fragrance that came floating with the breeze, from the blossoms of the cotton-wood, and the vine, and from various wild flowers. The day was most charming; one of those (the heat excepted, which was somewhat intense) to which the poet has referred, when he said: —

"'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew will weep thy fall at night,
For thou must die.'

"Still more beautiful was the evening; the moon full and clear, the breeze gentle, the air fragrant, the waters silvery, and all nature wrapped in silence. Even the drift-wood looks as if it had grown old and decayed while on its long voyage. On the waters flow, like the tide and affairs of life. It is now drawing near the evening of Saturday, and one thought oppresses us; we shall probably not reach St. Louis before midnight, and perhaps not until

Sabbath morning. This we had not intended. We embarked in season, but our foundering upon the sand-bank has caused about ten hours delay. What shall be done in this case? The Christians among us are considering the question. We commenced our journey firmly determined not to travel on the Sabbath; but here is a dilemma. There is a female missionary among us, who, not long since, refusing to proceed on the Lord's day, was left behind at Wheeling, at which place she had arrived by stage; while others, professors, would go on. But her confidence in God was not misplaced; for on Monday morning another and lighter steamboat came along, which in the course of the day passed by the one she had declined taking and which had struck on a sand-bank, being thereby unable to advance; so that the faithful missionary not only kept her conscience clear, but arrived first at her destination.

"*St. Louis.* — A few days since one Catholic child, playing in the street, was heard to say to another, 'The *next war* will be between the Catholics and Protestants.' My hope is that Romanism will melt down and entirely vanish before the enlightening influences of Protestantism. I fear, however, we are nourishing an enemy in our bosom to be thrust out at length by fire and sword. I am exceedingly rejoiced to find *Americanism* everywhere bearing sway in this city, and I may say through the West. The same books are used in schools; the same tunes and hymns are everywhere sung in the house of God; the same papers of general religious interest are read; the same information circulates as at the East. In none of the Protestant institutions that I visited, was I more interested than in a high school, taught in this city by a graduate of Amherst College. The establishment is *his own*, entirely. I have found nothing that goes beyond it anywhere in New England. A clergyman of high standing said of the proprietor, he is the only man professing to be a Christian, a minister of Christ, whom I could advise to teach school, ràther than to preach, as a means of greater good, other things being equal. His school attracts the Catholics themselves. As yet they have found themselves wholly unable to compete with it. Let such schools be multiplied under the influence of true religion, as this is, and nothing can be more favorable to the prosperity of our country, and nothing more fatal to Catholicism.

"I had a long conversation with one of the steamboat captains. Himself and father were natives of Virginia, and were brought up among slaves, though his mother was a New England lady. After speaking against Garrisonism, he declared his utter abhorrence of slavery in all its forms; spoke freely of the everlasting perplexity it occasioned him in his present business; said it was impossible for him to conceive how any true ministers could uphold the system, or do any thing to countenance it; and solemnly avowed his belief that it must hasten to a close.

"*Nauvoo.* — We found ourselves passing through the various apartments of the temple, and gazing abroad from its lofty dome, upon the scenery around us. As a piece of architecture, this building belongs to no order but its own — the *Nauvoo* — being neither Composite nor Egyptian, but a defiance of all orders.

"*Peoria.* — Having rested ourselves awhile this morning, we took an early dinner, and then rode out back of the village towards Bishop Chase's Jubilee College, to see the bluffs, barrens, and prairies. It was a beautiful afternoon, though warm. Not a cloud was discoverable that indicated rain. We took not even our ordinary thick garments with us, and went out about eight miles, interesting ourselves in every thing by the way — hills, valleys, birds, flowers, and emigrants; and, among other things, entering one of the Illinois schools, and giving it a thorough examination. We then turned homeward, and had made two or three miles of our way, when a cloud began to rise in the north-west, from which peals of thunder rolled. We hardly feared it at first, but nearer and more near it came, while we hurried on and still hoped to escape the approaching tempest. At length, when we were within about two miles of our hotel, it had gathered all around us; over our heads were sharp flashes and heavy peals of thunder, and rain began to descend. We feared for the horses, lest some of those terrific reports, with the glare of vivid lightning, should render them uncontrollable; and being obliged as we were, much of the way, to descend a steep bluff, we felt that great danger might await us. Scarcely had we arranged ourselves for the coming storm, when the lightning appeared to flash directly across the horses, instantly followed by one of those dreadful bolts that seem almost to rend the universe in pieces. The animals were startled, but remained controllable, and on, on we hurried. When we were within sight of the hotel itself, the rain began to pour down in torrents. In an instant after reaching it, thick, heavy hail, that cut and lacerated the horses, began to descend, yet under the guidance of a very skilful driver, they were permitted to rush forward to a shed connected with the stable, the door of which was instantly thrown open by one present, watching the scene; they passed through and we were saved — seemingly the narrowest escape from destruction we ever experienced. Hail, often two inches in diameter and almost uniformly of an inch and a half, was pouring down all around like showers of stones. The roof of the building under which we were sheltered, was almost broken in by the perpetual battering of heaven's artillery. The roar of thunder could be equalled only by that continually heard on a field of battle. Floods of water, mingled with the hail, came down as if a lake had suddenly been overturned upon us. The storm opened its fearful attack about ten minutes after four, P. M. At the end of fifteen minutes the sun had begun to shine and a brilliant rainbow was seen spanning the south-eastern heavens. In twenty minutes the storm was past; but what a spectacle it had left behind! A river was literally running down the streets, sweeping every thing before it. The ground was everywhere covered with those large hail-stones; and under the eaves of buildings they were lying at least four inches deep. Windows exposed to the storm had on all sides been dashed to atoms. Some of the roofs, thinly shingled, without boards, in the manner of this country, had been penetrated by the hail. Horses full of wounds, that had dashed furiously through the streets until exhausted, were universally to be seen. Trees were stripped of their leaves and tender branches, and stood desolate, as if they had been rifled by contending armies on a field of battle. Men's hats had been crushed through like paper, by the icy balls, and their arms, when exposed, were palsied. The first flash of lightning, alluded to above, had struck a house, nearly killing a child; the second struck another, tearing it in pieces. Fruit was destroyed, and gardens were laid entirely waste. Taken altogether, it was the sublimest spectacle I ever saw; and we bowed in gratitude to find ourselves still in the land of the living.

"As we drew near to Detroit, we became more and more interested in our *military* acquaintances. They are gentlemanly and have all the tender feelings of other men. The captain (it was Saturday night) was on his way (after we landed) to Monroe, to take leave of his family, perhaps forever. He is a teetotaler, and a Sabbath-keeper, only in this case, he said he could not help himself. I told him he had a hard master to serve, and bade him farewell. Our Lieutenant is the son of a Judge in Detroit. He was born in this city, (Buffalo,) and was familiar with every point. As we drew near to it, we saw all the feelings of home gushing up in his eyes. He was to take leave of his parents, and of a sister whom he had not seen for six years, for a most dreadful death-facing excursion. The captain having left all things in his hands until reaching Cincinnati, he had just placed his guard, with loaded muskets, ordering them to shoot down the first soldier that should attempt to escape. He said he expected to bury half his men before reaching Vera Cruz, and to have the yellow fever himself. These poor officers and soldiers have hard times, to be thus ordered, almost recklessly it would seem, of life, from one extreme of climate to another, and that in the most sickly part of the season.

"*Niagara Falls.*—As we approached Niagara, there was nothing in the appearance of things indicating the Falls to be near. The waters of Lake Erie moved on with a calm, unruffled surface, towards their narrow outlet. Niagara river seemed scarcely quicker than other rivers, rising even with her banks, and gliding on with a gentle speed. Flowers were blooming sweetly along her borders; and birds were singing melodiously among the trees of her shores and islands. As we drew near the Rapids, above the Falls, the river appeared unusually placid and serene in every aspect. Having lost sight of the river altogether, for a while, we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a clump of houses and trees which we were told was the Falls Village. We were now prepared for the great survey; crossed over to Bath Island, thence to Goat Island, going down to a point, from which we passed on to the Biddle Stairs, the Terrapin Bridge, and thence quite around the Island. In the afternoon a company of us, five in number, gave ourselves up to the directions of a guide. He took us down to the lower landing, a mile and a half below, where, entering the '*Maid of the Mist*,' a little steamboat, we proceeded up the river, sailing close along the Falls, on the American side, and passing thence to the shore on the British side, directly into the mist and spray, and after wheeling and running down a short distance to the ferry landed on the opposite shore. Ascending the bank we found ourselves at the Clifton House; and after having visited Lundy's Lane, and the burning Sulphur Spring, we proceeded to Barnett's Museum, the table rock, and the spiral stairs, near it; after which we returned homeward across the ferry, by means of a barge, rowed by a single individual, and were drawn up the bank on an inclined plane. This completed our first day's tour. On the next, we visited Goat Island again, and then passed down the river to Bellevue, the narrows, the whirlpool, etc., after which our conductor left us to ourselves and our guide books.

"It would be presumption for me, in a running letter, to attempt a minute description of these Falls. This has often been done by others; and in a very excellent manner, in Peck's Tourist Companion. The course we took was by no means favorable for first impressions. In crossing over to Bath Island, and thence to Goat Island, one neither hears nor sees much of the Falls. From another point we obtained an extensive view of the whole Fall, while a rainbow in the spray mantled around our feet. From the Terrapin Tower, we had a nearer approach on the English side, and looking down saw again the little 'Maid of the Mist,' ploughing along up through the foam and spray, over the whirlpool and the billows — a most interesting spectacle. But, after all, I found myself returning from this survey with not half so elated feelings, as when I visited Mount Holyoke. Indeed, I began to fear that the various objects of interest I had seen elsewhere had disqualified me in some measure for an examination of this grandest of nature's works. It was not long, however, before I was disabused of this error, in a most effectual manner. Giving ourselves up to the guide, he proposed to cross over with us at once to the Canada shore. Embarking on board the 'Maid of the Mist,' we were soon creeping along the stream close by the American shore, to avoid the current on the opposite side. In a few minutes, to our surprise, we saw the little boat making the best of her way directly towards the foot of the American Falls, which having reached, she glided along by the Biddle Stairs, etc., fully into the foam, mist, billows, and almost the waterfalls themselves, on the side of the English shore. This, taking us as it did, wholly at unawares, sufficiently aroused us. It seemed to us like a rebuke from the genii of the Falls themselves, for the irreverent thoughts and feelings with which we had at first approached them. The boat on her return held herself in check. We ran to the stream and looked out upon the awful Niagara for awhile with the deepest, the most overwhelming emotions. It was like standing in the presence of God, according to prophetic representations. We saw his burnished throne before us, the great white cloud hanging over it, a rainbow encircling it, incense ascending in his presence, and deep-toned thunder rolling around; while bowing in awful reverence we were ready to cry out, holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, and shrink to nothing before him. From this moment the profoundest respect for this great spectacle took full possession of us. We never again either thought or spoke of it but with the deepest emotions. While these feelings were in full flow, we gradually separated from the vision. Our boat had reached the opposite shore, and we were ascending the bank, towards the Clifton House. All the terrors of the former scene had now vanished, and we gazed forth upon the Falls as they presented a new and most interesting aspect; one of completeness, grandeur, and yet of the most perfect calmness; a view, in several respects, in entire contrast with the one we had just taken from the water below. In short, from this time onward, every new point from which we contemplated these scenes, seemed to lay them open before us, in new relations, adornments and charms, like the endless combinations of the kaleidoscope, or a succession in galleries of paintings where one view leads on to another, and each appears more beautiful than the last."

"Yarmouth, Mass., Aug. 12, 1847.

"Dear Mother: — Your letter announcing the death of your only sister was received on Friday afternoon, the sixth instant. Brother J. was then with me, and immediately wrote you. I had a heart to do it, but was too much involved in cares that week. Monday following, in order to secure any letters or papers Aunt might have left, I came here, arriving about half past eleven in the evening. The next day I went down to the neighborhood in which she died. It was a melancholy privilege to enter her house. All things remained just as she had left them a fortnight since. I had been calculating, together with my wife, to make her a visit, as soon as the railroad should be completed to Sandwich.

I have filled two boxes with articles which were Aunt's, and now belong to you, and shall forward them to South Deerfield.

Among the articles of interest you will find grandfather's looking-glass. I was obliged to break off a piece of the frame, before I could pack it; but you will find the fragment in the box, and you can easily glue it on. Also your mother's work-bag, and the knitting-sheath she used the evening before her death."

Journal. "Oct. 27, 1847, a most interesting day. Brother Jeremiah was ordained over the church in Wenham. It was a melting scene. His three brothers took part in the exercises, myself preaching. Would that our mother could have been present. She could have testified to the faithfulness of Abraham's God."

After the ordination, the brothers all spent a day or two in Manchester, at the house of the eldest, who made this record of the occasion: "These are precious scenes. O Lord, what am I, or what is my father's house, that thou hast brought us up hither?" Mr. T's sermon was founded on the words, "And who is sufficient for these things?" It was published together with the other written parts of the exercises.

Letter to Rev. Dr. Hooker, of East Windsor, Connecticut, Nov. 15, 1847.

"Reverend and dear Sir:—Your letter arrived at a time when I was closely engaged in preparation for my brother's ordination at Wenham; nor have I since been able to sit fairly down to write an answer, until the present moment. Excuse, therefore, the long delay. I may almost say that your inquiry, *me renovare dolorem infandum, jubet*, bringing before my mind delightful studies in which I was long engaged, and renewing the pain I experienced, when forced by providences that I could not misinterpret, to break away from them. I doubt not, it was all for the best that I should leave them. Delightful and glorious is the work of the ministry. My pangs hereafter will probably be more and more severe, that I did not devote my whole soul to it from the concluding of my theological course at A.

" There is no *History of the Pulpit*, that I know of, worthy the name. The third part of a work by John William Schmid (1774–1798), the general title of which is ' Anleitung, etc.,' treats of the history of the pulpit in a general way, beginning with Christ, and bringing it down to some period of the last century. This work the late, lamented Professor Fiske, of Amherst, had begun years since to prepare for publication, translating some of it, adding notes, etc. As I was residing at Andover, much engaged in studies of the kind, Dr. Porter kindly suggested that I make inquiries of Professor F. in regard to the state of his work, and if *he* had dropped it, to take it up myself and carry it on. I accordingly not only wrote to Professor Fiske on the subject, and received an answer from him, but afterwards had an interview with him. The Professor, in a letter which now lies before me, says, that he had once begun to arrange notes to append to it, when he should have translated it; that it would need many additions to bring it to embrace the modern English, French, and American pulpits; and that he should be happy to transfer the work into my hands, aiding me with his advice, notes, etc., so far as they would be of any use to me; but intimates that he *had not done* much that would turn to account. I accordingly translated it during the forepart of my residence as a licentiate at Andover. Not feeling satisfied, however, with it as a mere translation, I subsequently commenced going over the whole ground again, reading the writings of the Latin and Greek fathers, that were referred to, more or less, and enlarging the work on every side. In this kind of labor, I spent about a year, and had come down, as I now remember, to the sixth or seventh century. The result lies by me in manuscript, with the exception of the translation of 'Augustine on the Art of Preaching,' which was published in the Bibl. Repos. 1st series, Vol. III., p. 569; and 'Augustine as a Sacred Orator,' in the Bibl. Repos. 2d series, Vol. VII., p. 375. In this last, however, my *Life* of Augustine, as considerable had just been published in the same work respecting it, was greatly abridged or entirely omitted. Whether I shall ever be able to finish the '*History*,' is very questionable. Since becoming a pastor I have done nothing with it. Indeed, I may say, that I felt it required a man who could penetrate into the patristical writings with greater ease than myself, and devote his life to such labor. I have not wholly relinquished the idea of publishing the essential part of all that I have completed, in some one of the periodicals of the day, say the Bibliotheca Sacra. To write a full History of the Pulpit, would require a man skilled in the Latin and Greek of the fathers, as well as thoroughly versed in sacred literature. Had Dr. Porter lived, I imagine that I should have gone on and finished the work. I was obliged to turn aside from it, to such labors as would bring me in money, having not only myself to sustain, but much to do for an invalid sister, and an aged mother. When at length I found myself in a measure raised above pecuniary embarrassment, a voice calling me to preach the gospel, sounded so loudly in my ears, that I immediately wound up my studies at A. Such is an outline of my story as to this matter. I remain, dear sir, yours in the bonds of the gospel."

Journal. "Nov. 23.—A day I may say of rebukes; four times have I been attacked respecting not *visiting;* and this when I am at work to the limit of my ability for the good of the people. I must bear it. 24.—Arose a little after *five* this morning, not having slept much the last night. Had determined to be invulnerable to the above-named complainings, yet in vain; I feel such things deeply; but I must learn to run to my Saviour, and at the same time *keep away* from people. Had mercies yesterday, as well as trials." Some of his mercies were in the form of kind letters from friends. Certain individuals also among his people, expressed sympathy for him; furthermore, he witnessed a triumphant death-bed scene; and of the person deceased, he says, "I have felt since her death as though she had sent some of the savor of heaven down to me.

"Dec. 21.—Exchanged with brother J. last Sabbath. Had peculiar feelings of tenderness in regard to him as my youngest brother: am very solicitous that he should do well. 31. — Another year of mercies and of sins gone forever.

"Jan. 5, 1848. — Just twenty-eight years since my father died. I was engaged in reading over the last of the proof-sheets of the *ordination* exercises at Wenham, especially those parts in which my brothers speak of *his* death, just as the anniversary *hour* of his departure came about. Oh, what an evening it was for me twenty-eight years ago, when a messenger came to me in Ashfield, saying that my father was not expected to live many hours! 15. — Have just received my *ordination sermon*, etc. — Am full of distressing fears in respect to my health.

"Feb. 23. — The funeral of a lady nearly 88 years of age. She had long been a professor of religion; had walked worthily amid unspeakable trials; and her exit was truly peaceful. When scarcely able to speak she called me her *pastor*, and spoke of the many kind words I had at different times uttered to her; I repeated passages of Scripture, prayed with her, and bade her farewell." On the 28th having mentioned the sudden death of a lady, he observes, "I have called on her afflicted husband this evening, and the scene of sorrow was almost overpowering; yet I am confident the Lord will sustain him. He and his departed wife have adorned their Christian profession. As a little company of us knelt in prayer with him, I felt that the Lord was with us.

"March 20. — The astounding news of the French *revolution* came Saturday evening, and I tried to make a good improvement of the event Sabbath morning." Some time in this month he found himself in collision with the *parish committee* touching the control of his pulpit. Leaving home on Saturday for an exchange, he consulted various individuals qualified to give him counsel relative to the controverted point, and was confirmed in his own previous opinion. Still the matter preyed on him, so that the night preceding the Sabbath he could get no sound sleep, and on the one following, only once did he lose himself in slumber for a few moments. About two o'clock he arose, and laid the subject before the Saviour. The result is thus described. "Soon *he* came to my relief with such a flood of light and glory, that I felt myself overwhelmed with his goodness, mercy, and love, and at once under the shadow of his wing. Indeed, language cannot describe the bliss of this happy season, while I lay down at the feet of the Redeemer, and rolled all my burdens into his hands.

"April 6. — The enemy seems to rage; the Sabbath is trampled upon; the great floods of wickedness appear ready to overflow every thing. I am unwell, and feel exceedingly weak, yet have some peace in believing. The Saviour of late has been nearer to me than usual. 17. — Funeral of Mr. ——, a poor, hard-working man, who has left a large family. I had serious conversation with him three weeks since; yet on looking at his remains in the coffin, I was affected, fearing I might not have been faithful to him.

"July 2. — My life has been mostly thrown away. Sin has a dreadful hold upon me; but I feel deeply for the church; for thoughtless youth; for Sabbath-breakers; for *souls.* — Never have I previously had such a refreshing at the communion table. Oh, the unspeakable love of Jesus! how he has to stoop over me, and bear me upon his wings of love! He has seemed to draw nearer and nearer to me for some time past. How *real*, religion becomes. Here is the living fountain, the priceless treasure. Procured McCheyne's work, when at Boston the other day. I admire his spirit."

To his mother, July 11.

"Calling at brother J.'s the other day, I saw your daguerreotype likeness. It excited in me new and deep emotions. I looked at it again and again. It is *yourself*. I could fully enter into the feelings of Cowper: —

> 'Oh that those lips had language! —
> Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
> The same that oft in childhood solaced me.'

Only I believe you do not here smile at all, but wear your most serious look. A painter can catch the best likeness, and put it on the canvas at leisure, but the sun looks on us as we are at the moment, whatever the expression, just as God's eye does — stereotyping present impressions."

A lady having proposed to Mr. T.'s youngest brother to bear his expenses during a winter's sojourn in Italy, if he would accompany her son thither, the following letter was written in reply to inquiries from that brother respecting his duty.

"Manchester, Oct. 21, 1848.

"My dear Brother: — I have time to pen only a few words, in reply to yours. As to what is duty in this case, you must judge for yourself. I can, however, offer suggestions. If the proposition had been made to you before your ordination, it would have borne a very different aspect. If entertained at all now, it should be, as I conceive, because you find a state of mind and heart among your people favorable to it. If such be the case, you must lay yourself down at the feet of your Saviour for direction. Some reasons in favor of your going occur to me. 1. It cannot be questioned that such a tour might be rendered profitable both to your mind and heart, and thus prepare you for greater usefulness. 2. You are now at an age, when you can make such a journey with great relish and profit. 3. It will bring you into acquaintance with a most interesting portion of the church, and serve greatly to familiarize you with the history of the *Reformation.* 4. It is not very probable that you will ever make that tour, if you do not now.

" On the other hand there are reasons against your going. 1. You have not yet been settled long enough to authorize it. You have now just fairly started, and it would sadly break in upon your pastoral habits. 2. It would probably effectually alienate the feelings of your people from you ; they would lose their confidence in the stability of your character. 3. It is not now a good time to visit Europe. 4. It is not necessary for you to do it, in order to become either good or great. 5. Perhaps God has presented this temptation to you in order to try the strength of your love to him, and that you may give your people a substantial proof of your devotion to them.

"Thus the subject lies in my mind, and here I must leave it. The Lord guide you to a right decision."

"Manchester, Dec. 1, 1848.

"DEAR SISTER MARTHA: — We suppose you were married last evening, and soon after entered your new home in P. At least I take this for granted and write you accordingly. You are then, at length, settled down in life. I cannot but hope you have entered this new sphere in the fear of God. My prayer is that he would bless the *union.* It is a relation of his own instituting, formed when man was in Paradise, and of course is one upon which, if consummated in his fear, we may look for his blessing. Nowhere does the providence of God appear more admirable than in what he has done for our happiness in the institution of marriage. Most heartily can I join with Milton, and say: —

'Hail, wedded love! — by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets.'

"May the favor of the Lord attend you both, and make you the source of innumerable blessings to each other. And when you are removed by death, may you be conjoined by the purer bonds of celestial love, in that world where 'they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God.' Our united regards to yourself and husband. Your affectionate brother."

Journal. "Dec. 14. — The California gold fever prevails to a most alarming extent. On the 31st he preached respecting that disease. Many young men of his parish were thinking of going to California.

"Jan. 1, 1849. — This day was observed by our church as one of prayer and fasting. 10. — Kept awake last night by anxious thoughts about our religious state, but found great comfort towards morning as I meditated upon the promises. The Saviour has seemed near indeed, much of this day. 16. — Buried another lovely, aged sister in Christ — one of those who always received me with a smile. 20. — Awoke this morning in mental despair. The heavens were brass over my head, and my prayers were shut out. Directly, however, light came, which lasted for some time, and I was wrapped up in sweet contemplations of redeeming love. The duty and difficulty of watchfulness, also the straightness of life's way, occupied my thoughts. Monday, 22. — Had a pleasant day yesterday, also Saturday. Though in the midst of severe trials, the Lord has been with me. 23. — Had resolved to devote the day to prayer and fasting, but met with many interruptions. This evening's prayer-meeting looks more encouraging than any thing I have seen for years. 30. — Satan appears to be raging. Pleasure parties are multiplied; last evening there were two; designed, doubtless, to counteract the influence of religion.

"Feb. 1. — I find that trials are allotted to others as well as to myself. Death has gone into the habitations of a number of my brethren in the ministry, within a few years past. — I am struggling to reach the foot of the cross. O, blessed place! Most comforting are the words of Scripture: 'Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.' Feel afraid that I am more troubled about my *gourd* than all the souls around me. 5.—Monday. Had a solemn Sabbath; full meetings in the daytime and evening; am anxious about the state of things here; hope for a revival, but must wait upon God. 11.—Sabbath. Toward the close of my morning sermon, I felt unusual fervor, yet I suppose that by my warmth in preaching, I influenced numbers to stay away in the afternoon. 14.—A church fast. Three *inquirers* in the evening, two of whom entertain hope. All day my own heart seemed to become harder and harder. Am more in doubt as to the prospects of a revival than I have been. Fear that I have grieved away the Holy Spirit. I must confess before God my guilt.

"March 2.—Preparatory lecture, full and solemn." The Sabbath following this date, he found himself in a pleasant frame of mind, very early in the morning. "The Saviour," he says, "seemed to come, inviting me to arise to his work. Have heard of another convert, also of a new case of seriousness. 6.—Mr. ——, the *transcendentalist*, has lectured in our chapel this evening. We held our prayer-meeting in the room directly above, and it was overflowing. Hear of more instances of conviction around us. 11.—Sabbath. Had a notice handed me of an infidel lecture during the week. Of course I did not read it." Referring to this lecture, he remarks: "I was oppressed in the night with a sense of the danger to which our youth are exposed. Arose, went into my study, and engaged awhile in prayer."

In this month he was informed that a sermon, which he preached sometime previous in a season of revival, in one of the parishes not far from Manchester, was the means of the conviction of six persons, who subsequently had made a profession of religion.

Extracts from letters written in March and April, 1849, to his brother T., at Washington, D. C.

"Dear Brother: — A week ago to-day we received a letter from sister Mary, in which she thus wrote, " You have heard, I suppose, of the sickness of brother T. It is thought he has had a paralytic shock." Of course the announcement threw us into great anxiety and even consternation. The next day, I wrote to your wife, thinking that perhaps she might write, if you were unable; but receiving no return at the proper time, I wrote again, addressing Mr. Lockwood, of your village; and to-day we received a full reply from him, and also a letter from yourself, dated the 22d inst., Washington, D. C. Mr. L.'s was written the 24th. Your case is an obscure one, it seems, though it is encouraging at present, but evidently it ought not to be trifled with. The truth is, according to Mr. L.'s statement, you had exerted yourself enough to destroy any ordinary man. I do not see how it could be otherwise than that under such circumstances, your sensorial powers should be exhausted. I recalled to mind, after receiving Mary's letter, various hints you had dropped in times past, about *energetic* preaching — the necessity of it; and felt assured that for the last two or three years, but especially one, you had labored, preached and prayed as with a mountain weight of responsibility pressing upon you. You have been a bow, always bent. Not only you, but myself have erred in this respect. These overwhelming emotions cannot be sustained without great physical strength; and yet the body, by reason of constant effort, is becoming weaker and weaker. Especially are sudden and surprising starts in the pulpit to be avoided, as endangering the breaking of some blood vessel; and besides, they are not so *efficacious* as we suppose, except in awaking sleepy folks. Of these movements I have sometimes been guilty, but you more so. As for myself, I have found my deepest emotions flowing forth, when I am in an almost unmoved state of body. Some persons, under the influence of a calmer and perhaps a phlegmatic temperament, unquestionably err on the other side — but *we* labor too much as if life and death hung upon the issue, and as if we never expected to preach another sermon. The fact is, we must thunder less and lighten more; utter forth the truth in sincerity of heart, and leave God's Spirit to do the work — entreating him, of course, that he will perform it. You have been warned of the frailty of your clayey tenement in one way, and I in another. Your illness it seems has come through the nerves. I have long since abated the *severity* of my exercise, though a proper amount I must have, or greatly suffer — an incapacity for much clear, energetic thinking, is induced. Yet I find myself unable to go beyond a certain length of chain. If I overdo to-day, nature will claim her rest to-morrow.

It is delightful to see how God has raised up friends to aid you in a pecuniary point of view. Your statements in this respect almost overcame me. I cannot tell you how much my mind is relieved in regard to your case by hearing from you. This is a new kind of affliction in our history, and opens new fountains of sympathy and sorrow. You entwine closer around my heart, T., than you probably are aware of. I have often in imagination, stooped at your bedside and kissed your pale cheek. You are my *first-born* brother. Well do I remember the glad emotions with which, after having pined away the first eight years of my life, in the solitude of a wilderness, without a playmate, I received from my father the intelligence that I had a little brother; nor have I forgotten the many trying years in which I was obliged to commit our mother's affairs to your hands, and that I ever found you faithful. It is consoling to feel that you are a child of God. Let us pray for each other with increased fervor, and strive to live nearer to Christ.

"It is good to have occasion for throwing ourselves into the arms of Infinite Love. God never disappoints. If he withhold any particular gift, he supplies us with himself. My thoughts and feelings are, I hope, more and more toward the kingdom of Christ. How deeply, thoroughly, intensely, and all-pervadingly true is the Bible, and each of its promises! Only one thing makes me tremble; that only a few find the narrow gate."

Journal. "April 7, 1849.—Was in Mr. ——'s shop this morning, and heard much infidel conversation there. I felt tender, and while I almost shuddered at what was said, I could scarcely refrain from weeping. 14.—Revival influences are less apparent, and consequently there is not so much opposition to religion as there has been. I am troubled with an excessively bad heart. 15. — After meeting attended the funeral of a poor woman. My wife and myself had often sent her little things. She was very deaf, but always cheerful, and grateful for every favor. We fear that we have not done enough for her. It is very dangerous to neglect the Lord's poor."

"Anniversary week, Boston, May, 1849.

"MY DEAR WIFE: — I am just from the sweet, hallowed spot, the morning prayer-meeting. Of all places on earth, *that* seems nearest heaven. I had wished you might enjoy it; but as you could not, I drop you a line to impart to you what I can of it. The whole atmosphere seemed to be prayer and praise; holy, holy, holy to the Lord. Sin in such a place, looks black, and odious, and infinitely hateful. Jesus presents himself before us, as the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. You mourn that you ever thought, or felt, or did any thing against him, and this one prayer breathes forth from your soul — that you may rejoice with him in labor and suffering, and be absolutely swallowed up in his glory. A fire appears kindling in your spirit, like that which burns in the bosom of celestials. You can only entreat to be the Lord's in every thought, feeling, emotion, and action. You see the *aurora* of eternal glories coming; you pray to be delivered from sin; you beg to be bound to the cross; but I cannot express it, my dear wife. Would I could make it all-pervading in myself, and in those around me. Let us draw nearer to the blessed Redeemer. Let us believe and love, praise and pray, labor and help each other on."

To the same.

"We have had our farewell meeting in Winter Street Church from 9 to 11, A. M. I did not enjoy it as a whole, so well as the prayer-meeting yesterday, yet it was a most precious season. I felt in it, somewhat as I supposed Peter did, when on the mount of transfiguration he said, 'It is good for us to be here.' It is good to be in such places. Oh that I could carry out the vows made on such occasions, going into the world again, armed as a soldier of Jesus, and fighting in his name. Christian enjoyed a delightful season at the house 'Beautiful,' but had to leave it, and venture down into the valley of humiliation, and thence into that of the shadow of death."

The second week in June Mr. T. attended the Consociation of Evangelical Congregational Churches in Rhode Island as a delegate of the General Association of Massachusetts, and spent a Sabbath in that State with his eldest brother. On his way home he visited Walpole and Dedham, to examine records of the Cleaveland family. At the latter place he heard of the sudden death of Rev. Wm. B. Tappan. *They* had occupied the pulpit in Manchester together, Sabbath, May 20th. He thus notices that death. "Was very much affected in passing the Depository of the American Sabbath School Union, to see the door shut, crape tied on the latch, and a card nailed near it, stating the circumstances of my friend's death.

"July 4. — Have been rent with agonies almost indescribable in regard to a *house*. My prayer is for resignation. 6. — Very sad in mind about these days, and doubt my right and title to the name of the Christian. Walked in my garden, and prayed for those who had been instrumental in depriving me of my dwelling; and that I might neither have an unforgiving spirit, nor be left to murmur." He refers to the house in which he had resided several years, and which he had been directed to leave. The Sabbath, July 12th, was spent in Salem on exchange.— Of it he says, " Had a day, if I mistake not my emotions, of great spiritual enjoyment; felt humble, and in all respects unworthy, but Jesus was near me."

To the Boston Traveller.

"Manchester, Mass., July 12, 1849.

" MESSRS. EDITORS: — If my friend, Mr. H. K., the bearer, be faithful, (and I doubt not he will be,) you will herewith receive a fragrant bunch of the Magnolia, that grows near us, both in Gloucester and in Manchester. — The name Magnolia comes from Peter Magnol, the celebrated botanist of Montpelier, who was born in 1638, and died in 1715, at the age of 77, Professor of Botany at Montpelier, the author of several valuable works on botanical subjects, and the father of Botany in all that region, as well as the teacher of some distinguished botanists, among whom were Fagon and the illustrious Tournefort. His name was appropriated to the genus of plants, (of which the specimen I send you is one of the species, the glauca,) by Charles Plumier, another distinguished botanist, a pupil of Tournefort, and thus remotely of Magnol, who having been sent on several expeditions by the French King to the West Indies, published in French, drawings and descriptions of the plants of those parts which he visited. The genus Magnolia is said by botanists to be a noble one, embracing some of the finest trees and shrubs in nature. Dr. Bigelow says of this, 'that it is the only species of its superb genus, which has been found native in New England. With us, it is scarcely more than a large shrub or bush, and is rare; but farther to the South it attains to the height of 40 feet, and is abundant. It is the first of its genus introduced into the English gardens. Its name is to be found in the United States Dispensatory, its bark and root having medical properties, being gently stimulant, aromatic, tonic, and diaphoretic, useful in chronic rheumatism, and capable, if freely given, of arresting the paroxysms of intermittent fevers.' (See Rees, Bigelow, and Dispens.). With us it is genervally called simply the Magnolia, (though it has various other names, elsewhere, such as Swamp Magnolia, Small Magnolia, White Bay Tree, Swamp Sassafras, Beaver Tree, etc.,) and is sought after solely for its fragrance, which to some becomes disagreeable, when too abundant in a confined room; even sickening."

Aug. 1. — Returning from an exchange at Ipswich, he was sick in Wenham till Tuesday, with his brother J. Having reached home, he says: "During a few days past, the Saviour has seemed nearer than usual. I have been searching to find out whether I am honestly and entirely his; and though I have fears, I yet hope. He stood by me and blessed me in the depths of my anguish on Monday."

During a part of this month he visited his mother and sisters. Was absent from home two weeks, and speaks of having had much religious enjoyment during that time.

Journal. "Sept. 18. — Received intelligence of the death of my uncle, Oliver Alden. My mother is now the only one left of her father's family. We must expect her departure soon. The Lord prepare her for the great change. The world looks melancholy when we are bereaved of our friends."

To his youngest sister and husband.

"Manchester, Sept. 18, 1849.

"Dear Brother and Sister: — A letter from mother last evening brings us the painful intelligence of the death of your dear Edgar. This event, so sudden, must have nearly overwhelmed you. It will be in vain, I fear, for me to suggest topics for your consolation, *repeated* as your afflictions have been. The tenderest fibres of nature have been severed, and they will bleed; nor can we prevent the anguish thence resulting. There are considerations, however, which should greatly modify this grief. *The Lord has smitten you*, and therefore the stroke must have been right. He can do nothing wrong. Again, there cannot be the least doubt that what he has done in this case has been done in love, provided you are his children. The cup may taste bitter for awhile, but it has sweets beneath the bitter. Again, you know not how much better it may be that your son should be thus early removed, before becoming exposed to the power of temptation. Had he lived to grow up, he might have pierced your hearts through and through. God only knows! This event will naturally lead you both to inquire into the manner in which you performed your duty towards your dear boy. Our friends, that depart, bear with them to the great Judge the impress that we have made on them. The event will also, I trust, stimulate you to greater fidelity in training the child still left you. In view of the dealings of God, worldly things should hang loosely around you. How soon must we ourselves bid adieu to all sublunary scenes, and try those of eternity."

On leaving the house which he had occupied as a parsonage several years, he observes: "It has become a hallowed spot to us, especially on account of mother Cleaveland's dying there. We have regrets on going from it, yet the Lord has been very near to us of late. I have felt willing to go through any crossings, provided Jesus will be with me. Soon, soon will the lease of life be up." Having removed to another, he remarks: "*Three weeks*, at least, have been taken *entirely* off from my ministerial duties by this change of houses." But while thus tried, he could say: "Jesus seems very precious; dear, dear is his name." Subsequently he observes: "Visited the old parsonage for the last time, and prostrated myself in prayer.

"Nov. 11. — Have to-day attended in Salem the funeral of our dear, excellent friend, Miss Mary W. Punchard. Sweet are our remembrances of her. Her mind was strong, her judgment sound, her piety genuine, and her benevolence large. Her sickness was protracted, and her sufferings were unusually severe; but endured, through divine grace, with great patience and composure of spirit. She sank away in death perfectly conscious to the last moment, saying nearly at the close of life: 'I am going peacefully — going peacefully.' She has held for many years the place of a sister in the affections of my dear wife. O, the loss we have sustained in the death of this friend! 30. — Thanksgiving. Preached a sermon at the request of our Californians, adapted to their case. 31. — Visited brother J. and wife, Wenham. His people have done nobly for him in respect to parsonage, etc. The Lord will bless them.

"Dec. 11. — The case of Dr. Parkman, murdered, as is supposed, by Professor Webster, has followed me incessantly ever since its announcement, almost making me feel guilty of participating in the crime; overwhelming me with a sense of insecurity, except as God protects; and bringing me to feel most deeply the danger of indulging passion, hatred, anger, and revenge. I am grieved to learn that our California vessel started on the Sabbath. Some of the company protested against it, but were overruled. They went on about seven miles, and were *driven back* by a storm into Gloucester harbor."

The following letter was written Jan. 5, 1850.

"DEAR MOTHER: — I wrote you a line and sealed it, designing to send it immediately after receiving your last; but the thought of two important anniversaries so near at hand, namely, of my father's death and of your own birthday, have caused me to retain it in order to send you another line.

"To-night, then, thirty years have passed away since my father slept in death. His form rises vividly before me; the scenes through which I passed in his company; and the aspect he bore as he lay shrouded in our south-east room. How quiet have been his earthly slumbers since then! And has not his soul been triumphing all the while in some humble place *beneath his Lord the Lamb?* I have the utmost confidence to this effect. The change wrought in him at conversion was a thorough one. Of honesty, conscientious honesty, he was one of the most perfect patterns I ever knew. What pains did he often take to correct little mistakes that had been made even by others, to their own injury, in their transactions with him. How faithful was he in his closet duties! Often have I seen him pause in his work, take his seat upon some rock, stump, or log, and laying aside his hat in godly reverence, give himself up to holy contemplation; his lips moving all the while in prayer. How faithful also in family prayer! How pierced, as with a dagger, once, when he found he had unwittingly broken the Sabbath by miscalculating a day! How constantly did he visit the house of God, though it stood five miles distant, over high mountains, itself on a mountain top! And then what purity encompassed his steps! Not an indelicate expression do I remember to have heard fall from his lips, and only a single anecdote that could be regarded as bordering in the least upon it. His only besetting sin, that I knew of, was proneness to irritability under the severe crossings of life to which he was subject; but even of this how free did he become during the last seventeen months of his life — constantly engaged in supplication, praying three times a day in his family, and endeavoring to bow at every step and in all things to the will of God. Nor yet have I alluded to those private fasts, that from time to time he so carefully observed. The world knew nothing of them. They were known only to his family and his Maker.

"However furnished by nature with strength of constitution, during all the last half of his life, he had been greatly broken down, so that he found himself from day to day and year to year encompassed with infirmities. Besides, from loss of property, from change of employment at a mature age, and from hardness of soil, he had uncommon difficulties to encounter; yet, through the grace of God assisting him, he in the end overcame them all. Indeed, his is a most remarkable case of the efficiency of divine providence and grace; and I love to look at it in this light. From that training in which he had been educated for God, and by the influence of which he seemed, while under the parental roof, almost a Christian, he had in the course of years of successful business, as you have often told me, been drawn entirely aside into rank infidelity.

"It was affliction that compelled the sailor to leave the ocean which he had ploughed; the sea-captain to forsake the fine ship which he had navigated — almost to the ruin of his soul — for the retired farm and the lonely cottage, where he was compelled to look inward, and where for the remainder of his days, he was shut up to communion with Heaven.

"Those that had wronged him — and cruelly wronged he had been — he left to settle with their God; himself studying forgiveness, and coveting only the spirit of his Lord and Master in reference to them, while he labored hard to obtain a livelihood by tilling the rugged ground on which he had taken up his abode. Sweet, sweet in every respect are my reminiscences of this long deceased parent. He had a noble spirit, which led him to look up the sick, lend them aid, watch with them or perform for them any service in his power. What he possessed was freely given. He loved the kingdom of God in its expansion. Much more comprehensive were his views of philanthropic operations than were those entertained by persons in general at his time. He was found rejoicing in the very first rays of that light which has now so extensively dawned upon the world. But enough. I had thought only to drop a word, yet I knew not how to curb my pen. I conclude, then, by saying, precious to me are my remembrances of this father. May we all reach heaven, and spend an eternity of rest with him and our Saviour in that sinless world."

Journal. "Feb. 19, 1850. — Two Sabbaths past have been solemn and impressive. Brother Crowell, in Essex, has quite a revival; the Lord appears to be doing a thorough work there. — Have had many calls of late from antiquarian correspondents." The new religious society in M. based on unevangelical sentiments, came by degrees to hold in name the *essentials* of Christianity. Mr. T. felt an inward joy at the advance thus made, and says: "My prayer in reference to that society ever has been, *Bless*, O Lord, every thing that originates in the mind of the Spirit."

In notes made Tuesday, March 5th, he speaks of the Saviour's coming very near to him the Saturday night previous, and owning him as a disciple. On the Sabbath, he was so much assisted from above, that he felt compelled to pray against spiritual pride.

Mr. T. and Rev. Dr. Crowell, of Essex, corresponded at times in Latin. The following was written March 7, 1850.

"FRATER CHARISSIME: — Epistolam tuam, me, pro populo tuo, die Martis decimo quarto futuro, prædicare invitantam, heri recepi. Animo libanti, invitationem tuam suscipiam; et, *Deo volente*, me, tecum, die Jovis nominato (Martis die decimo quarto) ante meridiem, videbis. De resuscitatione religiosâ tecum progredienti, famam recipere, me delectatione afficit. Nobiscum, eheu! per omnes partes, animi professorum, rerum inanium amantes, vel neque frigidi neque calidi, sunt. Dies Sabbaticus ultimus tamen plenus solennitatis, apud *eucharistiam*, et quidem per prædicandi tempus fuit; et magis precationis spiritûs ut opinor, habemus. Quod de nostræ Societatis Mancuniensis Chrystianæ (ut nuperrime nuncupata erat) transformatione cogitas? Libellum, eventum concilii ecclesiastici apud Salem convocati, de Decembris, 1849, quarto, continentem, obtinui, sed non, nisi exparte, legi. Tibi, dies nonnullos epistolam, Latine scriptam debui; sed me scripturum, multum laboris de nostris rebus Scholasticis municifalibus (me uno e delectis Scholasticis) impedivit. Hanc, calamo currenti scriptam, in Christo, recipe."

March 16 he says: "Yesterday afternoon and evening I was at Essex, preaching for brother C. About thirty hopeful conversions have occurred there. Enjoyed pleasant conversation with him and his family."

Extracts from a letter to his brother T., March 29, 1850.

"I cannot stop now to inquire about the state of our correspondence. My belief is, that I have been for some time indebted to you; but great demands have been made upon my pen the past year. The winter has been one of health and labor; but whether of profit, is another question. I love my work; the ministry is desirable, if the heart be in it. It is full of heaven, though there are severe trials connected with it, and to me there are peculiar ones at the present time. 'There is a river,' however, 'the stream whereof shall make glad the city of God,' and that promise of perpetual presence, given by Christ to his ministers, is an unfailing source of comfort. You hear, I suppose, the daily result of Professor Webster's trial for the murder of Dr. Parkman. Who can doubt for a moment that he is guilty of the crime charged upon him? How dreadful thus to take the life of a fellow man! How much more criminal to slay the Son of God!"

Journal. "April 1. — Saturday was the day of our *annual parish trial.* I have been wounded in the house of my friends. It greatly affects my poor body and brain; but God can bring light out of darkness. In the mean time, I recognize his hand of mercy in many ways. I came here, I doubt not, by the will of God; and must leave it with him to decide when to go; not running, however, before I am sent." On the 4th he speaks of having visited Newburyport, Andover, Boston, etc., and adds: "My mind was much weighed down all the way by the state of things in my parish. I am conscious of overwhelming imperfections. 8. — Mrs. T. and myself proceed along as calmly as possible, resolved to watch the course of things for awhile in silence, hoping to maintain serene spirits, and get nearer to Christ than ever before. 16. — A new phase of things is coming up. O, these trials, how they do worry me! Lord, grant divine guidance and support. The journey may be rough, but cannot be long. 22. — Hear of several cases of conviction, and one of hopeful conversion. 23. — Our meeting last night was very full and solemn, notwithstanding it was a rainy evening. The Lord is with us. Have endeavored to get a little more time than usual this afternoon to call upon God.

"May 8. — Our inquiry meeting quite full. 20. — Exchanged yesterday with the Rev. John Emerson, of Newburyport. I was unwell, but otherwise had much enjoyment.

June 1. — He speaks of having just returned from the Boston anniversaries. — "Had a rich, heavenly time, especially at the morning prayer-meetings. Last evening a house full of inquirers. 12. — Installation at Hamilton; an interesting occasion.

"July 10. — The affecting news of President Taylor's death. Indeed, solemn events have clustered together in a brief space of late."

Not far from this time he transmitted to Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, N. Y., memorials in manuscript of Rev. Habijah Weld, to be incorporated into a work which Dr. S. is preparing.

"August 18. — Am forty-nine years of age. Little have I done for Heaven the last year, though it has been my aim to discharge faithfully my pastoral duties, and some souls have been hopefully converted to God. Perhaps I have a greater sense of my unworthiness and absolute dependence on divine strength than ever before. Where another year will find me, I know not." Notes made Aug. 26. — "On the 22d brother T. and wife came, remaining till the next day, then leaving for Wenham. In the afternoon brother Elisha Cleaveland and family arrived from New Haven. He preached for me twice on the Sabbath. 28. — Brother John C. sent his carriage from Topsfield, and took us all there. 29. — Bicentennial celebration at that place; brother Nehemiah gave an excellent Historical Address. The occasion brought together nearly all my wife's family friends. 31. — Am greatly exercised with a sense of unworthiness. It seems as if I should have to hide from my Saviour, were it possible. Am often guilty of suffering passion and selfishness to predominate. If the Lord Jesus do not take hold of me and entwine himself around my soul, I am lost. Find myself constantly breaking my resolutions, yet without them I do nothing.

"Sept. 6.—Mournful tidings have come from California. I rejoice that I was so faithful in preaching on the subject of emigrating thither. I lost friends by my fidelity; but God has verified every word I uttered." On the 10th it became his duty to inform a widow lady of her son's death at sea.—"I introduced the subject by asking her if she could say, 'The Lord gave,' etc., reminding her that she had special occasion for such a state of mind. She received the intelligence like a Christian. 30.—A curious meteor has been seen to-night." See a notice in the Evening Traveller, October 2, which he wrote; the article, however, needs correcting, he says, as to the *direction* of the meteor.

"Oct. 8.—I came home in despondency, and sought rest in the same state of mind; but had much tossing to and fro through the night. The most painful part of the whole is, that I am so unworthy to be a minister, always breaking covenant vows. The Saviour does not, however, wholly leave me. He whispers, *lean on me*. O, could I do so, that is all I want. 23.—Attended an ordination at Lynnfield, and gave the *charge* to the candidate.

Nov. 7.—He says that he found a handsome present on his return home, bestowed by young ladies, and remarks, "Thus the Lord raises up some kind hearts, while he removes others. I mourn greatly an absent Saviour; I do not walk in his love; I have the *heart-ache* when I think of my flying time, my remaining sin, and my dark prospects of meeting with the acceptance of my Saviour. 23.—Have just sent off the *Cleaveland Genealogy* to brother Nehemiah, New York city. I have intended to devote only recreative time to the work. Each one of us owes something in such matters to our race, and I am aiming to perform my part. The above *genealogy* is not complete, but is in such a state that others can finish it if they please. It is important to bring every work into a shape suitable to be left, lest death *surprise* us, and we be called to leave it in *Sibylline* leaves to fly away and perish. I have now on hand labor, labor, labor!"

In the first part of December, he speaks of desiring to arrange all historical and other matters in which he was engaged for his people, so that if it should seem best, he might be dismissed from Manchester. He mentions having symptoms of a heart difficulty, and says: "In spirituals, I have had deeper anxiety and more earnest longings of late."

Being brought to the close of another volume of his journal, he says: "It has occupied me not quite two years. How soon will all journalizing be wound up on earth."—It is worthy of notice, that his *next* book remains much of it *blank*.

December 6th we find him making an effort to awaken a religious interest in a sick man who was apparently without the slightest sense of his perilous condition. Of him Mr. T. remarks: "He was kind, but *laughed* when I spoke to him about death. He affirmed that he had no fears of it." The pastor did not relinquish this hardened invalid, but repeated his visits from day to day, till a deep religious impression was produced. "14.—A returned Californian told me, that while at the *mines* he had often thought of the following passage in the sermon which I preached to his company just as they were leaving M.: '*The cloud may be charged with mercy drops; but I fear it contains a thunderbolt.*' 17.— A day of variable feelings, but I experienced a happy frame in meditating on the death of Mrs. M. It seemed to me that she had arrived at heaven, and sent down a portion of its fragrance." The allusion here is to an aged lady, who had lived alone, and was found in her dwelling after she had lain thirty hours in a paralysis. She in a measure recovered her speech and understanding. When taken by the shock, she had just sat down to read her Bible. After she was somewhat restored, Mr. T. repeated to her Scripture promises, and she responded, "Sweet, precious words." Having attended her funeral, he writes thus in his journal: "Farewell, dear saint; may I meet thee in the bright world of glory." December 21 he speaks of being deeply anxious on account of a telegraphic despatch from New Orleans, announcing a fearful explosion of a vessel, on board of which were some of his people. 31.— The last day of the first half of the century. Have thought much of this fact while devoting the day to writing letters."

The disaster at New Orleans, already noted, occasioned his writing the ensuing letter to the *Boston Traveller*. It was published January, 1851.

"DEAR TRAVELLER:— We have just had our hearts greatly rejoiced by the return of Capt. J. P. Holm to his family, far advanced in a state of convalescence. He was badly scalded and bruised in the terrible disaster of the 13th of December, that occurred to the Anglo Norman, about five miles above New Orleans, on her return from a pleasure trip, with 125 persons on board, mostly merchants, sea-captains, and others of extensive connections, in that city and elsewhere. At least 20 lost their lives, and many others were dreadfully mangled.

" The Captain had a very narrow escape. He was walking only a minute or two before on the deck with Captain Junius Beebe, having his left hand behind him. Some one stepped up and said, ' Captain Beebe, what do you think of such a matter ? ' This separated them, the one walking forward, and the other aft, and almost at that instant the explosion took place, the part of the deck on which Capt. B. was walking being thrown high up into the air with the boiler, and coming down in the water ; while the part on which Captain H. was found after the disaster, remained permanent. Captain B. has never been heard of since, though hundreds of dollars have been offered for the recovery of his body His wife and daughter were on board, and were uninjured.

" It is somewhat uncertain how Captain Holm was struck. His physician supposes he must have been thrown at least 50 feet into the air, and have come down upon that part of the deck aft on which he was found. It is rather probable that he was hit by some flying piece of the part of the deck that was blown up, and scalded by that portion of the steam which shot out obliquely. His back was towards the boiler, and this circumstance saved him. He remembers nothing from the time of his separation from Capt Beebe, until after three days.

"Captain H. is the person alluded to by the editor of the Picayune, in his account of the disaster given the day after it happened, as seen walking with Captain Beebe, just before. He is a Dane, by birth, but an American by education; and belongs to a class of persons among us, at present scarce, but which used, formerly, to be very numerous. Within thirty years, forty-five sea-captains belonged here at one time; some of whom had not only mates, but crews from this town. Now, about half a dozen is all we can count; the *cabinet business* with us having taken the place of sea-faring employments. Many of our people, a year or two since, were allured to California, by the hope of rapid gains. The enterprise has, for the most part, proved a failure. At least seven persons have lost their lives in C.; ten or fifteen have returned; and the emigration still sets homeward.

"Let me close with charging you *editors* and the public in general, to see that *our* Manchester receives no detriment. True, we do not number quite two thousand inhabitants, but we were incorporated as a town in 1645, the earliest of that name in the land, and duly called after Manchester in England, from which place some of our first settlers emigrated; and yet there are now at least twenty-five other places bearing our name, most of them of very recent date, especially one in New Hampshire, and another in Mississippi, that run away with our letters, papers, and sometimes even our *cash.* Such things ought not to be. There should at least be more deference paid to *age* and experience. Yours."

CHAPTER XII.

HIS LAST YEAR—SICKNESS AND DEATH.

This chapter may be appropriately commenced by a quotation from his journal of Jan. 1, 1851: "The first day in a new year, and perhaps the first day of the last year of my life. It becomes me to be watchful, diligent, and in all respects faithful." On the 5th of this month, after alluding to the anniversary of his father's death, he speaks of being unusually interested at the communion table. About this time he was called to attend upon a dying young woman, whom he had sought savingly to benefit from her childhood. Of her, as she was approaching the dark valley, he remarks: "Poor M. clings to me, and my whole soul is awakened in her behalf. Again and again have I endeavored to carry her by faith to Christ. O, that I could find her rejoicing in him! How has my heart bled for her!"

In the latter part of the winter, he prepared and published *Articles* of *Faith*, and a Covenant for his church; also in connection with these a brief history of it. He mentions on the 31st having been in agony nearly all the preceding night by a *sciatic* attack. Under date of March 4th he records being engaged in raising money to assist a neighboring needy parish. His Association met with him this month, and the occasion afforded him great enjoyment.

The following letter, written March 28th, was addressed to the parents of Rev. John Emerson, soon after the death of *that* son at Newburyport, where *they* still reside, and where *he* had been a pastor one year: —

"My dear Friends: — I learn from the papers, and otherwise, that your dear J. has left you — gone to his great account, — entered the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. It is indeed a sad, a solemn stroke, which has deprived you of such a son; especially in your advanced years, when you seem to need him for a prop to lean upon. It is, I know, beyond what I can realize, a bitter cup — and yet what a cup of blessings, too, you have doubtless found it, or at least will, if the stroke be rightly improved. How many consoling reflections cluster around the event! You had given him away to God. More than that, to God and his service he had given himself. He had been set apart for the work of the ministry. In a word, he was the Lord's, not only for time but for eternity. The Lord then had a right to use him when and where he pleased. He chose, after a brief space, to call him to his more exalted service above. No doubt the will of the Almighty is altogether best; and though at present we see not how it can be so, what we know not now, we may hereafter. You will permit me to mingle my sorrows with yours on this occasion. To the proper source of consolation, there is no need of my pointing you, for yourselves know, that from the throne of God down to the bottomless pit there is but one source of genuine consolation, namely, the love of God in Christ — the *bosom* of Jesus. We shall find it nowhere else. The Lord stand by you in this trying scene, and enable you so to endure as to honor his great and holy name. It should be ours, in such circumstances, to bow in submission, and weep for ourselves, preparing for our own change.

'Whate'er God does is kindly done;
Though bitter now the cup,
'T is tendered by a skilful one,
And I must drink it up.
Sweet joy, indeed, will soon succeed
The anguish that I feel,
And, therefore, peace — be still.'

"Thus speaks a poet in regard to one view of this subject, but how aptly has another said: —

'One army of the living God;
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.'

"There was much in your son's case to remind one of the sentiment: 'The good die young, but those who are dry as dust, burn to their sockets.'

"I could tell you with what interest he was heard by my people, partly from his connection with their former minister, but more for his own sake. There was a fascination about him in the pulpit, which attracted every one, and will not soon be forgotten. But this is a thought of inferior moment to you, who feel that he is now an angel of light, engaged in the pure worship of heaven. His dear flock will miss him, but God will provide for their necessities, and perhaps render his death more serviceable to them in its sanctifying influences, than a long and laborious life on his part would have been. Mrs. T. unites in kind remembrance; and so doubtless would others here, if they knew me to be writing you."

In April Mr. T. was greatly distressed on hearing it affirmed by persons in an adjoining town, that some of the *cabinet shops* in Manchester had, from their first establishment, been *gambling* schools. The statement kept him awake at night. In the course of his pastoral visits at this time, being almost excluded from the room of one sick man, he makes this comment: "I solemnly feel that a little less of worldly visiting and more of religious, would prove beneficial; that more of the minister and less of the doctor, would be of greater use in this case." April brought that time of terrors—*parish-meeting day.* With pleasure did he state at its expiration, that much good feeling was exhibited in the meeting, and that society matters had taken a more favorable turn than for several years previous. A little subsequently, he remarks: "I am afraid here to state how near the Saviour has been to me yesterday and to-day."

It was, perhaps, the first of April that he made a visit to Newburyport, called upon the parents of Rev. J. Emerson, and enjoyed a very delightful interview with Rev. Mr. Campbell. Their theme was, *union* to Christ. Returning from N., he passed the Sabbath at Danvers Plains. Both Saturday and

Monday, he was afflicted with great depression of spirits. On reaching home, he writes: "There has been since my return an incessant war in my soul. God has indeed blessed me in the harmoniousness of my flock this spring. I know, too, that Christ's love is every thing, and I endeavor to get down at his feet and embrace them, and give myself up to his glory. I call to mind also his declaration, that those who forsake all for him, shall receive 'manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.' I meditate upon the temptations of the Saviour, especially that one, in which the kingdoms of the world were held out to allure him; but the bait was rejected with disdain. Moreover, I remember my own unworthiness; and yet thoughts of some past trials oppress me. I feel, however, more and more, that I may safely leave all events with divine Providence."

"April 17, 1851.

"My dear Brother T.:—How are you? In comfortable health and spirits? Is the candle of the Lord shining on your head? Find you still a refuge under his almighty wings?

"Where debt or credit is, in this our correspondence, I have forgotten, and it is too much trouble to search it out; but at any rate it seems time to look each other up.

"Our parish matters, under the guidance of Heaven, took a very favorable turn this spring, and we are at present in peace.

"Mary has been sick, but is convalescent. A storm has been raging here ever since Monday evening, though it has, perhaps, abated a little; it is still severe, and has done great damage. Heaven enfold you and yours in arms of mercy. Mary sends love."

May 20 he speaks of having walked some time in spiritual darkness. Near the close of this month he made a tour into Pennsylvania, visiting friends, and endeavoring to recruit his enfeebled health. One particular object besides, which he had in view, was the collecting of materials for a memoir of his uncle, T. Alden.

"Meadville, Pennsylvania, June 2.—Preached once for Rev. Mr. Reynolds, yesterday, in the same sanctuary in which I used to worship. It was communion season, and a pleasant one to me. April 30, 1822, I bade adieu to Meadville, and well do I remember the affecting scene. The house in which it occurred stands, but every thing else has changed. I have never seen my uncle Timothy since then. Only a few of the old inhabitants remain here.

"The first object that met my eye on entering M. was the glittering ball on the college edifice. This building had not been erected when I left M." Under this date he speaks of the Saviour as seeming unusually near.

"June 3.—Spent most of yesterday in examining the old papers in uncle Isaiah's family. In the evening called upon Professor Kingsley, of the College, and Professor Stebbins, of the Unitarian Theological School with whom I unexpectedly found Rev. N. S. Folsom. 8.—Preached in the morning for Rev. Mr. Reynolds, and in the evening for Rev. Mr. Craighead, with whom Mrs. T. and myself became acquainted in 1847, while descending the Ohio river. The past week I have principally spent in examining the College Records, and must work hard in order to go through them in season. Have taken tea with some old friends, also with Professors Stebbins and Folsom. 11. — Am about taking leave of this place. Was at the college Chapel this morning, and, by request, read the Scriptures, offered remarks, and prayed. Am waiting for the stage. The Lord bless Meadville." Leaving M. he visited Pittsburg and Alleghany. On the 18th he started for Cleveland, Dunkirk, and Deposit. He was at the last named on the 23d, having been sick and under the care of a physician the preceding day. There he visited the widow (second wife) of his uncle T. Alden. He might have resumed his journey Monday morning, by taking a train of cars which left their *starting* place on the Sabbath, but this he was unwilling to do. From Deposit he went to Newark and enjoyed a pleasant interview with Rev. Dr. Stearns; thence he came to New Haven, where he met his wife at the house of her brother, Rev. Dr. Cleaveland.

To Rev. Mr. Gale, Rockport, Massachusetts.

"New Haven, June 27.

"DEAR BROTHER: — This is just to say to you, and through you to the brethren of the Association, that it will be out of my power to take a part in your deliberations next Tuesday. I very much regret this for several reasons. First, we all need to be present that each may bear a part; and secondly, our exercises as marked out, are such as greatly interest me; and thirdly, I desire to encourage the brethren by my presence and fidelity. I wish to say a word about the passage, 'For I know that my Redeemer liveth.' I feel the force of Mr. Barnes' reasoning; but the Hebrew is susceptible of a most clear and facile rendering, making the words referable to Christ, and the *seeing of God*, such a sight of him as the righteous have after death. Job was a man of such piety as could have sprung only from correct doctrinal knowledge. I do not believe that the arguments drawn from the general train of thought brought to view by Mr. B. and his friends, prove the contrary of the *spiritual* view. *Here I hold.* As to the resurrection, all difficulty in regard to it is obviated by three considerations. 1. We do not know what *matter* is. Some important thoughts on this point may be found in Berkeley. 2. The body to be raised will be spiritual; that is, one in which matter is to receive great refinement. 3. Since God has declared that there *shall be* a resurrection, he of course will find out a way for its accomplishment. I desire to say more, but must forbear. In haste and in love, yours."

Before returning to Manchester, Mr. T. with his wife visited Hawley, and preached there twice on the Sabbath. He says: "I found mother feeble and decaying. Fear this is the last time I shall see her in the flesh. The Lord prepare her for all changes, particularly for death."

Tuesday, July 1, he rode from H. with his mother to Plainfield, an adjoining town, his wife and sister going also in another carriage. They all met at his sister Hamlin's. Of his visit he remarks: "We had a very sweet season together, cousin Lucy T. Alden being with us."

Towards night, his mother and Mary deciding that they must return to their home, the company joined in singing a number of those precious tunes which have so often cheered the hearts of God's people, in the words usually set to them. Among those named by him, are Balerma, Ortonville, Elgin, Old China, Golden Hill, etc. They concluded with these words, "Your harps, ye trembling saints," etc., after which he offered prayer. Of this hallowed occasion he observes: "The Holy Spirit seemed present, and we were united in heart around the mercy-seat. The Saviour appeared very near to us. When mother and Mary had taken leave of the company, I walked along beside their carriage, till we reached the meeting-house. Stopping near that sacred edifice, we gave each other a parting kiss, and I pointed to it, saying, 'Mother, *keep that in mind.*' Wishing, however, to prolong my walk, I followed after them, by the west road, until we all reached the graveyard, where sleep the remains of Rev. Mr. Hallock, and many of his flock. There, — the house of God still in view, — I again took my leave of them. Having watched them in their course till they were out of sight, I turned with deeply serious emotions, then walked along the east road, leading to the meeting-house, and returned thence to brother Hamlin's. This is quite probably my last interview with mother in the land of the living, unless I am called to see her on her death-bed. Her last request to me was, that I would daily pray for herself and Mary."

The day following, after attending the funeral of Mr. Samuel Beals, the last son of the "Mountain Miller," Mr. T. and wife started for their home, passing a night with his sister and family, at South Deerfield. Saturday, July 5, they arrived at Manchester; and he then says, in his journal: "God has crowned us with his mercy." Monday, he speaks of having had a pleasant, though laborious Sabbath. That week, the Conference of Churches met with him, and he greatly enjoyed the exercises of the occasion. On the 18th he was affected by the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Susan, widow of his uncle Isaiah Alden, but was thankful that he had been permitted only a few weeks previous to visit her, and that she died in gospel faith and hope. In this month he made efforts for the removal of a parish debt which rested on his people, and subscribed quite an amount towards it. "21. — O, how I am tried with Sabbath-breaking. 22. — Parted with a dear cousin. Hardly think we shall meet again. The Lord bless that widow and her children. I felt very solemn when I knelt at family prayers this morning, being about to take leave of her." He refers to Mrs. Josephine Maitland, a daughter of Rev. T. Alden. She had been passing a short time at his house. On the day preceding her departure, they, accompanied by Mrs. Taylor, rode around the *Cape*.

"July 31, 1851.

"MY DEAR BROTHER T.: — Yours was duly received. I rejoice to hear of the work of the Lord among your people, but knowing how such occasions take hold of the feelings, I am not without solicitude as to your health. Let me, as a brother, conjure you, to be cautious in this matter, and be sure not to go beyond your strength. Leave the Lord to take care of his own work. By one single overacting of your mental powers, you may break yourself down; whereas, with due caution, you may last for years. Cousin Josephine has, by this time, I presume, been with you; we had a very delightful visit from her. We have nothing new in religious matters; every thing is icy cold. My own religion seems to be almost exhausted — has come to the dregs, and is running out. As the petulant Mr. —— used to say, 'I know not what I should do, if it were not for Jonah's case;' so all my hopes hang on that passage — 'I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.' Mary sends love. Yours affectionately."

On the last day of July Mr. T. wrote the following to the Committee of Arrangements, for the meeting of the American Board to be held in Portland, Maine.

"GENTLEMEN: — In the New York Observer, of the 24th instant, I find a request that clergymen expecting to attend the meeting of the American Board, to be held in your city, September next, would give notice of it, etc.

"It has been my custom for years to attend that meeting, when within convenient distance, if pastoral duties did not interfere. I purpose to be with you, the Lord willing, on the approaching occasion, accompanied by my wife, and shall be grateful for that hospitality which I have often received in the bosom of Christian families, and which it is my delight also to reciprocate to the best of my ability, as occasions demand. I had thought of writing to Dr. Chickering, (who was my class-mate at Andover,) on the subject; but I was not certain of his return from Europe; and besides, your proposal renders it unnecessary. Yours, in Christian love."

The ensuing preface and translation of the *Dies Iræ*, Mr. T. published this year, in the August number of the *Christian Parlor Magazine.*

"The celebrated Latin Hymn, beginning with *Dies Iræ*, is known to all scholars. My object in the following version of it, has been, in connection with the spirit, to retain, as far as possible, the exact rhythm of the original, so that both the one and the other could be sung to the same tune. Of course, like all poetry transferred from one language into another, it must be regarded as an *imitation* rather than a translation.

"It was my primary intention also, to give a critical history of the hymn itself, and I early began to make collections for this purpose; but since the Rev. Dr. Williams has gone so far into it, (though a volume might be written in continuance of the same,) I have concluded to omit it. It may be simply remarked, that it is supposed to have been written by Thomas de Celano, a Minorite monk, and a native of Italy, about A. D. 1250. Many versions have been made of it into almost all languages. Of those in English, several may be seen in Williams's work. The last version into English that has met my eye, and probably the most successful one, preserving, like my own, the double rhyme, and beginning with

'Day shall dawn that has no morn,'

was first published in the Newark Advertiser, and is said to have been made by Dr. Abraham Coles, of that city. My own version, here published, was made several years since, and before I had seen any rendering of it into English verse, preserving the exact features of the original. In the first stanza, I have preferred to drop the heathen idea that the Sybils were capable of truly prophesying. Those who wish to retain it, may read the second line,

'Sybils sung, and David's lyre.'

"There are various readings of parts of the hymn, of which no notice is taken; one, of the first stanza, dropping the idea respecting the Sybils, and introducing that of the standard of the cross waving in triumph over the world, as the Saviour comes to judgment. This last may be expressed with a tolerable degree of exactness, thus,—

'Lo the day, that day of ire
Burning with devouring fire,
Waves the banner of Messiah.'

"The closing stanza of the hymn, as will be seen, is peculiar. In the original, the two closing lines are made to contain a prayer for the dead, thus:—

'Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem.'

"I have so far varied from it as to have nothing shocking to the feelings of a Protestant Christian. Indeed, this is the only place in which there comes out any thing peculiar to the Roman form of Christianity. All the rest of the hymn is of the purest doctrinal character, and has faith in Christ for its fundamental principle; thus showing that even in the *dark ages* there were those who had the light of life in great, if not in perfect purity. Those who wish to enter more at large into the subject of this hymn, may consult 'Anthologie christlicher Gesänge aus der alten und mittlern Zeit, von August Jacob Rambach, 3 Bds. Altonæ in Leipzig, 1817,' vol. I., p. 32 seq.; and especially Dr. William R. Williams's Misc., 2d ed., N. Y., 1850, p. 78."

[Translation.]

"Lo the day! that day of ire,
Sung by Zion's hallowed lyre,
Burning with devouring fire!

"O, the terrors vast arising,
Of the Judge all scrutinizing,
On a cloud the world surprising.

"Hear the trumpet loudly swelling,
Through earth's dark sepulchral dwelling,
Man before the throne compelling.

"Death aghast, and wide creation,
See the dead of every nation,
Rise in Judgment expectation.

"Forth is brought the Book of Ages,
Flashing direly with presages,
All things blazoned on its pages!

"Jesus on his throne of wonder!
Every veil is rent asunder,
Round him rolling vengeful thunder.

"Ah, me! — shrink those, *righteous* being!
Heaven and earth prepare for fleeing! —
Can I bear the eye all-seeing!

"Yet, enthroned in sapphire-blazes,
Awful King, thy grace amazes,—
Save me for its endless praises!

"By thee once in death extended,
Was a ruined world befriended!
On thee hang my hopes suspended.

"For me thou didst bless the manger,
Bear the cross and brave its danger;
O, remember still the stranger!

"Let compassion, kindly yearning,
The demands of justice spurning,
Blot the leaves against me burning!

"Hear the plea thy suppliant urges,
Trembling on destruction's verges—
'Neath him rolling fiery surges.

"Must I from thy face be driven,
When vile Mary was forgiven,
And the thief assured of Heaven?

"Justly may thy vengeance lower;
Yet in mercy show thy power—
Let not endless flames devour!

"In the last adjudication,
Grant my guilty soul a station
With the children of salvation.

"From thy joys celestial never,
With the vile my spirit sever,
In thy wrath to burn forever.

"Joined with myriads now before thee,
Would thy guilty worm adore thee—
Hear his trembling voice implore thee!

"Day of grief and woe surprising,
When to judgment all are rising,
Then,—in mercy veiled, each feature,—
Spare, O spare, the guilty creature;

With thee, Lord and Saviour blest!
Let him find eternal rest.

AMEN."

Journal. "Aug. 3. — A pleasant Sabbath, except a want of sufficiently deep interest at the monthly concert. 5. — On the whole had a delightful church meeting. When some unpleasant feelings began to arise in individuals present, I made a few soothing remarks, intimating that all we need is a clearer view of eternal realities." By exchange, he preached Aug. 10, at Lynnfield. While on his way thither, the day previous, he was overtaken by a shower, and being under the necessity of walking some distance in the rain, without an overcoat or umbrella, he probably caught a cold, which was the exciting cause of his subsequent disease. He performed the duties of the Sabbath, and went home on Monday, having, on his way through Salem, a long, and to himself deeply interesting interview, with Rev. Mr. Sessions, who had just returned from a visit to Palestine. While in S. he was deeply affected with the news from Boston of the death of Rev. W. M. Rogers. On Tuesday evening he attended the weekly prayer-meeting in his own parish, and several who were present, went from it remarking upon the unusual earnestness of his petitions in prayer, and especially on some expressions used by him while pleading for chastisements, even if necessary, to the attainment of a more elevated Christian walk. His mind was unusually weighed down with a sense of his own deficiencies, also of those of the church in general. He saw the urgent need of *better* Christians, to perform the great work of the world's conversion to Christ.

When, two days after, he found himself seriously sick in the hands of a physician, he felt that God was answering his prayer, having undertaken with him the work of necessary discipline. This impression remained during all his subsequent sickness, for the most part furnishing his mind with a confident expectation that he should ultimately recover, and be permitted again to preach the gospel. On the 18th, by the hand of his wife, he made a record in his journal; spoke of himself as having reached the *fiftieth* anniversary of his birthday, and as lying on a sick bed.

" Sept. 1. — He was unable to write but by the aid of his wife; he expressed gratitude for the continuance of reason, while prostrated by disease; alluded tenderly and thankfully to the kindness of friends who administered to his necessities; and intimated that he found it inexpressibly solemn to take a review of his past life, while the judgment-seat appeared at hand. Especially did he desire to keep in mind the terrors of the night of August 21st, when the thunders rolled in awful grandeur around him, and the tornado swept with fearful destruction over some of the towns in the vicinity of Boston. In regard to his own spiritual state, after alluding to great darkness of mind, he added, that he was not without some light, and that he had inexpressible desires that his trials might work out for him, through Christ, a happy issue. Should his life be spared, he thought he should have new things to say of the goodness and the mercy of God; if called soon to die, he hoped to enjoy a more animating view of the Saviour's love ere that event should arrive.

During the first two or three weeks of his sickness, he was led to scan closely the motives and the conduct of his life, from his earliest recollection. He saw much to condemn in himself before God. The cloud of remembered sin was so dark as for a time to shut out peace and hope from his soul, and he was left to mourn over the hidings of the divine countenance. Often, as he tossed on his sleepless couch, did he repeat these words:—

'The happy in Jesus may sleep,
  But, O, 'till in me he appears,
Be this my employment to weep,
  And watèr my couch with my tears.'

Not long, however, did *He*, whose face was so earnestly sought, deny its smiles to this suffering servant. While he was listening one day to Romans v. 1, 2, 3, the cloud dispersed. The twelfth day after his attack, the fever abated and appearances became more favorable. His friends were encouraged for a short time, but soon those hopeful appearances vanished, and the disease, which was *dysentery*, continued, though with some variation of symptoms.

September 17 he was very low. The next day he revived a little, and remarked to a friend, "that he was creeping back to life." He spoke of the President's reception in Boston, adding, "how worthless such pageants seem to me, and how infinitely momentous the question relating to our final reception into heaven." Soon afterwards he remarked, "he had just enjoyed a sweet visit from the Saviour, who perhaps came in answer to the requests of a praying circle in Boston, by whom his case had been remembered. On the 20th he was able, for the first time after his attack, to partake of food with relish. He appeared very grateful for this favor and remarked, "I have prayed to God that he would direct me to something I could eat, and he seems to have heard my prayer."

Under the last named date, he was visited by his eldest brother, who supplied his pulpit on the following day. They had met once before during this sickness. It was his brother's purpose to leave for home early Monday morning; but on entering the sick room to take leave, he found that the encouraging prospects of the two preceding days had been clouded during the last night; that the sufferer had slept but very little, and that the disorder had evidently increased. Mr. T. said to him, *you must not leave me to-day.* Accordingly he remained. The next morning, when his brother offered him his parting hand, he clasped it with both his own, and could not consent to a separation until informed that duty demanded it; when he said, then you *must* go. Still holding that hand, he exclaimed, "my brother, my dear brother, my eldest brother, you have carried me *directly* to the Saviour. O, you have helped me so much! It has been a great comfort to me to have you with me." Still retaining his brother's hand, he offered a brief, but most touching prayer in behalf of his brother, asking the Lord to be with him, placing underneath him the everlasting arms. During this scene, the tears gushed from his closed eyes, as he lay upon his pillow. He was almost overcome with emotion, and concluded his petitions with a solemn *amen.*

In the afternoon of September 23, Mr. T. said to his wife, that he felt very calm and peaceful; that he should like to recover to glorify God in preaching the gospel; but added, "whether I live or die, I have a sweet assurance that I am the Lord's; his sustaining arms are round about me."

During the visit just named, Mr. T.'s brother secured a promise of very frequent communications from Manchester in relation to the sick one. Extracts from those communications will be interspersed through the remaining portion of the narrative.

"Sept. 24. — We fear that the disorder has assumed a *chronic* form and cannot be subdued by medicines. 25. — Our hopes revive that his valuable life may be spared. 26. — He says himself that he now feels more like returning to health, than he has at any time since he was taken sick. P. M. — Your brother has continued comfortable through the day, and is certainly gaining strength; his voice is natural, and he has seemed brighter than for some time." On Sabbath 28th, he had the family called into his room, and then he offered a short prayer with them. "29. — We cannot but feel encouraged more and more in regard to your dear brother. He is decidedly better in some respects, and we hope the worst symptom is gradually disappearing. His appetite is improving, and he has been raised nearer to a sitting posture than he had been before, and reclined thus for some time, seeming to enjoy this position very much. He looks natural and appears in other respects like himself, though much emaciated.

"Oct. 1. — Since Monday morning there has been a gradual but perceptible and decided improvement in your brother's case. 2.—I am sorry to tell you that your brother was not so comfortable yesterday as the day before. His countenance has changed and does not look so much like returning health as it did a few days since; still, he is bright and his hope is strong that he shall yet preach the gospel. He feels that the Saviour is on his side and that he is inexpressibly precious. The burden of his prayer is, that the church may be revived and sanctified, and that the thoughtless all around us, especially the young, *young men* may be brought to repentance. 3.—About two hours in the night, he was very nervous—sprang up in bed saying, how strong and well he felt. He became calm, however, and rested the remainder of the night. His mind is so intensely active, that it seems impossible for him to rest sufficiently to recover health and strength."

His wife going into his room one morning about this time, she remarked to him, he was so still she thought him asleep, and feared to disturb him by coming in sooner. He replied, "*it will be stiller soon, I fear*,—I am very feeble." He then breathed out this expressive petition: "In life, in death, in time, and in eternity, O, my Saviour, I, thy redeemed child, thy covenant disciple, as I would hope, look to thee." Soon after, addressing his wife, he said, "I hope we shall yet live many years to do good and glorify God; but I have a sweet assurance that I am *his*, and that a place is prepared for me in heaven—

> 'Some humble place, beneath my Lord, the Lamb.'

This is a long way around which I have to travel.

It may lead to the land of Goshen, and it may end in Hebron." He asked to have a passage read to him from Pilgrim's Progress, about the chamber of *Peace.* On hearing the last part of Isaiah xxxii. 17 read, "the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance forever," he said, "it was a passage he had tried to recall. Righteousness," he added, "such as angels possess, but chiefly the righteousness of Christ." It was also near the time of the last date, that expressing doubts of his recovery he remarked, "The Saviour is very near me and precious. I can hardly trust myself to dwell upon his *name;* it so overpowers me. I seem almost to hear the rustling of those angels' wings which are to bear me away. I can leave wife, and friends, and flock, and go, if such be the will of the Lord."

Under date of October 4, the correspondent says: "I regret to inform you that your dear brother had a very sick day yesterday. While suffering in body he seemed also to endure great mental distress. It was agonizing to him for a time, and his pleadings with the Saviour for divine aid in the awful struggle were intensely earnest and affecting. It was not long, however, before he felt that his petitions were answered. In the evening he offered a short prayer audibly, asking God's protection for them all and committing himself unreservedly into the hands of the Redeemer. He also repeated two lines,

'Jesus, I throw my arms around,' etc.,

adding, and is there not a smile on his face for me? I feel there is; I will lean upon *thine* arm; I will leave myself entirely with *thee.* In the morning he remarked to his wife, that he had a terrible day yesterday. It is not possible, said he, that I can go through with many such. We must prepare now for my sudden departure. Yet in a moment after, he dropped a remark, showing that he did not consider his recovery impossible. He said he desired that the will of God should be done." On the 6th his prospects for returning health brightened. In the evening, he was placed in an easy chair, where he sat some time, enjoying the change of position. Being laid again upon his bed he requested his wife to sing,

"Thus far the Lord has led me on," etc.

when he fell asleep, and had a comfortable night. The next day his brother from Wenham came to see him, and the interview was exceedingly refreshing to him. His brother read to him the 71st Psalm, and as the reading proceeded, tears rolled down his cheeks, while with inexpressible delight, he drank in the precious truth. His attention was particularly arrested by the twentieth verse. As that brother was about leaving, Mr. T. said to him, "you have done me a great deal of good; you have led me to Jesus."

For several days following, he appeared gradually to improve. His strength made perceptible advances from day to day. On the 11th he requested the family again to be called into his room, and himself led in devotional exercises. One obstacle in the way of his restoration was thought to be, his ardent desire to engage in study. A few books *must* be brought from his library into the sick chamber. He had requested that they might be laid by his side so that he could just *glance* at them; he however confessed, when night came, that he had used them rather too much. Being left alone a few moments, one evening, he made a powerful effort and brought himself upon his feet. The sensation, he said, was very peculiar, differing from any he had ever before experienced.

Dr. Woods, of Andover, supplied his pulpit Sabbath, October 12th. The venerable man, when entering that sick room on the eve of the sacred day, was addressed as *father* by Mr. T., who was nearly overjoyed to see him, and poured out the emotions of his soul in an almost unbroken current of remark for a long time. Dr. W. found it impossible to check him or get away from him till he had spoken enough for "*three sermons.*"

To his mother, Oct. 14.

"Dear Mother: — I do not take my pen in order to write you, but use Mary's hand. It is hard upon *nine* weeks since I have even taken myself from my couch. But I do set apart a few moments for dictating a line to you. I am now sitting on the side of my bed wrapped up in blankets, with my feet in a chair; and am under the influence of *opiates.* Nothing like my present sickness have I ever before experienced. During the last fortnight, my friends say I have been decidedly convalescent. Not yet, however, have I been able really to bear my own weight. I am looking forward with much anxiety to the time when I may do it. It seems to me that my heart would overflow with gratitude for the privilege.

"I greatly feared when I bade you farewell at the graveyard in Plainfield, that I might never see you again. But it was of your advanced years and slender health I was thinking, rather than of my own mortality. For several years my strength has been gradually declining, and I have allowed myself to relax somewhat in regard to bathing and other appliances, upon which it so much depended.

"Knowing how you have felt on occasions of your own sickness, I can well imagine what questions you would propose to me. 'How have you found yourself *standing with Christ*,' would be one of them. The experience of God's children at such times, is, I believe, quite uniform; and it is that which you will find particularly portrayed in the last chapters of Job, in the 51st Psalm, and especially in the 6th chapter of Isaiah. All find God to be holy, *holy*, as they approach him. Their sins rise around them to a shuddering height except as they behold, through faith, the Lord Jesus. God has taken me out into the gulf-stream of death, and shown me the flaming boundary — the awful line which the wicked pass in going to their eternal doom. With horror have I gazed upon it, and had a conception which I cannot express, of the consequences attendant upon unrepented sin. Christ has again and again been brought up before me as the only refuge of the transgressor. I have had hopes, and I have had fears; all the motives of my past life have been arrayed before me. I have found myself obliged to rest every thing on Christ, *on Christ.* He, I think, has proved to me a solid foundation. I endeavor to take him as my portion; to consider his will as my only rule, and to lose myself in it.

"Let us strive, dear mother, daily, nay hourly, to surrender ourselves wholly to him. Read Rom. v. 'Being justified by faith,' etc., and embrace these statements with all your heart. My dear mother, there is none other name under heaven, but Christ's, whereby we can be saved. All my hopes centre in that name. The language of my inmost heart in this respect is,

'Jesus, I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.'

"Receive this as a brief expression of my views during my sickness. My hope is, soon to be able to indulge myself more at large on the wings of thought and feeling. But all else is of little importance in comparison with a calm waiting on the divine will, and a preparation to be received at last into the everlasting kingdom of our God, both which may he graciously grant to us. Amen.

"From your affectionate son."

The letter below explains itself.*

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*New Haven, Oct. 23, 1851.

Rev. Oliver A. Taylor, Sir:—I have the honor to inform you that at a meeting of the American Oriental Society held in this city on the 22d instant, you were elected a corporate member. A copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Society is annexed.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
Edward E. Salisbury, *Corresponding Secretary.*

Oct. 24 he felt more like returning to health than at any time before during his sickness. His strength was then increasing rapidly, and with the aid of two individuals, he was able on that day to walk through two small rooms, and *look* into his study. His physician and nurse both felt encouraged in regard to his ultimate recovery. About this time his eldest brother passed a night with him, and though when they parted the sick one was regarded as better, it proved to be their last interview.

Dictating a note to Deacon Price, Sabbath morning, October 26th, concerning the appointments for the ensuing week, Mr. T. says: "Just before I began to dictate this to you, my eyes were pained in beholding from my window, *ten* young men or lads, apparently on their way to the sea-shore. When, O when, my dear sir, will our young men — not to say others — become wise in regard to the things that relate to their everlasting peace? 'I see them on their winding way.' A *winding* way indeed it is, and as certainly leading downward, as there is a conscience in man, a God in heaven, or a future state of existence. I know, *I know*, nor have I intensity of language enough to express my earnestness and solemnity in regard to the matter, that this *Sabbath-breaking* course, so freely indulged in by many among us, if continued, will lead to ruin, *for eternity*. It is a sin, that has infolded in it the germs of myriads of other sins. It will itself alone, sooner or later, bite like a serpent and sting like an adder. I have been, as you and also my young friends of the Sabbath school, to whom I wish you to read this note, are aware, more than ten weeks confined to my sick room; and not a small portion of the early part of that time I was called to sail directly forth to a full survey of that terrible line which the wicked have to cross, when they bid farewell to hope forever; and let me tell you, my young friends, that it is not merely an awful thing to be without hope and without God in this world, but it will be most inexpressibly dreadful to be called to enter eternity without *a good* hope. Most sincerely do I rejoice that so many of you hold out in fidelity to your Sabbath school. It was an occasion of particular joy to my heart to learn that even *one* of your number has lately become hopefully interested in Christ. Nor can I but believe that more of you are secretly inquiring what you shall do to be saved. But, O my dear young friends, be induced all of you to make more earnest work in this most important of subjects. My hope is, that God is restoring me to health, and I fondly anticipate the time when I shall be able again to make my appearance among you, and raise to you once more my warning voice. In advance of that time, and from this sick room, receive the solemn and earnest exhortations of one who still rejoices to subscribe himself your affectionate pastor, and who would delight in nothing so much, as in taking you all by the hand and leading you to the Lamb of God."

Oct. 27th Mr. T. was *carried* into his study where he sat a little while. "It was affecting to me," he says, "to sit there for the first time since the commencement of my long illness. Thoughts of mercies and of judgments crowded upon my mind. My hope is that this period of confinement will prove one of the most important seasons to me, and that God has thereby been preparing me for higher usefulness. Certainly, my study never before appeared to me so solemn a place." 30. — In his journal, by the hand of his wife, he says: "I am very much rejoiced to learn that the difficulty which has for some time past existed in our *choir*, has been amicably adjusted." After having described minutely the circumstances of the death of a young person in his parish, he speaks thus of himself: "I am lingering along in great feebleness, making progress, I hope, towards a state of confirmed health, but very slowly."

November 7th he wrote the following to his brother T., the letter being partly penned by himself, and partly by his wife: "Through the grace of God I am still convalescent. My prospects now are, that with caution, I shall be restored again — but O, *what care* is requisite. I can just move along alone.

"There is one difficulty under which I am laboring; whether it be peculiar to me, or common to our race, I will not now say, namely, the pressure of a hard, ungrateful heart, in view of mercies received. I am oppressed, too, with a constant sense of vastly inadequate views of the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and of the infinite desirableness of being swallowed up in his glory.

"There is one thought most deeply impressed upon my mind by the disease from which I am emerging — if I am to live and enjoy health, I must return to my original rules of regularity in regard to the *preparation* of sermons; they must be completed as early at least as Saturday noon. I am certain that great sin is committed by ministers at the present day, in the violation of physical laws. The Lord help *us* to search out and repent of all sin."

November 8th he wrote to the ministers of the Association, to which he belonged, suggesting that some plan be adopted by which any sick brother might be aided in the supply of his pulpit. The suggestion was very kindly received, and proved a great relief to his mind. He records the visits at this time of several Christian friends, and observes: "Well did I tell Mr. H. yesterday, that when I prayed for chastisement, if it might be necessary for my spiritual good, I had no more adequate idea that God was so near, than Jacob had when at Bethel." This day his brother R. arrived from New Jersey. Their meeting was exceedingly delightful.

The ensuing was dictated November 9th.

"DEAR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS AND PUPILS:— I am still confined to my sick chamber,—though convalescent,—and am held back by my Lord and Master from seeing you and addressing you in person; but need I tell you that I think of you often, and imagine myself in the midst of you, meeting those little ones who used so fondly to smile upon me. And what do you think I have hoped during my sickness, in regard to you? That at least some among you have thought of me, and prayed for me; not because I am worthy of your prayers, but because I have been set to minister to you in the name of Christ—have endeavored to lead you to him, and thus make you happy forever. I have, my young friends, frequently endeavored to pray for *you*. I have felt that you are like lambs in a wide wilderness, and exposed to ravenous wolves. I have bowed before God, saying, O Lord, spare these lambs of the flock; preserve these young and tender minds from evil; suffer them not to utter falsehood, or disobey their parents, or break the Sabbath, or take the name of the Lord their God in vain. O, how I have wished to take you by the hand of faith and holy love, and lead you to him who said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' Since I have been sick, I have many a time thought, how pleasant it would be to myself if such among my charge would pray for me in language something like this: O Lord, our minister is sick, so that he cannot come and preach to us; and now we beseech thee to be with him and bless him, and restore him to health, if it be consistent with thy will; but whether he live or die, may he be wholly thine. I have imagined how delightful it would be to know that I am thus remembered every morning and evening by the little Sabbath school children throughout my flock. I am certain it would do you good, because it would lead you to think of the Saviour, who has told us thus to pray one for another.

"But, my dear young friends, there is a particular event which has led me to dictate a few lines to you this morning; indeed, I should say *events;* the recent death of two individuals who have been most intimately connected with you, one of them having been a pupil, the other a teacher in your school. I desired to notice these things last Sabbath, but the week previous I was so feeble as to render it unsafe for me to do it. Perhaps it is not too late now to speak to you a profitable word. I was rejoiced to hear that those impressive events did affect you — that the departed ones were called to mind last Sabbath, and that it was a solemn day. Is it, my dear friends, too much to hope that some of your hearts were then so moved as never again to become insensible? You are sinners by nature and by practice; the wrath of God will hang over you until you repent; you are liable to be cut down any moment by it. In order to become truly and forever happy, you must repent and believe in Jesus Christ.

"By these solemn scenes you are urged, dear youth, to inquire whether you are prepared for death, judgment, and eternity. Will you allow this favorable opportunity of seeking the Lord to slip out of your hands? O, how *much* I wish to say to you on this subject, in order, if possible, to arouse you to attend to it. I would lead you to the grave and aid you in surveying it; and would point you to *him* who will eventually be seen coming in the clouds of heaven, to judge the world. Let me assure you most solemnly that the idea of being happy *without* Christ is a delusion; and that you never can be happy *in* him, without repenting of sin, and believing on his glorious name. O, forsake sin and love him; love him because he is supremely worthy of your love. Love him, because he loved you so as to die for you. Behold him standing at the door, knocking, and saying, 'If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me.' Look up to the gate of heaven and see the kind angels inviting you thither. Hear the voice of one who was lately a Sabbath school teacher of some of you, speaking from the world of bliss, and saying, 'Prepare, dear children, to meet your God.' These few words of exhortation, please receive from your feeble pastor, whose prayers accompany them that they may be set home to your hearts in everlasting blessings."

"Nov. 10. — Brother R. preached yesterday. Most delightful is our intercourse together. I think he will spend another Sabbath with me. My health is not as good this morning as it has been; digestive powers are sluggish; limbs are weak, and spirits are low. Have just been told some appalling news, kept from me by my family for weeks, on account of my illness." One of the items of the news was, that the only son of his cousin, Mrs. McFadden, had been thrown from a horse, in Texas, where he was employed in the United States service, and instantly killed. He had been in the Mexican war, and just escaped with his life; having been severely wounded at the battle of Cherubusco. Speaking of this young man's mother, Mr. T. says: "How the poor woman has lived through the event, bound up as she was in P., I know not. Dear, precious woman; lovely, lovely cousin, almost my own sister. How my heart bleeds for her. I hope the Lord will give me strength to dictate a letter to her to-morrow."

To Mrs. McFadden, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, November 11.

"My dear, dear Cousin: — Strange and unexpected are the allotments of Providence in regard to us all. Since the 14th of August I have been confined to my chamber by a violent disease, which still continues in a chronic form; and though I have left my bed and sat up more or less, I am now but just able to *totter* across the floor. I am surrounded, however, by many palliating circumstances; have a dear companion, whose attention to me day and night has been most assiduous; have a people and other Christian friends who have borne me unceasingly in the arms of prayer; and a covenant Saviour from whose love I hope nothing in heaven, earth, or hell, will separate me. Shall I also revert to the sweet attentions, in particular, of my own dear brothers since I have been sick?

"And now, my friend, I come to the last sad point to be touched in my letter — *the death of your dear and only son.* Would that I had consolations to impart to you; but *I* have none. You are acquainted already with redeeming love, and know that Christ has a voice which speaks peace to the submissive soul, when all around is tumult. If you lean on Jesus in penitence and confiding love, you will find in him true consolation. But you can find it nowhere else. I am afraid, my dear cousin — and let me say it with all the tenderness of a brother — I am afraid P. was your *idol*, and that it was necessary he should be taken away in order to your own better preparation for death. You will now naturally review all the past of your life, and will place yourself, I trust, at the feet of Jesus, repenting of every thing that may have been wrong in you, and bowing in sweet submission as a child of God to his chastising Providence. O, what blessings you will find to flow from this event if it draw you nearer to Christ, and fill your heart wholly with himself. Believe me, there was a deep meaning in *that prayer* of your dying father, in which he asked God to send on his children whatever afflictions might be needful to wean them from the world and bring them home to his everlasting kingdom. From the dealings of the Almighty with you, my cousin, not to say myself, though I may *almost* number myself among your father's children, I cannot but hope that *the* prayer is receiving an answer. I might enlarge, but forbear. That you may be enabled to make the best improvement of your sore bereavement, is the earnest petition of your deeply afflicted, but sympathizing cousin."

Nov. 14. — Mr. T. again dictated a letter to his mother, his brother R. acting as amanuensis. Having spoken to her of the precious visits from pious friends, of his sickness he remarks: "O how long and tedious a scene it has been to nature; but I hope it will prove profitable through grace. There is much, dear mother, very much of a spiritual bearing connected with my sickness and the history of the last summer relative to myself which I wish to say to you. But let me express the whole in a single thought. Eternity is swallowing up every thing, and it will be but a breath of time before we have all passed into another world. Nay, as I have often said to my own flock, it will be but as the twinkling of an eye before two or even four hundred years shall have rolled over the places we now occupy, filling them with other inhabitants, and bringing us and all the worldly scenes with which we now stand connected into oblivion forever. I remain your feeble, though I hope convalescent, and *certainly* affectionate son."

In his journal of November 16, he makes this record by the hand of his wife: "My health has been constantly improving the week past. I have far more strength to rise out of my chair, and can walk around the room though I still need some one to watch me lest I fall down. Am laboring under great hardness of heart, but feel there is in the Saviour infinite love. Fain would I be lost in him. O, that emerging from this dark valley of chastisement — if, indeed, it be God's will that I should thus emerge and engage in his service — I may be as a new man, feeling that my time is short at best; that eternity is just at hand; and renewing the consecration of myself to his great and glorious service. My wife has been telling me this morning at what time it was during my sickness, I was regarded as in the most critical state. It was near the time when my brother Timothy preached for me. He considered my case as hopeless; he has since told me so in a letter; and the doctor about that time, after having examined me, went down and sat in the dining-room, seeming lost in anxious thought respecting my case. Indeed, the report spread abroad as far as Gloucester that I was dead. Thus low I was brought, and if I am raised up as things now indicate I shall be, the annals of eternity will probably reveal prayer as the procuring cause, for most abundantly were prayers offered for me, not only among my own people, but at Newburyport, Wenham, Slatersville, and in the daily prayer-meeting at the Winter Street Church, Boston, not to name other places, nor to refer to a kind-hearted mother and to brothers and sisters. Yesterday, I received a most delightful letter from

Professor Stowe." On the 18th he says: "Have this morning parted with my dear brother R., whose visit has been to me comforting beyond expression. Sweet in Christ is the intercourse of our fraternity."

This brother had remained in Manchester two Sabbaths supplying the pulpit and performing much parochial service in the parish. Not one of Mr. T.'s four sisters could visit him during his sickness, and his aged mother had been for years too feeble to journey. Besides, much of the time, only *those* were admitted to his chamber, whose services were there demanded.

To Mrs. Josephine Maitland, of Alleghany, Pennsylvania, November 18.

"My dear Cousin: — A few days since I dictated a letter to your sister Martha. To that I refer you for particulars in reference to my health. It is very recently that for the first time I heard read your letter of September 1, and now I am not able to answer it with my own hand; nor must you expect a long reply. I occupy the room which was assigned to you when with us. It has been my residence for fourteen weeks. Here I lie on my bed while my wife takes down my words. The Lord, I think, has stood by me, enabling me to bear the confinement far better than I could have anticipated. He has provided for myself and flock in most wonderful and unexpected ways; and I hope to be able to say, through whatever dark valley he may lead me, his blessed will be done.

"Believe me, dear cousin, it is of infinite importance that this flesh be purified, and that grace be made to predominate. If we are only armed with faith, patience, and hope in the Lord, we shall find every thing coming out well eventually. O, think of the brightness of glory directly to be revealed to every child of God! How happy shall we be to sit on those heavenly hills and sing of victories achieved through redeeming grace. O, glorious prospects! We have but a little distance to pass ere we shall enjoy their reality. Then, in comparison, of what little account shall we regard the few sorrows and pains experienced in their attainment? Happy, happy child of God! With what most favored one of earth would he exchange his situation?

"I was inexpressibly pained, my dear cousin, to hear of the loss of your trunks, and cannot but hope you have already recovered them. Please hasten to let me know how it is, as soon as possible after the receipt of this. I suppose, of course, my *daguerreotype* was lost; the mate of it I presume you left with my mother as I requested you, though she has forgotten to mention it. I rejoice at the opening favorable prospects of your daughter in regard to teaching. Should my health be restored I shall love to visit you and my Pittsburg friends at some salubrious season of the year, that I may become more intimately acquainted with those various interesting characters, of whom you have such numbers around you. Please remember me most cordially to Mr. Walker, Dr. McGill, and Dr. Gale, also to Dr. Swift, from whom I received such kind attentions; likewise to our dear friends across the river. God bless you and your children, granting you abundantly of his grace here, and preserving you to his everlasting kingdom. So prays your afflicted but affectionate cousin. My wife unites with me, etc."

Under date of November 20 he mentions receiving the present of an elegant, gilded coffee cup, most *delicately conferred* by Miss L.

As to health he says, "I do not seem to make much progress. In diet have given up for the present even the delicate veal, sweet bread which Mr. A. has sent, and also *the* last relic of cream; so that my nutriment is almost wholly farinaceous — bread and a little butter, black tea, shells, and sago, but all of it most temperately and cautiously used. Still, since yesterday morning, I have suffered much dyspeptic agony. By the aid of anodynes my sleep may be said to be sound. Yet I have gained no strength for the week past, and know not what the Lord has in store for me. It does seem to me, however, that in the course of two or three days the Saviour has been drawing nearer to me. I hope I am more and more resigned to suffer or to do his will. If a *real* child of God, I may be certain that in proportion as he deprives me of temporal blessings he will confer on me spiritual ones, leading me to that river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God." He then expresses the desire that whatever there may be in reserve for him in this world, that he shall not fail to rejoice in consideration of the hope of eternal glory.

Journal. "Nov. 27. — Thanksgiving in this and twenty other States, to-day. In many respects to *us*, as a family, it is a solemn day. I am still confined by sickness, though am thought to be recovering. As I partook of my frugal and prescribed meal, my wife, intimating that she preferred a *morsel* at my side to a feast elsewhere, brought her plate and dined in my room. Then the scenes of my sickness came over me in all their force, and I burst into tears. Yet numerous are our reasons for gratitude. God has, in various ways, all along shown himself our friend. Most providentially has my pulpit been supplied, chiefly without expense. I knew that should I have no Thanksgiving public exercises, many would be dissatisfied. Accordingly I exerted myself to procure a preacher, but in vain, and gave out notice that there would be no services in the sanctuary. It turned out as I anticipated; people began to complain, even Christians. Brother Gale, however, came along on Monday and volunteered his aid, and thus was I delivered from *this* trouble."

Mr. T. also notices marked kindnesses from various friends, but especially from Mr. C. F. Adams, of Boston, whose summer residence is on the sea-shore in Manchester. He adds: "May I not hope that we — my wife and myself — by means of this sickness have been spiritually quickened and have learned to live nearer to God than ever before; drawing all our happiness from him; resting *solely* and joyfully on the bosom of Jesus. If so, we have causes enough for thanksgiving. *Amen.*"

Nov. 30, Mr. T. dictated the following.

"DEAR SABBATH SCHOOL: — Allow your pastor once more to address you in a few words. He will endeavor not to be tedious, and he hopes you will lend a listening ear. The prophet Jeremiah has a passage of Scripture, (viii. 20,) which is especially adapted to our consideration on this occasion: 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' For every thing there is a time and a season; a spring, a summer, and an autumn, or harvest. The seed must be sown, the germ must be put forth, the blade be formed, the corn make its appearance, and come to autumnal maturity. We have seen again, in the natural world, each of the seasons pass away. The snow has melted around us; the ice of rivers and brooks and the ocean has broken up; the trees have budded; flowers and fruits appeared; and we were all gladdened by the return of the birds again to us from their winter retreats. We have seen the summer clouds arise from time to time, and heard their thunder roll and break over our heads; we have watched the progress of the fruits from one degree of ripeness to another, till we have been permitted to regale ourselves with the gathered products of the earth. We see collected around us on every side the bounties of Providence; and we, as also the people of this nation, throughout the length and breadth of the land have been allowed to meet on the occasion of our Thanksgiving festival, with our friends, and to praise God for these gifts of his goodness.

"The seasons of another year, in the natural world, have now all passed away; *this* is the last day of autumn. Its sun will never shine upon us again. All that we can now do in this respect, is to say with the prophet, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended.' Spiritual concerns have also their times and seasons: a spring time, when seed may be sown; a summer, in which it may grow; and an autumn, in which it may come to maturity. Indeed, such must we regard the *seasons* just closing, as they have flitted by us, in reference to ourselves. They were not given for the mere purpose of life's temporal business; cultivating the earth — amassing wealth, and pursuing earthly pleasures, — but for spiritual purposes, seeking an interest in Christ, and preparing for *that* nobler state of existence which is just at hand to all the people of God. And how have you improved these opportunities, now past, my dear friends? Have you attended to this great subject as the seasons have been gliding along? To multitudes of those who began the year with as fair hopes as yourselves, it would be useless for me to address this question, for their ears are sealed up in death. You, who are still living, I may ask — for you can yet hear me — this solemn question; and pray listen — this last day of autumn, before its sun has forever set: How have you improved the seasons the past year, in relation to the salvation of your immortal souls? If they have not been employed in securing eternal life, they must be set down as worse than lost. Not a few of you certainly, had not been 'saved' when the spring opened upon you. You knew nothing of Christ by happy experience; you had not even been brought to see your need of him. Have you *now* tasted the joys of redeeming love? Can you *now* say that your sins are forgiven? Have you wept at the Saviour's feet in view of his pardoning mercy? Were this last sun of autumn now shining upon your graves, where would your spirits be found? With Jesus in paradise, singing praises to his name, or in the regions of the lost? Ask yourselves this question in seriousness, and let it press upon your consciences with deep solemnity.

"*Sabbath school Teachers:* — The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and not a few of those pupils, with whom you have been associated from Sabbath to Sabbath, are certainly not yet *saved;* and is the fault yours or theirs? Have you been so faithful in dealing with them for eternity, that were the Shepherd to call you to account in reference to them, you could stand before him with a clear conscience? Have you felt, and wept, and prayed for them as you should? And with what desires do you hope to enter upon the new season which may be allotted you for the prosecution of this glorious work? How cheering to behold the husbandman returning in autumn, bringing his sheaves with him! But more so will it be to see the Sabbath school teacher presenting himself before the Saviour above, in company with those whom he has been instrumental of leading thither? May this, my friends, be your happy portion!"

Early in December, Mr. T. complained of soreness on the lungs, with feverish symptoms, not at once clearly developed, but soon indicating an attack of influenza, or lung fever. One day he fainted, and it seemed for awhile that his life was extinct.

Journal. "Dec. 5. — It is said that I am recovering, but I am a great sufferer; feel bloated, languid, and heavy. Can move around but little. I am greatly troubled with a *stricture* in the region of the heart, which may be the beginning of a mortal disease, or it may be a feeling sympathetic with my present complaints. I know I deserve to be cut off from God's vineyard, and never permitted to enter it again; in the mean time, it is for me submissively and cheerfully to abide the will of my heavenly Father. The Saviour has seemed nearer to me than usual of late.

"There are some literary projects, which I should love to carry out, if it be God's pleasure; but I can, I think, give them up freely and forever at his word. It would try me the most to be shut out from his vineyard; but even to this I can, through divine grace, submit.

"Had a pleasant interview yesterday with Mr. H. S., who had returned the day before from California; a monument of God's mercy, with tales of woe almost unutterable.

"A sweet communication from brother Sessions — so that my pulpit can now be supplied until January, second Sabbath. Received also refreshing letters from brother E. L. Cleaveland, and brother Rufus."

Dec. 12. — Under this date he wrote in his journal with his *own* hand. The last entrance he had previously made in this way, was on the 12th of August. "Monday," he says, "was an awful day of fainting, and of exhaustion; my wife, my nurse, and good Mrs. C. spending the whole day in endeavoring to restore me. I find breathing laborious, and am greatly bloated. Mr. Huntington and wife from Salem, have called to see me. During two days past, and to-day the Saviour has drawn very near.

Enjoyed this week a comforting visit from brother Jeremiah. I have been able so to arrange my worldly concerns, that I can leave them without anxiety. As to redeeming love, it never, never, never, I believe, seemed more precious to me than to-day. Precious, precious, precious!" Saturday, Dec. 13, he writes by his wife, "Yesterday, unexpectedly, came up a new disappointment. Rev. Mr. —— wrote me he must fail to supply my pulpit the third Sabbath of this month, as arranged by the Association. Confident there was some mistake in regard to the matter, I wrote to brother J., and left it with him — but it greatly agitated me. I had to write three letters in relation to the subject. To-day the discovery was made that our cistern is destitute of water, because of a leak in it. This was a sad development, as we supposed we had a full supply of water on hand for the winter. After great effort, we came to a happy termination of this perplexity; though at the cost of patience, labor, and money. The day began in the enjoyment of redeeming love; I hope it will end thus."

The following memoranda were made by his wife, Sabbath, December 14th: "For several days Mr. T. has enjoyed a sweet sense of the Saviour's presence; at times, he thinks, such as he never before felt. Last Sabbath, when he began to be much more ill, he was engaged most of the day in earnest supplication that the cup of suffering might pass from him, or grace be given him to drink it with due submission. All the remainder of the week he could speak of sweet peace in Christ. He requested me to look up his sermon on the text, 'That in me ye might have peace.' He wished to see if he had treated the subject as he would now do. He thought he could add some hints, which would, if he should ever preach it again, enable him to do it with more effect; and added, 'This peace is found *in* Christ; it is only *in* him that we can have peace.' In an interview with Rev. Mr. Sessions this evening, he alluded to his long cherished hope of visiting Palestine. He then spoke of his desire to preach the gospel, as greater than any other; of his willingness to give up all for Christ, and to count every thing beside as worthless in comparison with him."

Since the publication of the first edition of this memoir, the compiler has received the following letter from Rev. Mr. Sessions, describing his interview with Mr. T., Sabbath evening, December 14th, to which allusion has been made.

"My dear Sir: — I visited your brother only a few days before his death. The sacred image of the scene comes back to me at this moment, yet I can add but little to the information which you already possess. Going to preach for him, I saw him both on Saturday and Sabbath evenings, yet feeling that he was taxing his strength unduly, at a very critical time with him, I sought to avoid conversation, rather than elicit remarks, as I otherwise should have done.

"His mind and heart were all alive; now with the interests, the salvation of his flock; now with the preciousness of Christ; now with the thought of being better again; now with glimpses and foretastes of heaven; now with the trusts of ministers, and the duty of the Church; and now with gratitude for the aid and sympathy of his brethren in the ministry.

"He spoke of Palestine; said that he had ever had a strong desire to go there, and perhaps he might yet be permitted to go. He might need the help of a voyage, towards spring, after he should have measurably recovered, and such a captain of a vessel, or some one, would afford him a passage, and he should see Palestine! He must, however, 'have a furlough from his Master,' must be '*sure* he had one,' or he could not think of going. But then, as he bethought himself, he might never see the Holy Land in this life. Perhaps, he would be permitted, he said, 'to look down upon it from the wings of angels, — or in company with Gabriel!'

"Some months before this interview, he had conversed with me about Palestine, during a call with which he favored me, and which I enjoyed very much, immediately after my return from that land. With all the intense interest of a scholar, as also with rare simplicity, he then inquired after this thing, and that, and among the rest, how the very *birds looked* there; whether they sung there just as they do here; and as to the exact pronunciation of the word *sheik*, saying, 'is that just as the Arabs, the Bedouins sound it?'

"As I was about to leave him, at our last interview, he desired me to stop and pray with him. After prayer, *he drew me down* with a child's warmth of manner, for a kiss, giving me one upon my lips. And this was but in keeping with the affectionate confidence he had for years shown toward the brethren of his ministerial Association, and which was only one of the marked virtues that adorned him, and have caused him to be enshrined in so many hearts."

December 16, Mr. T. attempted to write in his journal with his own hand. "Lying on my bed," he says, on the afternoon of Tuesday, "I make these memoranda." Before proceeding far, however, he was obliged to use the hand of another, by which he recorded among other items the following: "Was cheered yesterday by one of brother J.'s angel visits. He has left this P. M." After alluding to some arrangements in his worldly affairs, he observes: "Still I have a strong hope of life, yet I must wait what time, and especially what Spring brings forth. — We have also had a pleasant call from Miss H. P., who has just left us."

"Dec. 17. — Through my wife I wish to make an entry in my journal, though it must be very imperfectly done. *First*, the weather is the coldest we have had during the season, the thermometer standing at 10 or 12 degrees below zero. *Secondly*, my cough seized me last night, particularly when I was lying on my right side. This cough is probably the result of an influenza, with which I have had to struggle. *Thirdly*, brother W. has just made us a call from Topsfield — a dear brother. But the *fourth* and main thought which I wish to enter here — oh, what shall I say in reference to it — the substance of it is, that this morning at dawn, or perhaps before, I found myself absorbed in the glory of God (having the day previous arranged all my secular matters, so that I can leave them) anxious only for the spiritual interests of my flock, and to enjoy the high privilege of going up to the throne of God; of being received into the arms of his love, amidst the songs of angels over those who on earth are turning unto the Lord." He speaks of finding himself in the state of mind expressed by David, especially when he acknowledged his transgression in the presence of the prophet *Gad;* believes he can say with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" and with Isaiah "Here am I, send me."

Further particulars, with reference to a few days immediately preceding Mr. T.'s death, are furnished by his widow. "On the 15th and 16th no marked change occurred in his situation. He was dressed, sat in an easy chair a part of each day, and walked without assistance into the next room."

About dawn on the morning of the 17th, he said to his wife, who was sitting by him, that he had been for some time enjoying a wonderful visit from his Saviour, and remarked that for several days, about the same hour, he had been refreshed with similar visits, but *this* had been more vivid and overwhelming than any other. He had been made to feel an inexpressible sense of his own vileness, and to possess an all-absorbing desire to be lost in the glory of God. Especially and intensely was his soul drawn out in desires for the conversion of his dear people. "You know," he continued, "how this subject pressed itself upon my mind in the early part of my sickness. You remember the day when the doctor came in and found me weeping. I have had anxieties for myself, but I think God has heard my prayers. I feel no desire but to be wholly absorbed in the divine glory, and if the conversion of this people could be brought about by means of my death, how joyfully would I depart this moment." He then for some time prayed audibly with intense emotion, and the whole burden of his prayer was for his people. He exclaimed, "Oh my people—the flock thou dear Shepherd hast committed to me." Also, he requested his wife to join him in earnest entreaty for this *one thing*, saying, he knew the *Tempter* was near to divert his thoughts. Soon afterwards, he remarked: "Never before, in all my sickness, have I been made to feel as I now do. What God has before me I know not. It may be that he intends to raise me up to speak again from the pulpit, and that he is showing me these things to fit me for this further service."

In the course of the forenoon of the 17th, after several hours had elapsed since the commencement of those feelings and intense views above noticed, he said they still continued. Twice during the day he was dressed, and sat in his easy chair. In the morning he had led in family prayer. Portions from the 12th, 13th, and 14th chapters of Luke had been read to him successively for two or three days, and each day as the Bible was opened, he would say, "Read on where you left off—that is so sweet." To his brother J., who visited him on this day, he remarked: "You see to what we may be brought. How infinitely important that we be found *in* Christ."

Here it may be stated that during the whole period of his sickness, Mr. T. sought to benefit spiritually all who entered his sick room; he had a word for each. The use of his rational powers was remarkably preserved. The activity of his mind was such, that at times he doubtless taxed himself intellectually too much. He could not throw off his love of books, nor resist his long cherished cravings for knowledge; he must keep some run of the news of the day, and see that his *papers were all on file.*

The closing scene in Mr. T.'s life is described in a letter written by Miss Louisa C. Lord, to the brother in New Jersey.

"It was my privilege to be with your brother during the last few hours of his life. I called at the house about 6, P. M., and had been there only a few moments, when the nurse sent for Mrs. T., who had stepped down stairs to see me. Mr. T. was coughing. She went immediately to him, and as she did not return, I soon followed her up stairs. Together we raised the dear sufferer, and supporting him in bed, gained for him a little relief, though he was still greatly distressed with incessant coughing. His lungs seemed loaded, and he had not strength to relieve them. It was very difficult for him to converse. 'The Saviour,' he said, 'can send me ease, and none but he; and he will do it if he sees it best.' He then asked to have prayer offered. A friend and neighbor present led in prayer. After this as Mrs. T. stood by him, he inquired, 'who is in the room, my dear?' She replied, no one but Louisa holding the chair to support you. He now looked at his wife for a minute with intense emotion, and then in tones of inexpressible tenderness and affection said to her, 'Mary, can you tread this thorny road with Christ? give me a kiss, then.'

"At about 8 he remarked, 'Well, I do not know but this is the beginning of the end.' I said, I hope not, I trust you will be relieved soon, and so indeed I thought. In a minute he said, 'I have no fear, I am not agitated in the least, if this be death.' Various remedies were tried, but nothing seemed to afford relief; the coughing continued. Becoming very weary of his position, he was laid down in bed, and as the cough did not seem aggravated, nor the difficulty of breathing increased by this change, we still hoped that ease would again return.

"At 10 a friend came in to watch, but owing to the dim light of the room, Mr. T. did not at once perceive who he was. On being told, he said, '*good evening*, Mr. Marble, *I love to have my brethren about me.*' In talking, he was obliged to pause at nearly every word, and the difficulty of course increased as he grew weaker; but still he made constant effort, frequently commencing some Scripture promise, or verse of a hymn for those about him to finish repeating.

"Between ten and eleven the coughing was so incessant that I held a teaspoon more than three quarters of an hour to find an opportunity for him to receive its contents. During this time, I think it was, he said, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,'—'be found in him,'—'are we *all in him.*' Later he asked, 'what o'clock is it?' On being told almost 12, it wants only four minutes, 'O, is it not later than that,' he replied. So severe was his distress, the time seemed long to him; it surely did to us. Very soon a cloud passed before him, and he exclaimed, 'O, I am afraid, because I have not the presence of my Saviour. O, I have it not as I had it this morning. Pray for me.'

Mr. M. offered a few petitions, and he himself prayed with great earnestness: 'Dear Saviour, did I not lay myself at thy feet this morning — didst thou not accept me? Thou wilt not cast me off. Thou wilt not forsake me.' The verse commencing,

'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,'

was repeated to him, and he was soothed by it. *He* commenced the one,

'There is a fountain filled with blood,'

and Mrs. T. finished it. The darkness, which was only comparative, seemed to vanish, and he exclaimed, 'but O to be absorbed in the glory of God; this is what I desire.' These were the last words he uttered. Previous to this he had asked to be raised up, and also requested more air. The doors were thrown open, and a fan was used; he ceased coughing — his head fell gently upon the right side, and almost before we were aware, the pure spirit had winged its way to that bright world where sin and suffering are alike unknown."

He expired fifteen minutes after midnight, Thursday, December 18, aged fifty years and four months.

The ensuing notice appeared in the Boston Daily Traveller, on the day following his decease.

"It is with grief that we are called to announce the death of the Rev. Oliver A. Taylor, of Manchester, Mass. Mr. T. has been the pastor of the Congregational church in M. for more than twelve years, and sustained among his people and all who knew him, the highest reputation as a faithful pastor, and as an eminently devout man. He was a man of remarkable simplicity and sincerity of character; and as a scholar had no superior in the county, and few in the country."

From letters of condolence received by Mrs. T., *immediately* on the death of her husband, the following extracts are selected as representing the sentiments of them all. One individual writes: —

"I hope you need not *this* to assure you that I sympathize most sincerely and deeply in your affliction, in the removal by death of your dear husband. When *we* saw him last he addressed us in a few and affecting words, indicating his own exceeding peace and the infinite importance to us and to all to be ready for the great and solemn change. To you, surely, I need not say that you have lost a most excellent and devoted husband; his people a most faithful and learned pastor; the ministry of this region, one of its most valued and respected members; and the community at large, a sincere, honest, and high-souled man."

Another.

"He is gone! The scholar, saint, and pastor — the husband, brother, friend, we shall behold on earth no more. His meekness and quietness, the liberality of his feelings towards those who differed from him in sentiment — his general kindness, his prayers so simple and natural, that they seemed the very breath of devotion, and his learning so extensive, and yet so unostentatious — all these, henceforth, belong to memory alone. For my own part, I shall miss him, and mourn him. My opportunities of intercourse with him have not been very frequent, but each successive one has raised him in my estimation and regard. I will not pretend to suggest to you the consolations which are appropriate to your situation. I rejoice in the thought that you have, and will have every religious comfort that can attend and alleviate affliction. And you will need it all. May the Almighty arm sustain you."

Another.

" Allow me to express to you the deep sympathy which I feel in your affliction. I had long known your dear husband, and loved as well as esteemed him. I loved him not only for traits of character shown in his common intercourse, but also for that tender and self-sacrificing affection which he manifested towards his mother and the younger members of the family. He has gone to his reward. Your desolate heart must grieve, but joy too is mingled in the cup — joy that you have been blessed with the aid of that devoted servant of Christ for so many years in the pursuit of the glory in which you hope soon to participate, with him. May *he* who has made the wound bind it up, and indeed be to you more than the best earthly friend."

Another.

" Many, very many, are the hearts which have been turned most affectionately towards you, and are still directed with intense desire, that you may experience in the fullest measure all the sympathizing consolations of Him who wept with the sorrowing Martha and Mary. He is indeed the Christian's confidence in life and in death. And blessed, unspeakably blessed, are they that mourn with the 'joy of grief' which is your own."

His funeral occurred Tuesday, P. M., December 23d, amid a snow-storm of great violence. Hundreds, anxious to attend it, were kept away by the severity of the weather. Even the clergyman appointed to preach the sermon, though residing only four miles distant, could not reach the place. The eldest and the youngest of Mr. T.'s brothers were present, also two of Mrs. T.'s. Neither his mother nor one of his sisters could be there.

His remains were borne to the sanctuary, and placed upon the platform in front of the pulpit, where *he* had often stood to administer the Lord's Supper. Appropriate exercises were performed by several pastors who had succeeded in pressing their way through the storm. A set piece, the 18th hymn, book I., and the 456th of the Select, were sung. The pulpit and the entire gallery were hung in mourning.

Mr. T. was interred in the central part of a new *Cemetery*, very near the spot where he stood a few years before and delivered an address, dedicatory of that ground to burial purposes. The sermon intended for the day of the funeral was preached in M. the next Sabbath, by Rev. Dr. Crowell, of Essex. The parish assumed the expenses of the funeral.

Before night came on the storm ceased, and the sun poured his setting beams into the chamber where the *shepherd* had expired.

Individual friends have erected a monument at his grave, with the following inscription.

[Front Side.]

THE REVEREND
OLIVER ALDEN TAYLOR,
BORN AT YARMOUTH, MASS.,
Aug. 18, 1801,
INSTALLED HERE AS PASTOR,
SEPT. 18, 1839,
DIED DEC. 18, 1851.

[Opposite Side.]

RESURGEMUS.

He was a man of clear intellect, of deep and various learning, of rare
humility, candor and kindness; a laborious Student, an able
Preacher, a devoted Pastor; he was in every relation
faithful, and lived as one "who must give account." Torn, while yet in his full strength,
from the warm affections of wife,
kindred and flock, he calmly
resigned them all and
fell asleep in
Jesus.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS LIBRARY — ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

HIS LIBRARY.

Mr. Taylor had collected a large and valuable private library. His books, as numbered, amounted to 2,562. Some of them were indeed of little value, while not a few were very costly. He had a rare collection of foreign works. The purchasing of so many books may have been to some extent an error, but he denied himself many a luxury and even comfort in order to obtain them. Most of them were procured before he became a pastor. His *salary* did not, during the greater part of his residence in M., meet his current necessary expenses.

Before his death he gave directions in regard to the disposition to be made of his library. To Union College, his Alma Mater, he gave his Arabic works which cost him about $150. These he intended as payment of a debt of *honor* to the institution. They were received, however, as a *legacy*, and the following acknowledgment was returned: —

" At the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Union College, held July 27, 1852, the following preamble and resolution were adopted.

" The Rev. Oliver A. Taylor, an esteemed and erudite minister of the gospel, and a graduate of this college of twenty-five years' standing, having in his last will and testament bequeathed a valuable collection of books in Arabic and other branches of Oriental literature to the library of his Alma Mater,

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary be directed to express to the executors and the surviving friends of Mr. Taylor, the grateful sense entertained by this Board of such a memorial of attachment from one of its alumni.

"A true copy, L. H. WILLARD, Clerk."

It was Mr. Taylor's request that his wife should select whatever volumes she might desire for her own use. He also left directions that some of his books be sold in order to obtain the sum of $200 for the refunding, with interest, of loans due by him to the Albany Presbytery. Soon after his death, the eldest brother communicated this last named fact to that Body when holding a session in Albany. Through a committee, of whom the Rev. Dr. Sprague was chairman, the *notes* of Mr. T. were given up to the executors on condition that the books be not sold in payment of debts, but retained by the family.

A donation had been designated for his brother-in-law, E. L. Cleaveland, D. D., of New Haven, Connecticut, and the will of the deceased has been carefully carried out in this particular.

His three brothers were to receive the remainder of the library, with the expectation that they would particularly remember their mother and sisters in this respect. This desire of the departed has also been executed.

It was furthermore his request that all remaining volumes which could not be of special service to his brothers, should be presented to Amherst College. A valuable donation was accordingly made to that Institution, and the following note received in return: —

"The Trustees of Amherst College have received from Rev. T. A. Taylor, Rev. R. Taylor, and Rev. J. Taylor, three hundred and eighty-five volumes of German and other books, from the library of the late Rev. O. A. Taylor, of Manchester, for which they return a grateful acknowledgment.

"Edward Hitchcock, President.
"E. S. Snell, Librarian.
"Amherst, Mass., Aug. 5, 1852."

The donation was valued by the college officers at $450. It included one hundred and ninety-five volumes of the best standard German books; forty-four volumes of other foreign works; ten volumes of Antiquities; one hundred and thirty-six American and English books; three hundred and eighty-five in all.

So perfectly systematic was Mr. T. in all the arrangements of his library, that there was not a book in it, the place of which was unknown to him as he lay on his sick bed in another room. When not taken down for immediate use, each occupied its own place. The same exactness of order pervaded every thing pertaining to his study; pen, ink, letters, periodicals, receipts, and other papers, all had their appropriate places. Nor was he less particular in the business matters of life. He kept an account of all the letters which he received, also of those which he wrote.

ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

Soon after his decease, the church and society in Manchester united very cordially in giving an invitation to Rev. Rufus Taylor, of Shrewsbury, New Jersey, to settle with them in the ministry. Though occupying an important field, he considered it his duty to accept this *call*, and on the 6th of May, 1852, was installed as successor of his brother, and at the request of the compiler, he has forwarded the ensuing *estimate* of his predecessor as a *pastor* : —

"After an intercourse of several months with those among whom he spent his entire pastoral life, I will endeavor to give you the impressions made in various ways upon my own mind respecting him, in the sacred relation of pastor. These will be corroborated more or less by the testimony of individuals who knew him intimately and long.

"He was a very *laborious* pastor. The amount of labor that he performed for his people must seem incredible to those unacquainted with his active, stirring habits, and even with my knowledge of these, it is difficult for me to credit the testimony of many respecting his labors. He visited much, and turned his visits to good account. Considering the extent of his parish, one might suppose he could scarcely have done more in this way than he did if he had done nothing else. One person has stated that his pastor did not omit to call upon him for a single day during a sickness of three months; yet while he was doing so much for a single afflicted family, few, if any of those who called him pastor, had occasion to think that his well-known step and kind voice were less frequently heard by themselves than at other times. When the weather would permit he was almost daily moving among his people, speaking to one by the way-side or in the shop, to another in the field, while for a longer or shorter time he would call at the residence of a third. Long before the sun or his people were risen, he was accustomed to go from house to house with periodicals which he laid at their doors, and in this employment it is said he was sometimes near a mile from home before the dawn of day. But as much as he did in this way, these things, for the most part, were only his relaxation from the labors of the study where his mind was taxed to the utmost, and to a considerable extent for the immediate benefit of his people. So far was he from bringing before them in the name of the Lord that which cost him nothing, that if he erred in this matter it was in having his discourses too labored. None of his parishioners were overlooked; none had just cause to feel themselves neglected. Those whose age or infirmities necessarily kept them from the house of God, were special objects of his attention.

"He was a *faithful* pastor. In his efforts for the good of his people it was his aim to bring out the whole truth of God — to keep back nothing that would be profitable for them. Evangelical truth which early took a strong hold upon his own mind was continually taking deeper and deeper root there, and bringing forth corresponding fruit for the benefit of his people. His aim was to watch for souls as one who must give account, and he was satisfied with nothing short of seeing Christ formed in his hearers the hope of glory. To secure this result, he not only preached in a bold, earnest, and faithful manner, but warned the impenitent and delinquent professor in private, as well as from the sacred desk. He probed most thoroughly the hearts of convicted sinners, lest they should rest on something short of Christ. Never at ease in Zion, he was constantly on the watch for opportunities to do good. He was very *apt* in turning the various providences that occurred among his people to good account, and in having a word in season for every one. His standard of usefulness was high, and he was constantly striving to reach it. In the examination of candidates for admission to the church, he was not satisfied with any experience less than a deep sense of entire ruin by nature, and of dependence on the merits of Christ alone for salvation.

"Our late brother was also a *tender* and an *affectionate* pastor. Few have possessed more delicate sensibilities, a warmer heart, or purer and more ardent affections. To all these he gave full scope in the discharge of his parochial duties. He knew well how to deal with the bruised reed, and to bind up the broken-hearted. Especially did his tenderness of affection manifest itself towards the *lambs* of his flock, for whom he 'always had a kind word, and often some little book.' He seldom returned from the neighboring city without a supply of presents for them, many of which are now carefully preserved as mementos of their affectionate pastor whom they will see no more. 'He was an unspeakable blessing to the rising generation.'

"He was a very *sympathizing* pastor; weeping with those that weep, as well as rejoicing with those that rejoice. In obedience to the dictates of his heart, rather than from a sense of professional duty, he was found promptly and often at the bedside of the sick, and in the habitations of sorrow. After he was laid aside from his active labors, one in affliction said, 'O that we could have our dear minister to visit us, for no voice ever soothed my aching heart like his.' Similar to this was the language of many.

"Especially were the *poor* the objects of his care. He sought them out, and in addition to such substantial aid as he felt able to render them, he would in a private way secure for them the assistance of benevolent friends, who were ready to coöperate with him in every good work. He thus relieved the wants of many. And here I may allude to his scrupulous exactness in the performance of all his *promises*, however much sacrifice it might cost himself. He never in any way raised expectations without intending to meet them. As a pastor, he cultivated the benevolent feelings of his flock. 'During his ministry our yearly contributions more than doubled.' 'He never frowned on an agent' of any of our benevolent institutions.

"Our brother was a *successful* pastor. At the present day we could scarcely commit a greater error, than to judge of the success of a pastor by the numbers added to his church. But if *he* should be thus judged, his success in the ministry would probably equal that of the majority of judicious pastors, similarly situated. 'For two winters after he took the charge of this flock the place enjoyed powerful revivals, during which his labors were blessed to the salvation of many souls.' While he was thus gathering into the garner of the Lord from the world, he was not less useful in the building up of saints in the most holy faith. The natural turn of his mind, and the peculiar way in which God had led him, well qualified him for this work. He could from personal experience enter into almost every class and shade of trials that others might think peculiar to themselves. But in addition to the good accomplished in these ways, we must not lose sight of his deep-laid and far-reaching plans for the future benefit of his people. In this respect his works, as do the rays of departing day, after the sun has gone down, will long bless the earth. The savor of his name among the people of his late charge is as ointment poured forth. 'He spread the gospel-net wide,' and probably left this people better indoctrinated than they ever were before. Whatever good develops itself here for years to come will be owing, in a great measure, to his labors and prayers — to that happy influence which he has left behind as the heritage of his people.

"In conclusion; — our brother, as a pastor, *exalted* the Saviour. It was obvious to those who sat under his ministrations, that to him Christ was the absorbing theme, the great central point towards which his efforts were directed. In his every-day walk, as well as in the pulpit, self was very much abased, while Jesus was extolled. As the highways for a great distance from a metropolis converge towards it, and as all the rivers are tending to the ocean, so his themes, wherever they commenced, not only tended to Christ, but terminated in him. He loved to be at his *Master's* feet. He hid himself behind the glorious gospel while he unfolded in glowing language the great truths respecting man's ruin by sin and recovery through Christ. One who has here been a professor of religion more than half a century, testifies that she never returned from the house of God after hearing *him* preach, without having gained increasingly adoring thoughts of God. Thus constantly was he magnifying his office.

" But his *sepulchre* is with us. As I pass it and repass it from time to time, in my endeavors to carry out the plans which he laid and matured for the good of this people, I look towards it and am instructed; but when I think of him as beyond storms, trials, and cares, in that ocean of love after which he aspired, I would not call him back, but would have his precious dust to sleep on, while his influence lingers, and his prayers for his people are answering."

Letter to the compiler from Dr. Nott, President of Union College.

" It is in keeping with your brother's character, that he should have remembered his Alma Mater, even after so long an absence. The books you mention which he has bequeathed, will be received rather as a memorial of an esteemed alumnus, than as the payment of a debt, and will be placed in the college library as such. Your brother, while at College, sustained a high character as a scholar. The Catalogue he prepared while at Andover, was a *model Catalogue*, and so it has been regarded both here and in other countries; and many of the papers he has written have done credit to him and to us. But his work is done, and in the midst of his days he has been called to render in his account, and I trust, to receive from the Master he served, that note of approbation, 'Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' May his death be sanctified to the friends he has left."

From Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania.

"You are correct in supposing that I was a Professor in Union College when your brother Oliver was a student. It is now more than a quarter of a century; and you will not be surprised to hear that the lapse of years, the change in my pursuits, and the great number of young men (some two thousand) who were under our care at different times, have conspired to obscure my recollections of him. His person and manners, indicative of a studious and thoughtful life, are distinctly before me. I remember him also as addicted to a larger range of studies and to severer application than was common in those days. His conduct was always unexceptionable, and his proficiency in some branches of learning marked. Being at that time Professor of Mathematics, and desiring to prepare a translation of a French work on Analytic Geometry, (Legendre's, I think,) I employed your brother to execute a rough draft of it. It involved great labor, and a good knowledge both of the language of the original and of elementary mathematics. I was called away soon after to another field of duty, and never undertook the revision of his work. It will be found, I think, in the library of Union College, executed with great neatness of penmanship, and with, I doubt not, creditable accuracy.

" At subsequent periods of his career, I met evidence that he was fulfilling the promise of his college course. The works which he published, and of which I have seen but a part, indicated an erudition much more extensive than common, and one always consecrated to the service of religion. The death of such a man is a public loss, and it afforded me mournful satisfaction, that, as a Trustee of his Alma Mater, I had the opportunity, at its last annual commencement, to offer a resolution commemorative of his virtues, and of the liberality with which he had contributed to the increase of its library. The collection of books in oriental literature which he bequeathed to it, is an expressive monument of his extensive scholarship, and of his filial attachment to the foster parent of his earlier studies."

From Prof. Tyler, Amherst College, Mass.

" I rejoice to learn that you have undertaken to prepare a Memoir of your late brother. Such a tribute is due to his talents and piety, to his ability and faithfulness as a minister of Christ, and especially to his indefatigable industry and distinguished attainments as a Christian scholar. He devoted many of the last years of his life wholly to studies, illustrative of the literature and the theology of the Bible. The public have seen the results and are still reaping the benefits of those years of silent and unobtrusive toil on the Catalogue of the Library at

Andover; and on several volumes, rich in learning and piety, which were written or translated and edited by him. Could they also be made acquainted with more or less of the *process* by which these results were wrought out, as witnessed by those who saw him from day to day in his studies and perambulations at Andover; the unwearied patience and perseverance with which he ransacked books, and labored to apprehend, reconcile, and digest their heterogeneous contents, and at the same time the conscientious and systematic care with which he walked, and talked, and *swam*, and in various other ways recreated and exercised, that he might preserve 'a sound mind in a sound body,' the process would be scarcely less instructive than the results were honorable to himself and valuable to the Christian community. In looking over the very valuable donation of books from his private library, which, in accordance with his wishes, his surviving brothers have recently transmitted to the library of Amherst College, I have been struck, not only with his love of books, but with the wise and faithful use which he made of them. Large as the donation was, nearly all the books contain marks or notes from his pen in the margin, or on the blank leaves, showing that he had consulted them and expected to consult them again; that he appreciated their contents and hoped to apply them to some practical and sound purpose. Alas, that so many of his hopes and purposes were 'broken off' by his early death! There are few sadder offices than the distribution or appropriation by others of such a minister's library, unless it be that in which you are now engaged — the preparation of a tribute to the memory of such a friend, and that friend a beloved brother. Yet you will experience a melancholy satisfaction in rendering the service. It will be a labor of love on your part. May you be guided by that wisdom which is profitable to direct, and accompanied by that blessing which alone can render the work truly acceptable and useful."

From Professor Hackett, of the Theological Seminary, Newton, Massachusetts.

"My acquaintance with your deceased brother commenced, if I remember right, in the autumn of 1830. With the exception of some private instruction, which I received from him in one of the modern languages, I had no personal knowledge of him as a *teacher*. We were in the habit of occasional intercourse so long as I remained at A., yet after that I saw him but seldom. My chief means of forming an opinion of his attainments are those furnished by his articles in the literary journals, and his other published writings. Yet limited as was my personal acquaintance with him, I knew enough of his character and habits to entitle me to say, that he possessed eminently some of the best traits of a scholar; he had an uncommon aptitude for acquiring knowledge; he was unwearied in his industry, was enthusiastic, and loved study for its own sake. Philology, when I knew him, was probably his favorite pursuit; and of his proficiency in it, we have honorable testimony in the translations from different languages which he gave to the public in the Biblical Repository. He very justly regarded the German language as the key to the richest literature of modern times, and spared no labor to make himself a thorough master of it. He was an admirer of the noble language of the Hebrews, and knew how to read and enjoy the Old Testament Scriptures, as those can hardly imagine who know them only through the medium of a translation. He was fond also of patristic studies, and I have read with interest some of his productions relating to them. His knowledge of books was extensive. Few men knew better than himself where to find the information which he needed, on almost any subject. In point of learning, he stood certainly among the best informed of our clergy, and his death in that respect has deprived this body of one of its most able and useful members. I was in a foreign land at the time of his decease, and received intelligence of it from the late Prof. Edwards, of Andover. It will be gratifying to you to know that he mentioned your brother in a manner, which evinced both sorrow at his death and a high estimation of his character."

From Rev. Dr. Dana, of Newburyport, Mass.

"With your beloved and lamented brother of Manchester, I had considerable acquaintance, but not so much as I wished. Still, the views I have entertained of his character and worth, I have no hesitation to express.

"I have ever regarded him as distinguished for a genuine warmth and kindness of heart. *Book-worm* as he was, his intense and various reading did not seem to chill the ardor of his affections.

"For this ardor of feeling, he was probably indebted in part to natural temperament. Probably, too, it was cherished by his early education. Yet it was *religion*, I trust, which rendered it more intense, and more tender, more uniform and extensive. It was this which fastened his sensibilities on the *proper spot;* and which, while it inspired strong desires for the temporal comfort of his friends, and of others, rendered even this object of small account, compared with their spiritual and everlasting well-being.

"He was a genuine scholar, and a ripe one. With him, study, and even intense study, seems to have been a recreation. None can read his Catalogue of the Library of the Andover Theological Seminary, and not perceive indications of learning, various and accurate, extensive and minute. This work, which, on the plan adopted, would seem to constitute, in ordinary cases, the business of a life, was compressed by the indefatigable author into a few years. He modestly claims for himself nothing more, than to have set up for others *a guide-board to the fountains of knowledge.* But in doing this, he has exhibited a mind highly disciplined, and abundantly enriched. Professor Tholuck, unless I mistake, has spoken of the work as stamping on its author the character of an accurate and distinguished scholar.

"But amid all his scholastic and literary attainments, he came to the *Bible* with the simplicity of a child. Here he found his heart refreshed, and his piety nourished. Here he found a solid, unfailing basis for his own hope, and his own religion. The same basis of hope and of piety, he uniformly recommended to his dear people. In his preaching, *the doctrines of the cross* were ever uppermost — the Saviour's divinity, his atoning blood, his justifying righteousness, his sanctifying grace, his perfect example — in short, his *religion* — a religion commencing in the heart of a fallen, perishing, helpless sinner, by the almighty power of God, and carried to its perfection by the sovereign and gracious energy of his Spirit.

"I might expatiate on the uniform purity of his life, and the excellency of his Christian example. But these were matters of general observation, and general acknowledgment. There were, indeed, certain *idiosyncrasies* in his character and manners, which sometimes afforded food for criticism. But with those who best knew him, these things were merged and lost in the solid excellences of his character.

"On the whole, it is delightful, and edifying as delightful, to contemplate a man of learning, laying all his acquisitions at the foot of the cross — a classical scholar, prizing his acquaintance with the Gospel

'Above all Greek, above all Roman fame.'"

From Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover, Mass.

"During the many years your brother resided in this place, I had an intimate acquaintance and free intercourse with him; and this intercourse was continued and attended with growing endearment, through the whole course of his ministry at Manchester. While at Andover, he was a diligent and successful student, and very regular in his deportment. He was distinguished for literary talents and acquisitions. For a time, he was so devoted to intellectual pursuits, and aspired so ardently after literary eminence, that his friends doubted whether he would be so happy or so successful as might be wished, in the labors of the sacred office. But after he entered that office, a most desirable change manifested itself in his religious feelings and habits. He loved his work, and labored in it with unwearied diligence, and through the divine blessing, with remarkable success. I well remember what ardor and satisfaction he showed, when he gave me an account of the work of the Holy Spirit among his people during a revival of religion, and with what joy he afterwards spoke of the durable fruits of that happy work. At that time, and through the subsequent years of his life, he made evident progress, not only in the clearness and extent of his theological views, but in his attainments in vital godliness. He searched the word of God with great earnestness, and adopted its obvious teachings, as set forth in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and in the writings of Edwards and other divines of the same Puritan school. To him the doctrines of evangelical religion were not mere speculations, but matters of Christian experience. I learned from his brethren and his people, that he evinced a growing interest and zeal in preaching the doctrines of grace, and in discharging his pastoral duties.

"During last October, after Mr. Taylor had been sick more than a month, I spent a Sabbath with him by his request; and it was a Sabbath which I cannot reflect upon without very lively emotions. It was my first visit to Manchester. The evident seriousness and tenderness of the congregation in the sanctuary, showed that they were mindful of the visitation of God's providence in the dangerous sickness of their beloved minister.

"But it was my visit in his sick chamber which made the deepest impression on my mind. He had been wasted away by a protracted disease, and was so exhausted and feeble, that it was a matter of doubt, particularly in my own mind, whether he could bear the excitement even of a short visit, without injury. But he insisted upon seeing me; and I was truly surprised as well as gratified at the brightness of his countenance, the clearness of his thoughts, and the earnestness and strength of his utterance. He spoke very affectionately of our former intercourse in the seminary. He manifested the kindest feelings towards his church and society, and expressed his gratitude to God for the encouraging success which had attended his ministry. He conversed freely of his own Christian experience; of his convictions of sin; of his severe conflicts with the pride of his own heart; of the discovery he had had of the excellency and all-sufficiency of Christ; and the rest of soul he had found in his abounding grace. He spoke of his love to all who bore the image of Christ, whatever might be their failings. He spoke with joy of going to his home in heaven. But he still said, that he should be glad to get well, — for he wanted to preach Christ more earnestly and fully than he ever had done; although he had taken great pleasure in dwelling upon that theme. But whether he spoke of living and laboring in the cause of religion, or of closing his ministry and going to be with Christ, he did it with fervent and happy emotions. His language was free and earnest throughout. But he evidently had inward conceptions and aspirations, which he strove in vain to utter. The whole frame of his mind, his recollections of the past and anticipations of the future, his thoughts of the gospel ministry, his views of divine truth and the salvation of sinners, his views of Christ and the Holy Spirit, his views of the evil of sin and the beauty of holiness, all plainly showed that he was near to heaven. That visit was a precious one to me, and he said it was so to him. I shall remember it as my last interview with a former pupil and a beloved servant of Christ, who in his labors and trials, especially in the latter years of his life, and during his long continued and painful sickness, exhibited clearer and more satisfactory evidence than is common among ministers, that he was *a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.*"

Testimony from his "*Association.*"

The following Resolution was passed by the Essex South Association, at a meeting held in Salem, January 6, 1852, and forwarded to the widow of Mr. T.:—

"*Resolved*, In view of the recent decease of our highly esteemed and dearly beloved brother, Rev. Oliver A. Taylor, late pastor of the church in Manchester, and a member of this Association, greatly valued for his varied literary and theological acquirements, his simplicity of character, and his devoted piety, that we deeply deplore his loss to his afflicted partner and friends, to the mourning flock of which he was the able and affectionate pastor; to the members of this Association; to the interests of

Zion in this community and at large; and that we tender our heartfelt condolence to the bereaved family and people, and commend them to God and the word of his grace."

At a meeting of the Salem* Association, held February 10, 1852, at Beverly, the scribe was directed, by a unanimous vote, to place on their records the following minute, and send a copy of the same to Mrs. T., viz.: —

"Having been associated, for some years, in intimate ministerial relations with the Rev. Oliver Alden Taylor, late pastor of the church in Manchester, we would devoutly recognize the admonitory voice of Divine providence, in removing him from his earthly labors and great usefulness. In all our intercourse, and more especially in circumstances of trial peculiarly suited to reveal the spirit of his heart, we have found him a brother, whom we have continued to love with the most entire cordiality. We shall ever cherish his memory, with very high esteem for his character, as 'a good man,' and 'a good minister of Jesus Christ.' We would tender an affectionate condolence to Mrs. Taylor, in her heavy affliction, and to the church and people, among whom our deceased brother was so signally favored with the blessing of the Holy Spirit."

Letters from two of his clerical neighbors.

From Rev. W. Gale, Rockport, Massachusetts.

"His intercourse with his brethren in the ministry was affectionate and tender beyond what is common. On this account, as well as for other reasons, they loved him very much. He was very companionable, and always had at command a great variety of interesting facts and anecdotes with which he enlivened and made interesting his conversation. We regarded him as a humble, pious, and truly good man and minister. The same affectionate spirit and affability of manner which characterized his private intercourse with his brethren, and made him a welcome visitor and guest in our families, constituted a leading feature in his preaching and public addresses. I mourn, with many others, that the Lord in his inscrutable providence has taken him away so early. His memory is precious to me."

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* The Essex South and the Salem Associations constituted only one body till a short time previous to Mr. T.'s decease.

From Rev. Dr. Crowell, of Essex, Massachusetts.

"I had the pleasure of some acquaintance with him, before he was installed as pastor at Manchester. But I did not know his worth, until he came to be my neighbor. We had many pleasant interviews, and his conversation was always instructive and profitable — free from censoriousness, full of candor and kindness, cheerfully serious, and often spiritual. He probably was guilty as little of the sin of idle words, or foolish talking and jesting, as any man living. He was always affable, ready to converse, but never disposed to engross the whole conversation. In his intercourse with his brethren, he was truly fraternal, treating all with kindness, courtesy, and respect. In associational meetings, his gentleness, affection, and candor, were as manifest as his talents and learning.

"We held frequent correspondence by brief notes in *Latin*, which he wrote with great apparent ease. These, like his conversations, were marked with good sense, Christian affection, and devotion to the cause of the Redeemer.

"As a preacher, he was highly acceptable in all our churches. His sermons were rich in argument, illustration, and persuasion; sound in the faith, addressed to the conscience, in language chaste, perspicuous, forcible. He had the reputation among us of being an instructive, spiritual, and faithful preacher.

"I might say many things more of his excellent character, devoted life, and eminent scholarship; but my design in this communication is simply to give, as briefly as possible, my humble testimony to his great worth, *from my own personal acquaintance with him.* His loss is deeply felt by us as of a neighbor, friend, and brother beloved. May the Great Head of the church raise up many more of a like spirit and temper, to build the walls of Zion, and restore her waste places."

HIS PUBLICATIONS.

While he was at Meadville, Pennsylvania, at the request of his uncle, he was accustomed to write articles in verse, some of which were inserted in newspapers. The first of the kind was written on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of Bentley Hall, July 5, 1820. It was published in the "Western Standard," for August, 1821. The second was an ode composed for the 22d of December, 1820, or the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of our forefathers. This also was published in the above-named paper. His third article of this description which appeared in print was spoken at the close of a funeral oration which he delivered on the death of a student in Alleghany College. The next consisted of farewell lines to Mr. David Remington and lady, who were on their way as missionaries to the Choctaws. They were in the "Standard," December 22, 1821. When a member of Union College, he furnished several articles in verse for the Mohawk Sentinel. The first, entitled "Charity," was inserted October 28, 1824. The second, "The Banks of the Mohawk," December 23, of the same year. Another was "The Slave." While at Andover Theological Seminary, he wrote in verse "A Mother's Soliloquy over an Only and Profligate Child." It appeared in the Boston Recorder, December 23, 1825. While at Gloucester, in 1827 and 1828, he furnished for the "Telegraph" a dissertation which he had previously written and read before the *Society of Inquiry* at Andover, on *Western Africa*. It was published in a regular series, with one or two exceptions, making eleven numbers in all. In the last-named paper, April 26, 1828, he inserted a fragment in verse, entitled Greece.

While in the Seminary at Andover, 1828 and 9, he translated various articles from the Conversations-Lexicon, in German, for Dr. Lieber. Some of the longest are Gnade or Grace, Gnosticism, Catholicism, Coronation, Gold, Goldbeater, Goldbeating, Ignition, or Glowing Heat, all of which are in the Encyclopædia Americana. Reinhard's "Plan of the Founder of Christianity," which he translated, was published in 1831. March, 1832, he published "Memoirs and Confessions of Reinhard." April 16, "Whate'er God does is kindly done," he inserted, by request, in the Journal of Humanity. It was an *imitation* of a German hymn. He published a review of Gurney on the Sabbath, in the Spirit of the Pilgrims, June, 1823. "Augustine on Preaching," is inserted in the Biblical Repository, Vol. III., No. 11, July, Art. 4, page 569. In May, 1834, he prepared an Index for Schmucker's "Popular Theology." January, 1835, he published his "Brief Views of the Saviour." Pfeiffer on Hebrew Music, accompanied with Notes, appeared in the numbers of the Biblical Repository for July and October, 1835, Vol. VI., pages 136 and 357. Reference is made to these articles on music in the Comp. Commentary, Vol. II., page 780, Vol. III., pages 139 and 279. In 1838 appeared his Catalogue of the Andover Seminary Library. In the summer of the same year he prepared a "Sketch, Statistics, etc., of the Theological Seminary, Andover, together with a list of all the Seminary *Alumni*, inclusive of the then graduating class." This document was published in the American Quarterly Register, August, 1838. Vol. seventh, second series of the Biblical Repository contains an article by him on "Augustine as a Sacred Orator." See the April number, page 375. In volume eight of the Christian Review is an article which he prepared on Chiliasm or Millenarianism; see page 115. Sometime in 1844, the Mass. S. S. Society published a Memoir of Mr. Andrew Lee, written by him. The title of the work is "*Piety in Humble Life.*" His translation of the "Dies Iræ," was published in the Christian Parlor Magazine for August, 1851.

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ERRATA.

Page 13, last line, for *Shepherd* read *Shepard;* p. 31, l. 6, for *their* read *the;* p. 33, l. 3, for *occupying* read *occupy;* p. 112, second line of a Letter, insert *to* before *you;* p. 211, l. 14, for *honoreth* read *honor;* p. 261, l. 16, for *soul* read *sect;* p. 327, l. 17, the word *non* should be inserted between *vivos* and *est.*

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